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*The*  
LIFE AND LETTERS  
OF  
JOHN  
GALSWORTHY



*The*  
LIFE AND LETTERS  
OF  
JOHN  
GALSWORTHY

*By*  
H. V. MARROT



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FOR  
HERSELF  
AND FOR  
RUDY AND VI  
IN GRATITUDE AND WARM AFFECTION





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Should I, by an unhappy mischance, have made any omissions in thus expressing my thanks, I ask the pardon of anyone so neglected, and add my assurance that I am not ungrateful.

H. V. M.

WIMBLEDON,  
*October 16th, 1935.*



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## PREFACE

OF Galsworthy, more than of most men, it is true to say that the story of his life lies in his work. His was no sensational career; it was rather a progress as well ordered as his own nature. His were the adventures, not of action nor of controversy, but of the spirit and the heart. And the flame which rose from that ardent heart burned, steady and unseen, in an inner shrine to which none, save one, had access. We are all isolated units, and no amount of passionate effort can make one fuse with another: Galsworthy did not make the mistake of trying to live outside the limitations of life. Those, therefore, less securely balanced than himself—that is to say, the vast majority—mistook emotional poise for emotional frigidity, and, acting on this misconception, labelled as sentimental a strong and authentic tenderness.

Nevertheless, such a misconception is not easy to remove; and if this book consists largely of quotations it is because in Galsworthy's own writing lie all the clues to his character that he has left us: they explain him better than any biographic gloss.

Perhaps this statement will be regarded as a confession, at the outset, of the biographer's failure. With deference, he would rather term it acquiescence in impossibility. At any rate, what he thought could not be done he has not attempted to do; and throughout his work his plan has been, so far as possible, to let—even, if you will, to make—Galsworthy speak for himself.

Another restrictive circumstance is Galsworthy's own personality. This statement may be received with incredulity; but it is nonetheless a fact: there really were no shades to speak of in his character—no vices, no meannesses, no pettinesses. Limitations there must be—for, after all, one man is one man, and cannot see with universal vision: but the worst that can be imputed to him is no more than some occasional transient failure to live

up to his own high self—some moment, now and then, when impatience or prejudice nullified his goodness. And for these moments we may be thankful; for otherwise he would not have been human.

The reader may here perceive the resultant difficulty—that which caused so many people to say to this writer, when he began his work: “You’ve an uncommonly hard task before you.” It is this: Galsworthy was an exceptionally good man, an exceptionally gifted writer, and—within his wide personal limits—an exceptionally deep, broad, and shrewd thinker. Now, to reiterate the first fact is almost at once to become insufferable, and the second belongs to criticism, not to biography; so that the third alone is available for sustained comment. Here, too, Galsworthy is his own shrewdest commentator.

So much for my method. And now I ask the reader’s pardon (I am compelled to the first person singular) if I obtrude myself upon his notice for a moment, here rather than in the body of the book. This course has two things to justify it: it traces this book back to its first and remotest determining cause; and (more important) it provides a pretty illustration of precisely that sweetness in Galsworthy’s character which must be conveyed to the reader. As to the use of “I,” brief reflection shows that such a narrative, the English language being what it is, could hardly otherwise be told without dire confusion.

The first event, then, in the long series which led up to the writing of this book took place in a school library on a half-holiday afternoon some twenty-three years ago. Prowling round the shelves in search of something to read, I came across a small green book: *Plays*, by John Galsworthy. I took the volume out, and considered. I had never heard the author’s name before; but the book seemed “literary” and “modern,” and I knew that plays *could* be read; so, with a vague feeling of being *dans le mouvement*, I started reading. My reactions probably did not go much beyond the use of the word “clever”; still, I was sufficiently impressed to keep the author in mind, and that Christmas found me tackling *The Inn of Tranquillity*, which had recently been issued. With the exception of such stories as *Memories*, *Quality*, and so on, the book was no doubt beyond me: but revelation was soon to come, at the end of those Christmas holidays, in the shape of *The Man of Property*, which simply

## PREFACE

“knocked me endways” out of the insistent and sordid depression of early term-time. I cannot overrate its effect on me.

Hopelessly subjugated now, I took steps to read such others of Galsworthy's books as were obtainable to my limited resources. Then I acquired a birthday book, and, after the usual indiscriminate welter of names had duly found place in it, was inspired to a higher flight. Incontinently I wrapped the book up, and—instinct telling me that my quarry was kind—sent it off to Galsworthy for signature, together with a sincerely effusive note of homage. (I remember congratulating myself on my ingenuity in forcing his hand by sending the actual volume; for I felt sure he would not omit to return it—and, between the processes of undoing and repacking it, he might just as well sign *en route*. Further, if memory serves, I had the sense to keep my letter short.) In due course, back came the book (which I still have), with a warming letter (long since, alas! with schoolboy inconsequence, lost).

About a year later a friend of mine was compiling an anthology, and asked me if I had any suggestions. I mentioned a poem by Galsworthy. There arose, of course, the question of securing permission. “Oh!” I said, “I'll write” (!) I did so; and again my optimism was justified.

It was nearly eight years before I wrote to him again. All this time I had been a faithful and constant reader—latterly, also, a collector; and by 1922 there was but one rare “Galsworthy item” of which I did not possess a copy. My collection even included the manuscript of an early and unpublished short story of his rather remarkably acquired. Having seen the manuscript listed in the catalogue of a famous firm of booksellers at a not very formidable number of guineas, I had visited their shop and inspected it; but, as I was not in those days accustomed to spending so much as ten guineas on anything, my courage had failed. Nine months later, looking through old catalogues, I came across the entry again, and my heart smote me. I hastened off to the booksellers and inquired if, by some miracle, the manuscript was still with them. “I think it's sold,” said the man; “We sold it to you, surely?” “Alas! no,” said I, and gave the MS. up for lost. But, though I had not deserved it, the miracle had happened; incredibly, the salesman's memory had betrayed him, and this time I made no mistake.

When *The Forsyte Saga* appeared, I noticed various discrepancies

in dates and the like, and sent him a list—thus handsomely acknowledged:

WINGSTONE, MANATON,  
*May 30, 1922.* Nr. MORETONHAMPSTEAD, DEVON.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your kind and most valuable letter. I did think I had eliminated all the discrepancies, but it's appalling how they linger in chronicles of this length. I'm very grateful and will have the alterations made. The right date for Soames' marriage with Irene is 1883 (so that date is a misprint in the pedigree).—Sincerely and thankfully yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Emboldened, I wrote to him on the subject of the unpublished manuscript, and received the following answer:

GROVE LODGE,  
THE GROVE, HAMPSTEAD, N.W. 3.

MY DEAR SIR,—I should be most interested to know how you came into possession of the MS. of that little primitive story, which I suppose dates back to 1896, and is one of the first I ever wrote. It has never been published and I do not, of course, wish that it should be. I am wondering how anybody got hold of it, for I had imagined it deceased long ago.—Believe me, very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Meanwhile, "the plot was thickening." A friend had suggested that I should compile a Galsworthy bibliography for publication by him. I had agreed, stipulating that, when my preparations had reached a certain stage, I should meet the author himself for purposes of getting information. As my friend knew Galsworthy this seemed quite feasible, and I proceeded with my task; till, one day, on my announcing to my friend that I was now ready for the encounter, the said friend promptly rang him up, and, thrusting the receiver into my hand, left me to make my own arrangements.

To be confronted at a moment's notice with the disembodied voice of one who has long been an object of veneration is surely disconcerting; and I fumbled unconscionably as I "made my date." However, made it was; and in the afternoon of November 4th, 1922, a taxi (after a chequered journey, since neither I nor the driver knew where The Grove was) duly deposited a perspiring youth at Grove Lodge.

I cannot pretend to exact memory of that interview: I was far

## PREFACE

too addled to do more than take in a general impression. I made my way vaguely forward towards a tallish, quiet, distinguished figure, who, in turn, came forward, and went through the formalities of welcome. When we were seated, my host nearly put the finishing touch to my confusion by asking me what a bibliography was. Now, there is absolutely no more difficult question to answer than this; and my sufferings were extreme. However, through the nebulous whirls of my descriptive efforts some concrete impression must faintly have loomed; for presently we found ourselves talking of other things. One thing was clear, though: that Galsworthy was as nervous of me as I of him. To an author a bibliographer was evidently every bit as strange and formidable a beast as was his author to a bibliographer. But, as we talked of his books, and my admiration for them, he gradually relaxed; for evidently I made my sincerity felt. He asked me, I remember, how many times I had read *The Man of Property* (then and always my favourite). I answered: "Something like twenty times." At this he chuckled and said, "Oh, nonsense!" but I could see that he was pleased.

We talked also of my collection of his works, and of the unpublished story, and it was agreed that I should let him see it, since he thought he would like to read such early and forgotten work again, and I was seeking his permission to exhibit it in a show to be held by a book club in which I was interested.

And then came the great moment. While we were on the subject of manuscripts, Galsworthy asked if I would like a specimen of his later writing. My answer can be imagined. He left the room, and soon returned with a bundle of manuscripts, from which he invited me to choose. Wide-eyed I stared and examined; and finally chose the short play, *Punch and Go*. Even this was not to be all: for, said Galsworthy, I had better have a piece of his narrative writing as well. And he handed me *Defeat* in its story version.

On the front page of each he inscribed my name; he smoothed away my thanks; and he showed me out. I proceeded, as on wings, towards Hampstead Tube Station. . . .

Two days later:

Nov. 6, 1922.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR MR. MARROT,—Many thanks indeed for the MS. I don't a bit mind your exhibiting it. It's not half so bad as I



thought, though quaintly young and sentimental. I'm chiefly struck by the decency of the handwriting and the use of the expression "old-time" as an adjective—probably before the Americans coined it. Would you like me to add a note (signed) at the top recording its probable date? I think it must have been later than I thought. Somewhere about '98 or '99. At that time I had the intention of issuing a book of stories about children, and this must have been one of them. It never came off. Come again when you like.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

So an ambition had been realized, and realized—as is not always the case—without disappointment. His work had proclaimed him kind; I had found him kind, years before, as an unknown correspondent; and now I had met the man and so began to perceive the true measure of his kindness. In the ten years during which I was to know him, and eventually to become—I am proud to say it—his friend, I was to sound something of the depth of that goodness.

And here I may add a few more personal notes and impressions, such as belong to a preface of this sort. The preparation of the bibliography went on by fits and starts, with lengthy intervals of conscience-stricken inactivity. But J. G.'s cordiality never abated; I had only to ask for an interview, and the appointment was made. True, I had the sense never to force his hand, never to ask to see him without an adequate excuse in the way of bibliographical business, never to write importunately, for the mere sake of drawing a letter from him. I would leave him alone for as much as a year at a time, if I had no reason to trouble him. And so a feeling of mutual trust began: mine in his unfailing good nature, his that I would not abuse that good nature. For truly, though the best of men, Galsworthy was not at his tenderest with pushers and gushers. I never myself saw him administer a snub; still, on occasion. . . . The thruster who tried his methods on this particular Bigwig doubly deserved his punishment, because of his double dose of stupidity. For, if ever there was a man in whom it was apparent that he simply would not permit anyone to force the pace, that man was Galsworthy. However, those who were foolish enough to try, and who got duly frozen for their pains, naturally, of their folly, spread the tale of his inhumanity. There are people whom to tolerate would be itself inhuman!

## PREFACE

But to return. In 1923 I joined my friend A. W. Evans (the instigator of the bibliography), and became a publisher and book-seller. This phase of my career, which lasted nearly ten years, closely resembled life in general, in that its sorrows were more prevalent than its joys. During that time, Galsworthy's kindness manifested itself in this sphere too. Whenever he had some little thing by him which would make a "limited edition" (and those *were* the days of limited editions), and which he could let us have without detriment to his regular publishers, he was always ready to adorn our list with his name. If he read a book of ours and liked it, he would write and say so handsomely, never refusing permission for the use of his words in our advertising. Truly, to a struggling publisher it meant much to feel behind him the real goodwill of one so eminent.

The first night I spent beneath his roof was that of December 8th, 1927. I have since discovered that, in preparing his nephew and niece (who lived with him) for the shock of my advent, he described me as "very queer, but he's very nice." The principal event of this stay was my return home the next morning. This statement is not so peculiar as it may appear, for I made the journey alone with J. G. in his car (Mrs. Galsworthy unfortunately not being well). There is something particularly intimate and cosy about the isolation of two people in a smoothly-running closed car, especially when a pane of glass protects them from the ears of the driver; and we had a talk which stands more out in my memory than most. Once, some time before, I had said to him: "You know, you really ought to write some short stories telling us about the Forsytes and others who are only names: Rachel Forsyte, for example, and Tweetyman, and Septimus Small. I always feel there's a mine of interest there which you've never exploited." He had taken it well, but had not exactly responded to the suggestion. Now, somehow, in an access of temerity, I ventured to return to the charge; and it was not long before I found, to my delight, that this time the fish was nibbling. I redoubled my efforts (though disguising them more carefully than ever), and was as fertile as my flogged brain would permit in suggestions for subjects. At last, well satisfied, I let the subject drop. . . . Our talk remained literary, and turned to the magic of words. I wish I could reproduce J. G.'s eloquent little talk on Shakespeare's "Out, out, brief candle!"

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

I had brought it off. The fish swallowed, bait, hook, and sinker. Towards the end of January I woke one morning to rapture at the receipt, by the early post, of the manuscript of the story, *The Hondekoeter*, with this covering note:

Jan. 23, 1928.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR MARROT,—I'm sending you a little original MS., one of the fruits of our talk in the car going up to Town. It is for you to keep, *but not to print from*.

We all join in best wishes to you, and to Mrs. Marrot if we may.  
Very sincerely yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Time passed. Under the direst compulsion, I polished off my bibliography at insane and quite unscientific speed. The shuttlecock of correspondence flew to and fro: the reader, I hope, may understand my inability to refrain from quoting two letters—the first written during the last stages of preparation, the second after Galsworthy had received the first copy:

Sept. 5, 1928.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR MARROT,—I like this tomato.<sup>1</sup> And your limited scheme is quite satisfactory, and the fee all right.

Max<sup>2</sup> has assented, as I wrote you yesterday.

Your visits about the book have always been a source of pleasure, so don't worry about that; and don't discontinue them now that the book is no longer the reason.—Believe me, always sincerely yours,  
J. G.

Sep. 29, 1928.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR VINCENT MARROT,—The book with your truly charming inscription gives me a curious delight. It is a very fine piece of bookmaking, and its allure is genuine. I suppose, too, that the disclosure it makes of thirty-three years' activity brings to me a certain intimate enjoyment. Not least is the feeling it gives me of being a labour of real friendship warming to the heart. I do thank you ever so. But who—I do wonder—will ever buy it.

It seems to me an occasion for celebration. Unhappily Ada is in bed with a cold; but in the meantime could you not come and

<sup>1</sup> Sample of buckram for the binding of the limited edition of the bibliography.

<sup>2</sup> Max Beerbohn, who very kindly gave permission for an unpublished drawing of his to be used as an illustration to the bibliography.

## PREFACE

cheer me up by lunching with me here on Monday at 1.30? We can then arrange some future and more festive occasion.

We both send you affectionate greetings, and wish you luck with the book.—Always sincerely yours.  
J. G.

I did not “discontinue my visits”; and from this time I was counted his friend.

The tale of his kindnesses continues. The Committee of the First Edition Club was considering its next exhibition, and I suggested a show of manuscripts and first editions of Galsworthy. The suggestion was hailed, and I approached J. G. with the modest request that he should lend his own treasures. Here is his reply:

[November 1928.]

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR VINCENT MARROT.—Just got your letter. I hope I shall get the copy of the Bibliography before we leave for Bury to-morrow afternoon.

The brown paper copy of *Swan Song*<sup>1</sup> is the first bound-up copy of the printed page-proof that I received, before publication, and I will certainly authenticate it as such. I gave it to Mrs. — who is a friend of ours, to read, and told her that if it had any value she was to sell it, because I always give her a first edition of my books.

As to the First Edition exhibition, I am flattered that they should hold an exhibition of me. I shall hope to come in and see it if it is held. As to lending my own things, I think the only way would be for you to come here and select what you want. My Author's Copies of the *books* (not the plays), are on the sixth shelf from the ground, in the lower study. Someone seems to have “boned” my White Monkey but otherwise they seem complete. All the bound MSS. are up in the top study, in red morocco; but I hope these exhibitions are quite safe, because the loss of any of *them* would be serious. You would of course leave a complete list of anything you took. There are some framed pages of MSS. on the window-sill, top study. I don't think I would care to be at the opening; it would be embarrassing.

I will leave word here that you may be calling and taking some things away.

Warmest greetings from us both.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

<sup>1</sup> A proof which I had bought, and asked him to authenticate.

So, in due course, the Secretary of the Club motored me up in his car to Grove Lodge; and we ransacked the shelves, and made careful lists, and checked them, and departed well pleased with ourselves. As soon as we returned to Bedford Square (where the Club then was) we unloaded, and checked up again. Our complacency ceased abruptly when we discovered that the framed pages were missing. . . . A chill, as of the grave, descended. We hunted high and low amongst our copious haul; we returned to the car and rummaged: all in vain. And then—final blow!—we rang up Grove Lodge and were told (after search) that the pages were not there either. Feeling as if I were going mad, I sped back with my fellow-criminal, Symons, through the wintry darkness—to be rewarded, at the other end, by beaming smiles and a tale of the discovery of the missing pages just about the time we were setting forth.

And what an exhibition that was! What a pity that no catalogue was issued! for it can never be repeated. There were nearly all Galsworthy's manuscripts, and every separate one of his books, plays, pamphlets—mostly in duplicate, and mostly inscribed. And J. G. did turn up, and lunched at the Club, and had a look round, and added to the material by inscribing two of the books which I had lent.

In the spring of 1929 I wrote to welcome him home from his usual wintering abroad, and alluded to the fact that a copy of *From the Four Winds* had fetched \$1000 (then about £200) at auction in New York. How many would have replied as he did?

Ap. 3, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR VINCENT MARROT,—Jolly of you to write. We are in Sussex at present but come up on April 10 and hope to see you both then. I saw an account of that sale—very gratifying. It seems to me you had better realize on my stuff while the market is good. Don't ever hesitate for sentimental reasons.

I do hope you've all got through the winter all right.

Very warm greetings to you both.—Always yours,

J. G.

Then again I had, in April, become the proud father of a son, and, in what I can only regard as a fit of temporary insanity, proceeded one morning to ring up (!) J. G. and invite him to become godfather. Even here his good nature did not fail; and he consented, only stipulating that he should not be expected to "hold

## PREFACE

the baby." He even announced his intention of giving the child an inscribed limited edition of *A Modern Comedy* "to pay that tailor's bill when he's eighteen." A letter came:

Aug. 29, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—I've just come to the inscribing of the book for my godchild, and I can only remember three of his names and not even their order. I know he's got John, David and Patrick, but I know there's another. Could you let me have them once more?

By the way: Are you alive?

Two days of our friend,<sup>1</sup> of course, is not quite what seven were.—Still!

Hope to see you soon. I'll ring you up next week.—Yours always,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

When the book came, we found he had written in it the charming verses to be found on page 78 of the *Collected Poems*.

Meanwhile, the Forsyte stories were accumulating:

Feb. 7, 1930.

HOTEL REINA VICTORIA,  
PALMA.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—The little book looks altogether charming, we all like the get-up and the colour very much. I was glad to hear of so many applications.<sup>2</sup>

By the way I've found the real title for the book of Forsyte Stories: *On Forsyte 'Change*.<sup>3</sup> *This for your private ear*. Two more have come to hand since you read them called: *Hester's Little Tour* and *The Sorrows of Tweetyman*. That will be all I think—about 70,000 words; though one about Swithin and bicycles hovers at the back of my mind and will not come into the light of day. I am working, slowly, at a novel.

This place has lately been a perfect dream of blossom. Blossom (almond) everywhere, really lovely to drive or walk through. We leave here on Feb. 14 and go to the Grand Hotel at Biarritz—our

<sup>1</sup> This refers to someone who had recently stayed in both the Galsworthys' house and mine.

<sup>2</sup> The limited edition *A Rambling Discourse*, which was some four times over-subscribed.

<sup>3</sup> During a stay of mine at Bury the title for the Forsyte story book had been discussed: I remember suggesting "Case of Miniatures." Of course the one used was the only possible. The Swithin story *did* at length emerge, as everyone now knows.

old haunt. Hope to be back on March 6 and see those Italian pictures before they vanish.

We trust all goes well with you and yours, including Soames. It seems odd that I have never met him.<sup>1</sup>

Affectionate wishes from us all to you, and from us two to her.  
—Always yours, J. G.

And then:

Aug. 2, 1930.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—Will you mind if I dedicate *On Forsyte 'Change* as a separate volume to you. As a part of *The Forsyte Chronicles* (if it's ever published in one volume) it will fall into the general dedication to my wife. It appears on Oct. 6, I believe.

We are just off to Le Mont Dore for Ada to be boiled.

Hotel Sarciron there will find us. We hope all is well with you.—Ever yours, J. G.

Would I mind!

As if this were not enough, six days later came the following:

HOTEL SARCIRON,

Aug. 8, 1930.

LE MONT DORE.

DEAR VINCENT,—I now hear from the translator of Ferdynand Goetel's *From Day to Day* that I may send you her translation to read. I was certainly very interested in the book, and so was Ada; and I think (if you decided to take it) I could engage to write a short Foreword. Will you send to Grove Lodge for the MS., which is packed ready for retrieving. The person who goes for it had better take the enclosed note with him. The weather here is pretty sanguinary, but we are prospering, and Ada is diligently being pickled and sprayed, and inspired and what not. . . .

Our best greetings to you.—Always yours, J. G.

I had been spending the week-end at Bury, and on Sunday afternoon, playing billiards with the others, I had observed J. G. very busy with a typescript. One of his own, I naturally concluded, and kept my own counsel. But no, it was someone else's—Ferdynand Goetel's, in fact. We discussed it, and I asked him to steer it our

<sup>1</sup> Eventually J. G. did meet Soames (my bull-terrier).

## PREFACE

way if he could. So a partner and I "went for it" ourselves; and with it, thanks to J. G., we had one of the major successes of a dolorous career. I like to think it is to him we owe it. . . .

I had almost forgotten to say a word about the dogs—a most important feature of Bury life. The Galsworthys liked dogs in the mass; they liked to have fleets of dogs about them, as Maharajahs have fleets of cars; and at one time there were three dogs at Bury and two at Grove Lodge. They were not, on the whole, lucky with their dogs. Many of them developed illnesses, or got run over, or bit too many people; at any rate, for one reason or another they disappeared. Then the Galsworthys, undaunted, would buy some more, and love those too. Two dogs in particular remain in my memory. One is Dick, a Dalmatian—the only lunatic dog I have ever met. Soured by chronic ill-health, he must have brooded on his woes till they turned his brain; at any rate, had he been a human, he would assuredly have been certified. At meal times, for example, he would sit apart on a certain chair and drowse morosely, then suddenly, without rhyme nor reason, start up and give vent to a cascade of growls and barks, from which it would take the united efforts of the family to persuade him to desist. Or, by way of variety, he would sit under the table up against my feet, and protest sharply if I so much as shifted them half an inch—to my considerable discomposure. Then again, there was in the music-room a certain settee which he affected, and though there was ample room on it for at least two humans beside himself, he strongly resented any invasion of his privacy. I have seen him snarl and growl at J. G., who had sat down beside him, in a way which would have caused anyone but a Galsworthy to give himself up for lost. But J. G. merely told the dog not to be an idiot, and stayed sweetly and serenely where he was. And, to do Dick justice, I must add that he never did bite his master. Well, his woes became too much for him, and he is now no more. Peace be to his ashes!

Talking of bites, I have never encountered anything more majestic than the family indifference to them. Mrs. Galsworthy, for example, had long lost count of those she had cheerfully endured from a long series of pets; and all of them thought it most queer that I should have any qualms on the subject. I used to tell them (and, I am convinced, with justice) that, while they would think it very odd of a guest to mind being bitten, should any guest so far



forget himself as to bite one of their dogs, they would never speak to him again.

This brings me to the other Dumb Friend, Wolf, the Alsatian. This animal must have been half as large again as any other Alsatian that ever drew breath; I believe that he had to bend his knees slightly in order to lay his vast head on the dining-room table. It was in this room that I first met him. I was warned that he was of a fierce temper (pleasing prospect!), but I was also told that if I would throw a paper pellet about the room for him to retrieve I should find a way to his heart. So during dinner I obediently threw a sodden piece of paper into various corners of the room, and was assured by the family that Wolf and I were now firm friends. But I was not so sure. . . . Next morning, having risen early, I was standing in the hall wondering where to go till breakfast-time, when suddenly at the top of the stairs appeared Wolf, looking more than ready to confirm my doubts. The problem of what to do next was abruptly solved, and I scuttled at top speed into the music-room, where I remained, panting, till a prolonged concert of barking had faded into the distance and I gathered that Wolf had gone for an early morning walk. After this, our friendship languished. . . . He, too, ended sadly. During one of the family's winter tours he was left in charge of the maids, and distinguished himself by scaring all the wrong people and running away from all the right ones. And so he, too, departed. I think of him kindly, but with awe.

Then there was the brilliant sunlit Monday morning on the terrace at Bury when we went through the proofs of *The Silver Spoon* together; and the talk over the *donnée* of *Flowering Wilderness*, when—in a good or evil hour I know not—I made a suggestion here and there which he adopted; and— Somehow, the ultimate expression of my affection for him seems to have been coping with commas in his proofs. It was a congenially modest task, and I wish there might have been more of it.

With but one more memory, I have done. I shall reappear here and there, no doubt, towards the end of my narrative; but not—more than I can help—in person. I have obtruded myself and my concerns quite considerably upon the reader's notice; I hope that he will judge (as I cannot help feeling) that it has been worth while. For I think the uncommon sweetness of the man does stand out

## PREFACE

in these disjointed records, which must find their place here, it anywhere.

On November 21st, 1932, I lunched with him at Grove Lodge. His niece and nephew were present, A.G. was not; and to her absence I ascribed the languor of what—how should I guess?—was the beginning of the end. I did not know what I have learnt since—that it was the last spurt of a failing frame; I only thought him a little “below par”. . . . I drove him down to Cook’s in the Strand, and still I noticed that subduedness: he seemed little if at all elated by his Nobel Prize; and only once, when, in Kingsway, I was cursed by a policeman whose outstretched arm I had ignored, did there come one of the old whimsical flashes: “You’re a sensational driver, you know!” Our farewells were the last words we ever exchanged.

Next day, in a block at the top of Berkeley Street, barred by a row of cars two deep, I encountered him for the last time; and, as his car moved on, I waved violently to the dim figure that I vaguely saw waving back. We never met again.

There came a letter:

. . . I suppose you realized, by your frantic gestures and mine, that your car was stymying my car opposite the Car Park in Berkeley Square yesterday?

“Oh, quaint injustice!” It was his car that stymied mine. But I never had the chance to tell him so. . . .

Of my devotion to him I will not speak. As I could, I have expressed it in this book.

## PROLOGUE

JAMES once went down to see for himself what sort of place this was that they had come from. He found two old farms, with a cart track rutted into the pink earth, leading down to a mill by the beach; a little gray church with a buttressed outer wall, and a smaller and grayer chapel. The stream which worked the mill came bubbling down in a dozen rivulets, and pigs were hunting round that estuary. A haze hovered over the prospect. Down this hollow, with their feet deep in the mud and their faces towards the sea, it appeared that the primeval Forsytes had been content to walk Sunday after Sunday hundreds of years.

Whether or no James had cherished hopes of an inheritance, or of something rather distinguished to be found down there, he came back to town in a poor way, and went about with a pathetic attempt at making the best of a bad job.

'There's very little to be had out of that,' he said; 'regular country little place, old as the hills.'

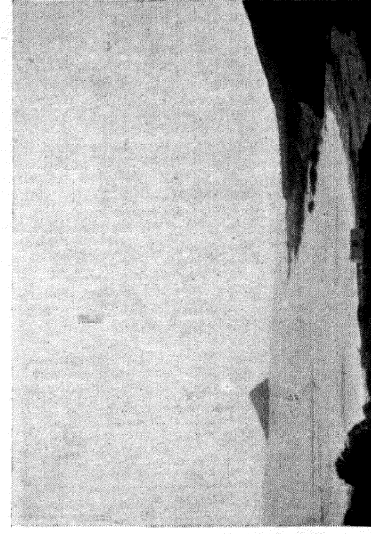
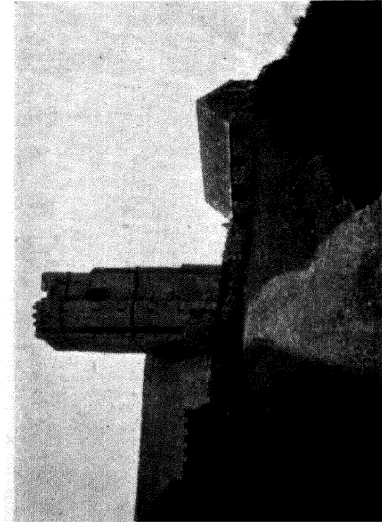
Its age was felt to be a comfort. Old Jolyon, in whom a desperate honesty welled up at times, would allude to his ancestors as: 'Yeomen—I suppose very small beer.' Yet he would repeat the word "yeomen" as if it afforded him consolation.

(But then Old Jolyon Forsyte was of higher calibre than his brothers.) On a later day:

Soames was impressed, indeed, by the extreme emptiness of this parish where his roots lay. It seemed terribly hilly, and full of space, with large fields, some woods in the coombe to the left, and a soil that you couldn't swear by—not red and not white and not brown exactly; the sea was blue, however, and the cliffs, so far as he could judge, streaky. . . .

"Look! This field close to the sea is marked 'Great Forsyte!' . . . Twenty-four acres. There was the ruin of an old house, I remember, just there. . . . The spot is still marked with an old cross—the cattle use it for a rubbing-stone."

. . . Going up to the stone, he gazed down at the hollow between



## WEMBURY

The Cradle of the Galsworthys



THOMAS BARTLEET  
(1768-1823)  
Galsworthy's Great-Grand-Uncle



RICHARD BARTLEET  
Recorder of Birmingham  
John Galsworthy's Great-Uncle



'SUPERIOR DOSSET'  
John Galsworthy's Paternal  
Grandfather.



EMMA LAVINIA BAILEY  
John Galsworthy's Maternal  
Grandmother

## FOUR ANCESTORS

him and the hedge. Below it the field sloped to the beach, and what looked like the ghost of a lane ran up towards the hollow from the coombe. In that hollow, then, the house had been; and there they'd lived, the old Forsytes, for generations, pickled in this air, without another house in sight—nothing but this expanse of grass in view and the sea beyond, and the gulls on that rock, and the waves beating over it. 'There they'd lived, tilling the land, and growing rheumatic, and crossing the coombe to church, and getting their brandy free, perhaps. . . . And something moved in him, as if the salty independence of that lonely spot were still in his bones. Old Jolyon and his own father and the rest of his uncles—no wonder they'd been independent, with this air and loneliness in their blood; and crabbed with the pickling of it—unable to give up, to let go, to die. For a moment he seemed to understand even himself. Southern spot, south aspect, not any of your northern roughness, but free, and salt, and solitary from sunrise to sunset, year in, year out, like that lonely rock with the gulls on it, for ever and for ever. . . .

Great Forsyte! Well! he was glad he had come down.

In these words their writer has described his own authentic *provenance*. "This parish where his roots lay" is Wembury in Devonshire, the field exists in reality as "Great Galsworthy," and Soames's meditations are actually those of his creator upon his own ancient Galsworthy ancestors and their home. Those wholesome, salty yeomen, from whose loins he sprang, are a stock such as has often worthily filled the seats of the mighty and recruited their ranks.

The process of rising in life is no longer the slow business it once was. In a bygone day, however, things were different. It was an age less democratic and more leisurely than our own, when the echoes of the industrial revolution still rang portentously in men's ears—an era of pocket boroughs, stage coaches, men like "Superior Dosset" Forsyte, and a sixpenny *Times*. And in that distant epoch the ascending curve spread over three generations or so; for, moving as it did at the pace of the time, it soared but slowly. The manner of it all would be somewhat as follows:

Here and there, in a recess of the countryside—at Wembury, why not?—would be lurking some stout young yeoman, more remarkable or more enterprising than his kind, and afflicted either with a divine discontent or a sharper eye to the future. One fine day he would clamber on board the Mail Coach and transport

himself to the nearest considerable town, where he set up in some branch of commerce or industry. Character and sturdiness were bound to tell; with time he prospered, and at his death left a substantial fortune between his numerous children. These turned each his small fortune into a large one, and became men of mark in the City, in Civic life, and so on. They joined all but the smartest Clubs (which took them a matter of twenty years or so) and put their sons down for Eton as soon as these were born, if not sooner. From Eton it was but a short step to the Universities, where the third generation disported themselves in the best circles. They were now indistinguishable from the sons, and not infrequently married the daughters, of Dukes. Meanwhile, with gathering refinement, the social outlook of the family had altered. Beneath the veneer of urban influences the founder had remained a countryman, far too matter-of-fact and unspeculative to bother about his origins. The second generation were still too near those origins to be altogether appreciative of them—consider, for example, James Forsyte, in contrast with his son Soames, who derives from them a thrill made possible by the extra gentility of the third generation. Finally, with the fourth generation, which has nothing to do except to inherit and receive the social immaculacy definitely acquired by its parents, the interest and importance of their origins have reached vanishing-point. In fact, many of them genuinely do not know what great-grandpapa's trade or profession was. You will, in any case, be hard put to it to find any difference between the fourth generation of, let us say, the Forsytes and the thirty-fourth of the De Veres.

So these things happen; and so, in general—though, as will be seen, not in detail—we may connect John Galsworthy with him who was the original of *Superior Dosset* Forsyte. In some such way ran the inscrutable and compelling impulse which has been at work since ever the world began; and he who, even in retrospect, witnesses one of its myriad manifestations has in truth “been admitted to a vision of the dim roads of social progress, has understood something of patriarchal life, of the swarming of savage hordes, of the rise and fall of nations.” In some such way too, even more mysterious, was brought about the process by which a bluff, honest yeoman was succeeded (at an interval of but a single generation), by one whose bearing was a pattern of dignity, gentleness, and courtesy.

## PROLOGUE

Simplicity is the hall-mark of breeding, both social and spiritual, and it was the hall-mark of John Galsworthy. It was always simple contacts that appealed to him. He loved the sense of being rooted in the soil; and he loved passionately dogs and horses—all the birds of the air, indeed, and all the beasts of the field. Also he was fascinated by the earthy miracle of the marching generations; and this liking for pedigrees united happily with his love of horses. Even at Harrow he prided himself on his knowledge of racing form, and at Oxford it was perhaps his chief interest. No doubt there was originally a certain degree of youthful exuberance in his choice of a typically "smart" pursuit; but for him this choice was a wise one, which gave him pleasure of more than one kind. What more can one ask of a hobby? He was always an ardent horseman, and countless were the race-meetings at which his spruce, grave figure was to be seen, intent on the matter in hand. Incidentally, he betted with surprisingly shrewd judgment. But it was not only love of horses and racing that prompted the admission, archly made in a Confession Album in 1889, that his favourite study was *Ruff's Guide to the* —. It was indeed a study with him, for a few years later he was actually planning a book on the breeding of racehorses. This first literary project of his never matured; but at least it proves an interest in pedigrees for their own sake. This taste never left him, and in the last year of his life he was recording with his own hand the strains of winning bloodstock as methodically as ever.

While he was thus preoccupied with horses, his attention was, in a rather queer manner, directed to the similar possibilities of humans. There was once in the family an Uncle Silas Galsworthy, no such sinister figure as Le Fanu's, but destined to prove an almost equal pest. This anticipatory Timothy Forsyte sought, in making his will, to tie his money up in perpetuity. This amiable intention could unhappily not be realized; much, however, could be done by tying the money up during the lives of all the testator's grandchildren, and this course was adopted. The ensuing confusion was all that the old gentleman could have wished, and the outcome was an action in Chancery. This action was begun in 1869 and is still going on, so that at present it is only a bit over sixty years old. After some quarter of a century of complications, it became necessary to prepare a pedigree, in order to sort out the combatants and the non-combatants and to determine their numbers. Now the firm of



J. and E. H. Galsworthy were fortunate enough to be employed as solicitors in this replica of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and the old man had the work given to his son, by way of affording him some useful practice. Henceforward horses and humans shared his interest; for while the former are undeniably more beautiful, the latter offer perhaps some prettier problems to the investigator.

No; it was not with him a mere predilection. Something in the actual process of burrowing into the past ministered to a deep craving of his soul. It satisfied his analytic brain and fired his imagination. To him there was romance in experiencing a sense of boundless continuity, in surveying the impassive operations of nature—operations of which, like every other living thing, he was at once the inheritor and the victim. Like an explorer making his way through virgin jungle, fascinated by the lure of the uncertain and the unseen, he pored over his racing pedigrees; as a plant sends its rootlets out into the kindly earth and draws its sustenance therefrom, so he fed his imagination as he reached out into the rich soil of his ancestry.

And here something besides imagination made itself felt. He had, indeed, an unusually penetrating sense of contact with his ancestors. With him, his origins lay beyond the more superficial planes of pride or humility, even of sentiment. This is not to say that they held for him no spark of glamour, that there was no sentiment in his regard for them; simply, they stood closer to him than any mere warmth of sentiment could bring them. They were ingrained in his fibre—as much a part of him as body or brain; and beneath this consciousness of his own individuality there ran a deep subconscious sense of being a part as well as a whole; part of an ancestral entity which smoothly prolonged itself in him, as a chain prolongs itself link by link.

For thirty years he gave time and money to investigating certain problems in his pedigree, both personally and by deputy, and the following account is in part the result of those researches.

Wembury, then, is the cradle of the Galsworthys. Starting from Edmund Galsworthy, who died at Plymstock in 1598, this race of farmers centred about Wembury through six generations. Three more Edmunds, two Roberts, and the first John—to take only the line which concerns us—bring us to the year 1782, when John Galsworthy the second was born at Plymstock. (In the

churchyard there may still be seen—though prone now and broken in two—the tombstone of John Galsworthy, who died on April 12, 1811, aged 59, and of Mary his wife, who followed him on December 15, 1824, at the age of 69.) He became a merchant and shipowner at Devonport, and by 1831 was a widower and the father of three daughters and five sons, the youngest of whom had cost his mother her life. In 1833 he retired and migrated with his family to London, where he settled down as an investor in house property, assisted doubtless by the counsels of his brother Silas, a builder and, incidentally, the deviser of that appalling will and testament. From his children the old Forsytes exfoliated: his eldest son was the third John Galsworthy.

On the maternal side of this pedigree somewhat gentler strains had been active. The Galsworthys, as we know, were yeomen; we are now to deal with provincial squires, gentlemen farmers, men of commerce, and the like. The principal maternal strain is that of the Bartleets, which emerges into human ken with William Bartleet of Redditch (1723-1795); it was either he or (perhaps less probably) his son, also William (1753-1824), who altered the name from Bartlet to its present form. Their conjectural ascription is to the Bartelots (later Bartlets), who in turn claim descent from the Bartlets of Stopham in Sussex. It was thought by “our” John Galsworthy that this derivation might be illegitimate, and that the alteration of the surname might have been due to some trouble or irregularity in this connection. The establishment of the generations behind the first William Bartleet was the chief object of those many years of research, but unhappily nothing was achieved. This William, then, married Mary Millard, or Milward, of a family connected with the making of needles, and their son, the second William, founded a needle factory of his own.

Meanwhile, Richard Moore, of Tutnell House in the manor of Tardebigge in Worcestershire, who flourished in the early half of the seventeenth century, had been succeeded in his tenure by his son and grandson. James Moore, the great-grandson, moved to Redditch, where he too established himself as a needlemaker. Among his progeny were a son, Thomas, and a daughter, Elizabeth, in whose person the Moores merged into the Bartleets when she married the second William Bartleet. At her death he married her niece, also named Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Moore; and

among the issue of this Needlemakers' Union was a son, Charles Bartleet, "a most amiable man," as indeed his surviving correspondence seems to show.

The last line to claim attention is that of the Baileys, who seem to have been gentlemen farmers on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire. Jacob, or James Bailey (1774-1847) came to London, became an auctioneer, and finally settled at 42 Wood Street, Cheapside, marrying a lady of Shropshire origin with the awkwardly similar name of Bayley. Their brood included Lavinia Frances, "an admirable if somewhat irritating woman." It was now the turn of the Baileys to merge into the Bartleets, through the marriage of the amiable man to the admirable if irritating woman. One of the children of Charles and Lavinia Bartleet was a daughter named Blanche Bailey Bartleet.

Finally, in 1862, Blanche Bartleet married John Galsworthy the third, solicitor and director of Companies. With this, our stage is set.

The subject of this book once summed the matter up in a letter to Edward Garnett:

What queer mixtures we all are; and yet it's remarkable how, up to this century, class and locality kept themselves to themselves. Look at my origin, for instance: So far as I can make out my Dad's forbears were absolutely of the small farmer class for hundreds of years, and all from the same little corner of South Devon, and my Mother's absolutely of the provincial squire class. . . .

And it's queer how the two origins work out—how differently! The Bartleets have got a sort of crystallized, dried-out, almost mummified energy; utterly unpractical, incapable of making or keeping money; narrow to a degree; restless, dogmatic. Long narrow faces and heads, perfectly regular features, lots of pluck; no real ability, no impersonal outlook; yet with a sort of inborn sense of the convenience of others, and of form. . . .

The Galsworthys, rising into the middle class for two generations, with all its tenacity and ability (of a sort), now seem in the third generation all abroad, as if melting away again into a more creative sphere. . . .

The one strain seems definite, clear, thin, and acid; the other all turbid, various, and unknown; I get, I suppose, my creative energy from the latter, and a sense of form from the former.

## PROLOGUE

With this last word we may pass on to the life itself, which will provide its own further commentary. For the present it is enough to have linked our subject up with those of his forbears whose names are left, and, through them, back to those unknown holders of the heart of England, back to that long line of tillers of the coastal land who have faded into the sea-mists of their past.

## CHAPTER I

1867-1885: JOHNNIE

IT is the 16th of August in the year 1867, and (as, indeed, in every other year) a number of exciting and important things are happening. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli have got their Reform Bill through both Houses; it received the Royal assent yesterday, and the leaders are left to speculate on the effects it will have when it comes into operation in 1869. The Queen has laid the first stone of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences with a golden trowel (a succulent period piece, aptly described as a "Royal building tool, which is worthy to be handled by a lady and Queen"). Holborn Viaduct, too, is in course of construction, the designs for the new Law Courts are on exhibition, Landseer's lions now add their quota to the impressiveness of Trafalgar Square, and the new Jewish Synagogue in Walworth Road, Borough, is complete. The north transept of the Crystal Palace and St. John's Church, Croydon, have been burnt down, Ismail Pasha has been invested with the Order of the Bath, and Hermit has won the Derby in a snowstorm. In Ireland the Fenians are active.

Abroad, various "Royals" have been in and out of Paris, where the Universal Exhibition is in full swing; Napoleon III has built a *Pavillon de Flore* on to the Tuileries, and the new Hôtel de Ville has a new campanile. By way of preparation for what is to come, the French army has adopted the Chassepot rifle. Francis Joseph of Austria has been crowned King of Hungary, the King and Queen of the Belgians have been as usefully if more humbly occupied in inaugurating the Drainage Works at Brussels, and the Tsar, as excitingly, in being shot at in the Bois de Boulogne. And in Mexico Maximilian's long-drawn tragedy has just run its slow and sickening course. . . . So, after all, Francis Joseph will not be in Paris for a few days.

Amid these public events the undercurrent of human life flows unperturbed; the processes of nature run their normal courses, and people continue to be born, to marry, and to die. Among the numerous male infants of the year are: Enoch Arnold Bennett, Edward Frederic Benson (by an odd coincidence born also during a thunderstorm), Ernest Christopher Dowson, Lionel Pigot Johnson, Charles Edward Montague, and George William Russell (Æ).

But now the doldrums are setting in, and the silly season is here. Mr. Galsworthy will hardly find much of interest in his *Times*, save one item for which he is himself responsible; and that where he can see it without so much as unfolding the paper. Really, he might as well save himself the trouble of doing so, for he will only find it in a relaxed and fretful state. The House of Lords is evidently feeling the *fin de saison*; yesterday "in the discussion on the clauses and amendments" (to the increase of the Episcopate Bill) "the House for a time got into a hopeless state of confusion, and none seemed to know what had been agreed to or not, or even what clause they were on." (*The Times*, judging by its grammar and syntax, is in the same plight.) In the Commons they have been bickering over Mr. Secretary Hardy's Parks Regulation Bill, which was "talked out" and has now been dropped, to the sour satisfaction of *The Times* leader-writer. Otherwise nothing seems to be stirring, except a railway company or two with its semi-annual meeting, a yacht club with its regatta, the theatres (mostly dull), and the Queen on her excursions at Osborne. Perhaps it was the heat wave that stunned everyone.

It began on the tenth. The sun blazed down upon the land, growing fiercer with each day, until on Wednesday the 14th the climax was reached with readings of 91 in the shade and 143 in the sun. A few irrepressibles saw in it a God-given chance of writing to the papers; most people, no doubt, merely sweltered and grumbled. But in a house named Parkfield, on Kingston Hill, they were seriously troubled under this oppression of heat, for a woman was drawing very near her time. That afternoon came the inevitable thunderstorm in uproar and violence, lasting on, with intervals, all through the night. Outside, in Richmond Park a tree was struck, and half an inch of rain fell. But in that house none had leisure to consider it save in relation to what was happening upstairs; for while about the walls raged wonder and torment, inside too were

mystery and agony, and about 2.30 in the afternoon of August 14th was born a man-child, the fourth John Galsworthy.

And so, this morning, a proud and thankful father read and read again:

On the 14th instant at Parkfield, Kingston Hill, the wife of John Galsworthy, Esq., of a son.

His mind perhaps ranged in retrospect over the six years of their joint history, back to the early days. Eh, dear, yes! It seemed a long way back to the year '38, when he had been a boy of 21, just starting out as a solicitor with nothing behind him but the tiny competence left him by his dad, and such endowments as nature and education had given him. Well! he had worked tolerably hard, and made a success of things, and had long since been a warm man. He might have been slow in finding a mate, but at least when he had found her he had been able to snap her up—none of your miserable waiting and waiting for an income on which you could get married! He had found her in '61. He himself was forty-four, living at 4 Mansfield Street; she twenty-four, and staying at Surbiton with her brother Lionel the curate—both of them old enough to know what they were about. And indeed they had made up their minds quickly enough, and been married the following year. It had been a short and earnest wooing, full of high resolves. . . . Once he had had to write to her ever so gently and firmly, insisting that, for all her mother's loose talk on the subject, sin lay as much in thought as in deed—what had the woman been about, putting such ideas into the child's head? And always he had reminded her that without the blessing of God their marriage could not hope to prosper. . . . Well, he had made sure of her, and married her, and brought her back to Mansfield Street. That was in '62, and in '63 they had moved round the corner to a real new home of their own at 23 (later 64) Portland Place.<sup>1</sup> Next year, on the first of September, their darling little Lily had arrived; and it had become necessary to think of country air. He was well able, thank God! (under Providence) to provide for a wife and family as they should be provided for, to make a country place where the little things should have fresh air, new milk, and all the fruits of the earth, home-grown round them. So

<sup>1</sup> The house no longer exists,

they had left the grandeurs of Portland Place and gone to Parkfield, which would serve while they looked round. (The curious may see it to this day, externally unaltered.) By the way, talking of Lily, there she was in the garden with her little cousin Frank, who was staying with them. He was sharing her room, but it was all very nicely arranged, with a screen between the beds; and, of course, Nurse whisked him away to another room each morning, to be dressed.

He had found a wonderful site, too, at Coombe Warren near by. It was a natural terrace, high and airy, from which the ground sloped sharply down, then, flattening its curve, merged into a long vista of fields, pastures, and woods terminated by the lofty blue ridge of the North Downs fifteen miles away or more. The speculative builder has intruded into the prospect with the squalid cattle-pens which he calls Ideal Modern Labour-Saving Homelets, and the view from the terrace, though still lovely, is not quite what it was when Mr. Galsworthy built his prosperous, rather ugly Victorian houses. If you looked out on a fine, clear day, you could see the Grand Stand at Epsom. To the gazer's left the ground fell steeply away to a lake and a coppice of tall trees (the original of that coppice at Robin Hill where so many keynotes in the lives of the Forsytes were sounded). He had lost no time in securing the long lease of twenty-four acres; and now, when shortly they moved into the new house they had nearly finished building, it would be as a real family party, complete with the indispensable son and heir.

Into this house, which he named Coombe Warren, the family moved soon after John's birth, and in it were born the remaining two children, Hubert and Mabel. And, as the requirements of the growing family increased, he had two other houses built on adjoining sites. In 1875 he sold Coombe Warren to Mr. Daniel Watney (of the celebrated firm of brewers) and transferred his household to the second house, Coombe Leigh, where they lived till 1878. In this year they migrated to the third, Coombe Croft, but in 1881 returned to Coombe Leigh, where they remained till 1886, when they left the district and returned to London to live.

In those days (wrote Galsworthy over forty years later) Coombe



was very different—very much as I describe it at the opening of *The Man of Property*. The *site* of the Forsyte House ~~was~~ the *site* of my father's Coombe Warren and the grounds and coppice, etc. were actual, but the house itself I built with my imagination. I still have the plans. The original Coombe Warren was as shown in the drawing that appeared in *John o' London*—which was made about 1874 by my mother's brother, Captain Ernest Bartleet. It's quite a good drawing, and the house was subsequently altered out of recognition.

*The Comet* is not quite right—the station Soames and Bosinney walked from is not Norbiton but “Coombe and Malden”—a rather longer, straighter walk. This is also the station used by Fleur and Jon and Soames in *To Let*.

The “Coombe Warren” alluded to in *The Surrey Comet* must have been named some time after the original “Coombe Warren” of my father's became “Coombe Court.” There was no other “Coombe Warren” there in my extreme youth.

The people living round in those days were few—Sir Edmund du Cane in Coombe Lane next to Page's farm. General Sim at the White House. The Curtises on the edge of Coombe Wood. The Du Plat Taylors opposite. The Dunvilles at Coombe Leigh. The Hammersleys at the top end of the Warren. Mr. Gulliver in his cottage. The Tippings also at the top of the Warren. On Kingston Hill there was Lord Dunraven. The Bushbys. The Pearsons at the Grange (opposite the George and Dragon). The Trollopes. I can't remember any others, but there *were* some on Kingston Hill. The original “Coombe Warren” before it was enlarged and spoiled (I think) was a very jolly house. I wonder if the old oak is still there in front of the terrace. But, as I say, the house in the books is mostly imagined; there was, for instance, no room such as that described in *Indian Summer*.

Coombe Warren later became the property of Lord and Lady Ripon, who changed its name to Coombe Court and enlarged it considerably. It became the scene of lavish and ultra-fashionable hospitality, of parties at which King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present, at which the de Reszkes and Melba sang. After further changing hands it was eventually pulled down at the end of 1931, and the site developed. As we proceed in order of seniority the scale descends. Coombe Leigh, the house with which the family associations are naturally closest, has had no such meteoric career.

## JOHNNIE

Under the name of Coombe Ridge it still stands. Internally, it has been remodelled; externally, certain additions have been made, and the Victorian casements are replaced by stone mullions. Finally, Coombe Croft, the least intimately associated house, appears to be as it ever was.

In these surroundings, of which the keynotes were health, beauty, and sanity, young John, a pleasant, wholesome, and unspectacular boy, lived a pleasant, wholesome, and unspectacular life. The serenity of the father encompassed all the children, whose idol he was, and under his kindly eye they thrived and prospered and were happy. Of that father his son has left more than one record: that called *A Portrait* is avowedly from the life; and the character of old Jolyon is little less faithful in essentials. Of his own childhood *A Portrait* and *Awakening* contain many true details. All are confirmed by his sister's account:

Head of a firm in Old Jewry, [my father] went regularly to town every morning at eleven, returning every evening at five. These easy hours left him plenty of time, in addition to his Saturdays and Sundays, to enjoy his home-life, his gardens, and his "views," to his heart's content, and my memory of him in those days at Coombe is of one whose heart's content was a genial thing, extracting the maximum of enjoyment and minimum of worry from all the good things with which his own sane brain and a kindly lot had endowed him.

Every fine evening, with a small child's hand in his, he would make his rounds of the gardens, paddocks, and little home-farmyard, stroking the cows, watching the chickens and baby pigs, peering into the bushes for the latest birds' nests—all with a pleasure and eagerness as young and keen as that of the child by his side. He had a special affection for the three lovely Alderney cows, and liked to see them grazing in a large paddock right in the middle of the garden.

No recollection of those early years at Coombe is so vivid as that of those daily rounds with Father, or the excitement of learning to drive the old-fashioned "T-cart" to and from the station, to "take" him or "fetch" him home; with Johnnie's roan cob Bruce pulling hard at the reins, and portly old Haddon, the coachman, sitting beside one.

"What a beauty that little cob was, to be sure, and how nearly he cut short Master Johnnie's career by running away with him in

Richmond Park and trying to scrape him off against the trees there!

Our mother we remember best very much as she appears in a certain photograph by Walery in the early eighties—dainty and delicate—"like a French marquise" as a friend once said while in the act of painting her miniature.

She became stronger in later years than she ever was at Coombe, where I remember her as constantly on the sofa, with a piece of black Spanish lace over her head. Gentle and loving, devoted to her husband and children, and "the kindest mistress in the world"—to quote a dear eighty-year-old retainer, who had nursed Master Johnnie, and who always loved to talk of her—our mother nevertheless is not so prominent and everyday a figure as our father in the hazy memory of those early days. With a staff of some fourteen souls to help or hinder her in the running of her children, her house, and her grounds, it is perhaps small wonder if the former saw her chiefly at certain stated intervals, or when they were naughty or ill.

Of our elder sister Lilian, I remember that even at that time she was so quiet and studious as to seem more than her three years older than John. A rare spirit in a frail body, it was she who brought to us three younger ones the greater part of such mental stimulus as our very normal, ordinary lives ever knew. Always quietly busy herself with her painting, reading or writing, it was she who would start interesting subjects for discussion; she who told us stories when we were little; she who opened our eyes and minds to beautiful things to be seen or heard or read.

Johnnie was taught at home, as we all were, by a series of governesses, English and foreign, until he was nine years old, when he went to a small preparatory school at Bournemouth, kept by a Doctor Brackenbury. There he was joined later on by his brother Hubert.

This led to several visits to Bournemouth on the part of the whole family. . . . In those days it was a pleasant place of unspoilt sands and clean bright sea. How vividly I remember to this day the hot Sunday scent of the pines on the East cliff, as we trudged our way to the little temporary church, St. Swithin's, where Johnnie, with other little Saugeen boys, was sitting in the choir; and the delights of digging and burrowing, with brothers, friends, and cousins, in the gold and silver sands of cliffs and beach, on those glorious days of real old-fashioned summer.

But the pictures stored in my feeble memory of Johnnie's boy-

hood—even of his later boyhood—are woefully few and vague; for I was four years his junior, and he was mostly away at school, and sometimes staying with friends.

The general impression left is that of a quite normal, not at all unusual type of boy. . . . He read voraciously books of history and adventure, and made himself short-sighted by doing this generally face downwards on the floor. The battles, naval and military, about which he read, were worked out afterwards by means of all a boy's usual paraphernalia: lead soldiers, spring-cannon, boats and bricks, etc. Favourite beans and pebbles found in the gardens were called after special heroes in the books, and sometimes survived for years! I can see him now, prone on the floor, or bending over the large round table in the nursery at Coombe Leigh, or at the schoolroom table at Coombe Croft, juggling his forces with busy hands and a sort of deadly earnestness, muttering commands about this and that, erecting a fort one moment, and knocking it down the next. Great tournaments too took place upon the lawns, where he would lie in the sun with heels in air, smiting the busby-like heads of plantain-stalks against each other, till only one "conqueror" was left.

He was our chief in all the wild games we played about the house and grounds on holidays—captain of the pillow-fights,<sup>1</sup> and of the ships we built of beds and chests of drawers, with curtains and blinds rigged up for sails; leader of fierce raids on "the enemy" (usually some long-suffering member of the staff), armed with catapults and water-squirts. But whereas the energy displayed by all on these occasions often resulted in accidental damage to one or other of us, and consequent tantrums or tears from Hubert or me, I can remember no irritable fits of temper on the part of Johnnie himself. Though he was willing enough to profit by our "fagging" [a similar hobby of the Brontes' as children], his rule was mild, and I am sure he never bullied his young brother.

I remember well the fierce tennis-matches between the two boys—singles, played on the courts on the lawn at "The Leigh"—for I would watch them from my favourite seat in the swing

<sup>1</sup> This was evidently an early speciality of his. A cousin tells the story:

"When Jack was about five and I about nine we had a fierce and strenuous fight. We were all dressed up and cleaned ready to go in to dessert after the dining-room dinner (this was at Coombe Warren), and a wrestling-match and a drawing-room cushion fight was enjoyed for a long time. I remember that Jack put up a very good fight, and although I was four years his senior I doubt whether I had the best of it. There was consternation, when we finally went in to dessert, at our dishevelled appearance—but no punishment."

that hung from "old Jolyon's oak" nearby. Very well matched they were, for Hubert, though two years younger, was the quicker and more wiry—as also the quicker-tempered—of the two. John—Jack as we were beginning to call him—played with more impersonality, and under a beating remained always master of himself. Their billiard-matches were nearly as exciting, and I always enjoyed marking for them on the dais in the big, light billiard-room, with its bay window overlooking the garden, and its glass doors leading out into the conservatory.

Those who played with him in later days will not find it difficult to picture those early games. In the quiet, good-humoured, imperturbable boy strolling easily about the room and playing sedately and without brilliance they will recapture the man they knew. They will recognize the opponent whose even temper nothing could "rattle," whose impassivity made him so unobtrusively formidable and turned his unpretentious style into a weapon more dangerous than it seemed—at tennis as well as at billiards.

Such then, was life at Coombe—healthy, rational, and comfortable, verging on luxury, tempered by common-sense. One understands his cousin's comment:

When Jack was about ten years old, I was asked to a birthday party, when his parents gave a luncheon in his honour, and we afterwards played cricket; and I well remember being impressed at the time by his beautiful home, and the fact that he had, amongst other luxuries, a cricket field in which he could acquire sufficient proficiency in the game to enable him to start his public career on the same terms as the majority of his school-fellows. In fact he appeared to me to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Meanwhile, Johnnie and his brother were regular schoolboys now, established members of Saugeen, at Bournemouth. But, alas for their dignity! they were considered too young to travel alone, and made their way thither each term under the charge of their father's confidential clerk, Joseph Ramsden (the original of Gradman in *The Forsyte Saga*). In spite, however, of the advantage of a cricket-field, Johnnie had but little to show for it. In fact, it looked as if his cousin were a trifle optimistic. True, he did get into the 1st XI, but his performances were not impressive. In

1878 he batted ten times (once not out) for twelve runs; in 1879 he surpassed this achievement by scoring two runs in five innings (once not out). It scarcely seemed that a career at cricket lay before him. He was greatly handicapped by his short sight, the legacy of those early excesses in the matter of reading; and in any case there were other lines in which he could win distinction. For all this, he never lacked enthusiasm. When the famous Arthur Shrewsbury was at the height of his powers, the two brothers used to go to the Oval with their father and there feast their eyes on his performances. After much study and practice, Jack taught himself to bat in passable imitation of the great man's style—which involved holding your bat more or less horizontal (this Jack found easy) and wielding it with many wristy flourishes. There was, however, this unfortunate difference between the two; the less well-known batsman usually found that his elegant strokes failed to "connect with" the ball. A. P. Lucas, another of Jack's heroes, played with a straight bat, thus putting himself beyond Jack's powers of imitation. Of the later cricketing days—of a disregarded warning, and of how that warning was swiftly justified—the story will in its place be told.

His efforts in other directions were applied with much greater success. By 1879 he was the second best runner in the school, as is evidenced by the handicaps at the school sports. In the 220 yards (under twelve) he ran from scratch; and in the quarter-mile and one of the heats for the 100 yards (first class) only one runner started behind him. (He was very anxious to win the 100 yards, but was eventually beaten; years later he referred to it in conversation with an old schoolfellow.) He also competed in the high jump, broad jump, and hurdle race. Then, when the three preparatory schools of Bournemouth held an inter-schools sports (at which Saugeen carried off most of the prizes), Johnnie did his share by representing his school in the 220 yards (under twelve) and the Quarter Mile (under thirteen). One of Saugeen's two representatives in the open Quarter Mile had run to a higher handicap than Johnnie at the school sports, and the other had not run at all! Thus, at eleven and a half, Johnnie was quite capable of beating boys of thirteen over the shorter distances. His activities during this year included also his first appearance on any stage. Mr. Brackenbury was a great man for private theatricals, and every

year he presented a play in one of the dormitories, which was temporarily equipped with a stage regardless of trouble or expense, the dispossessed inmates making the best of it in neighbouring corridors or on adjacent stairs. In these conditions, on December 20th was produced the comic drama of *Milky White*. Some inkling of its unsophisticated humours may be gleaned from the programme. The principal *Dramatis Personae* were an unpopular cow-keeper (the title-rôle) and a female neighbour "supposed to be a widow," and the last act took place in the cow-keeper's bedroom. Imagination is further stimulated by the appearance among the minor characters of A Rude Boy, played by Johnnie with the support of his cousin Lionel Easton (the best runner in the school, and captain of the football team) as Another Ditto. Next year this cousin left, and Johnnie, who succeeded him in both positions, was for the rest of his stay the school's leading athlete. An old schoolfellow remembers him as "showing no marked ability for his books"; still, his work, though not outstanding, must have been both sound and adequate, as the next page will show. His reserve and pleasant aloofness of manner were already beginning to be observable; and it was in allusion thereto that he was nicknamed "Peace" by one of the masters, after the murderer—a sobriquet which derived its point from its singular lack of applicability. That "Peace" was happy under Mr. Brackenbury's tolerant sway there can be no doubt. Very little supervision of the interfering kind was exercised over the boys' leisure hours. So long as a boy behaved himself he was free to spend his spare time as he chose. If he loved games, by all means let him play them; if he preferred reading or country rambles, then let him read or tramp the countryside. This unusual degree of independence just suited Johnnie's nature; himself spiritually independent, he was just the boy to justify such treatment, and to the end of his life remembered it appreciatively.

Mother Shipton's prophecy notwithstanding, the summer term of 1881 (1881<sup>2</sup> as Harrovians have it)—found him a member of Mr. C. Colbeck's, one of the Small Houses, at Harrow School. The following letter to his father, written within a day or two of his arrival, is characteristic both in its sturdy schoolboy normality and in its quiet promise. (We may suppose, however, that the hat-box was not put to the use suggested):

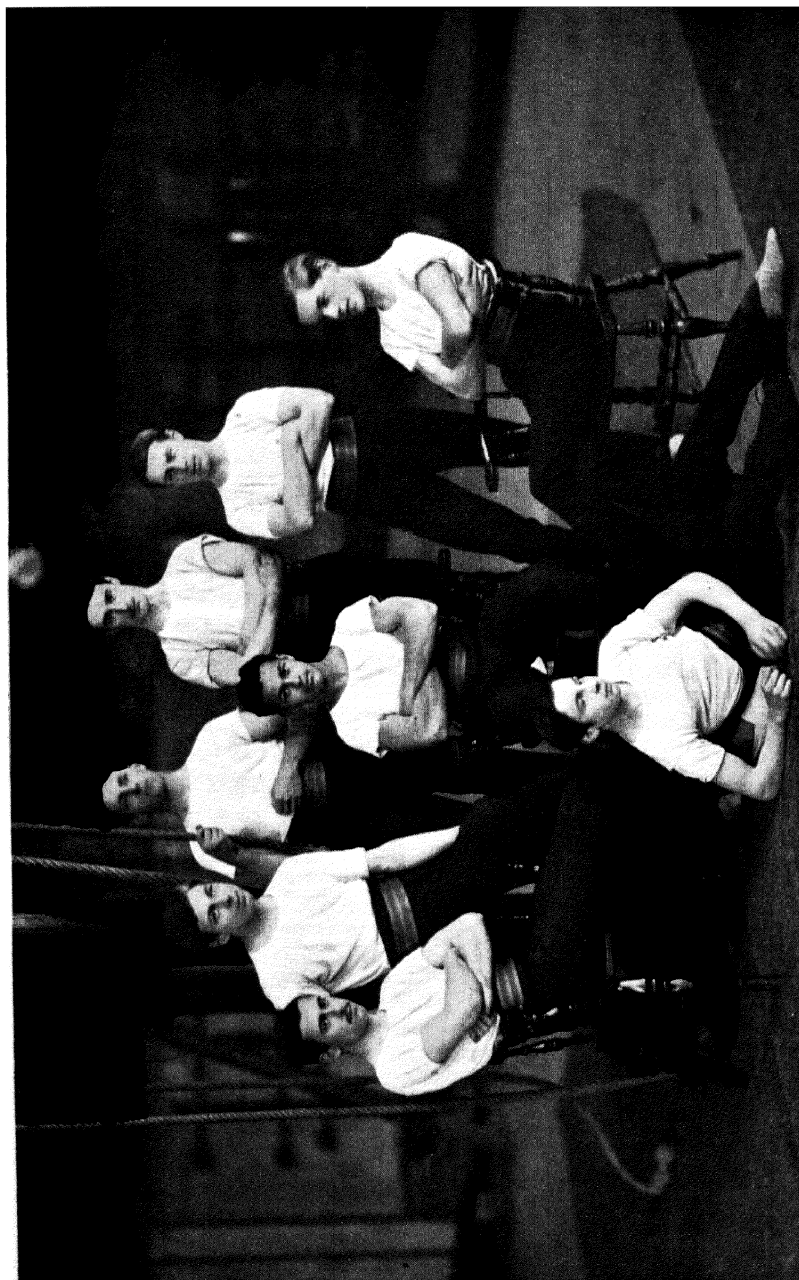


Brighton, 12.3.1873



THE SCHOOLBOY  
(taken at Kingston).





THE HARROW GYM VIII, 1884

JOHNNIE

May 6th 1881.<sup>1</sup>

HARROW.

DEAR FATHER,—The result of the exam was known this morning at 8 a.m. I was placed in the *Upper Shell* high I believe for a new boy. I think I shall be able to keep up but I don't know. I was 7th from bottom at 1st School, 32nd from bottom at 2nd School, and top or 35th from bottom at the last School. There are 36 fellows in our form. I suppose you know what Schools are, they are divisions of time when we are in the class rooms. Please send my hat box as soon as possible, because I must wear it on Sunday. I hope Mother is not the worse for her exertions on Wednesday.

I am beginning to shake down into the ways of the school now. I tried on my jacket to-day it was all right except being a little tight under the arm which Stevens said he would alter.

I suppose Hue has not gone back to Saugeen yet. I saw the biggest Hill to-day he is in the same form as Weekes who is one form below me.

I hope all are quite well at home.

And now good-bye dear Father (as I have six sums of Colenso's arith to do now) with best love to all.—I am your very loving boy,  
JOHNNY.

Turn over.

P.S.—Please send my *Latin Verse* Book by Gepp a red book. My Dr. Smith's *Smaller Greek History*, My *Latin Grammar*, *Classical Dictionary*.

It had not taken him long to "shake down"; nor was it long before he began to make his mark in the life of the community. At the end of a year, in 1882<sup>3</sup>, he moved to Moreton's, Mr. H. E. Hutton's House, and proceeded at once to "get busy." He made an excellent impression on the Housemaster, who wrote to his father:

Your elder boy gives me great satisfaction. His tone, character, temper, and manners are all thoroughly good; and if only he was not so weak in composition he might really distinguish himself at Harrow.

This House is the proud owner of an admirable series of House Books, dating back to somewhere in the 'sixties, in which the successive head boys have term by term recorded its history—a matter-of-fact, straightforward chronicle, dealing mostly with

<sup>1</sup> Further letters will be found in the Correspondence Section,

athletics. The successes and failures of the various House teams, the distinctions gained by individual boys, are all faithfully set down; and the record of each term begins with a recital of the names of those whom the House will know no more. To each name is appended a summary of his career, together with any personal comment which the writer felt prompted to make. (These, it may be added, are for the most part slight and conventional, except in the case of a few unpopular individuals.) It is thus possible to trace Johnnie's progress in some detail. His very first term at Moreton's he won a place in the House Football XI, thus securing the fez that every Harrovian covets. Next term (1883<sup>1</sup>) he played for the House in Torpids (the junior football competition), and was second in the Gymnastic Four, obtaining his belt; in addition, he won the House Quarter Mile, the House Mile, and was equal second in the Long Jump. The Torpid XI was eliminated in the second tie, in circumstances which supply an episode in the story: *The Man who Kept his Form*. The accounts in that story and in the House Book are given side by side.

In my fifth term and Ruding's last but one, there had been some disciplinary rumpus in the House, which had hurt the dignity of the captain of the football "torpid" eleven—a big Irish boy who played back and was the mainstay of the side. It happened on the eve of our first House match, and the sensation may be imagined when this important person refused to play; physically and spiritually sore, he declared for the part of Achilles and withdrew to his tent. The House rocked with pro and con. My sympathies, in common with nearly all below the second fifth, lay with Donelly against the sixth form. His defection had left me captain of the side, so that the question whether we

In this match, however (says the House book), our Torpid Eleven was deserted by its captain, who, although a member of the House Eleven, refused to play, alleging that he was incapacitated from doing so, because on the preceding day he had received a whopping. We feel that some weakness was shown by the captain of the House Football Eleven in allowing such an event to occur. As regards the game itself, little need be said, as we were easily beaten owing to our weakened condition. Play however was fairly equal at first, but soon our opponents took the game into their own hands and ultimately won by nine bases to two. All praise is due to Galsworthy and

could play at all depended on me. If I declared a sympathetic strike, the rest would follow. That evening, after long hours of "fronde" with other rebellious spirits, I was alone and still in two minds, when Ruding came into my room. He leaned against the door, and said:

"Well, Bartlet, you're not going to rat?"

"I—I don't think Donelly ought to have been—been whopped," I stammered.

"That's as may be," he said, "but the House comes first. You know that."

Torn between the loyalties, I was silent.

"Look here, young Bartlet," he said suddenly, "it'll be a disgrace to us all, and it hangs on you."

"All right," I said sulkily, "I'll play."

"Good chap!"

"But I don't think Donelly ought to have been whopped," I repeated inanely; "he's—he's too big. . . ."

"It isn't that," I said; "it—it wasn't just."

"If it was unjust," said Ruding, with what seems to me now extraordinary patience, "then the whole system's wrong, and that's a pretty big question, young Bartlet. Anyway, it's not for me to decide. I've got to administer what is. Shake hands, and do your damndest tomorrow, won't you?"

Robinson who again did service for the House.

I put out my hand with a show of reluctance, though secretly won over.

We got an awful hiding, but I can still hear Ruding's voice yelling:

"Well played, Bartlet! Well pla-a-ayed!"

Except that the match was the second, and not the first, of the term, the stories coincide exactly.

(It was Johnnie's fifth term, and the last term but one of the then Head of the House; internal evidence shows that there were only two possible culprits—(since only two other members of the Torpid XI besides Johnnie were also members of the House XI)—and one of them was Irish. Further, only the third member of the House XI could possibly have captained the team instead of Johnnie in the circumstances. Thus, the only doubt left is whether the interview described in the story has any foundation in fact. One likes to think so. . . .)

1883<sup>3</sup> saw Galsworthy major (as we must now call him) a member of the lower sixth and Captain of the House Gymnastic Four. Next term (1884<sup>1</sup>) he was second in the House Mile, won the House Quarter Mile, in both cases being the scratch runner, and also won the Broad Jump. At the School Sports he was second in the Quarter Mile.

In 1884<sup>3</sup> he reached real eminence at a bound, becoming at one fell swoop Head of the House, Captain of the House Football XI, a member of the School XI, a member of the upper sixth form, and an extra monitor. These distinctions explain themselves, with the exception of the last. In those days the monitors consisted of the fifteen highest boys in the school, to whom the Headmaster sometimes added three or four boys distinguished for character or influence. Dr. Butler had evidently been keeping an appreciative eye on Jack's progress, for he made him an extra monitor at the earliest possible moment. This promotion, therefore, was at once a tribute to, and a confirmation of the personal qualities which had won him the headship of his House after only two years in that House and three in the School, when he was just seventeen; and it is emphasized by the fact that during the ensuing years he was the only extra

monitor appointed. In due course he became a monitor in his own right.

Mention of the upper sixth leads naturally to the discussion of his scholastic career. As we know, he had entered the school in the upper shell—high for a new boy; he had reached the lower sixth in two years and the upper in three; and at leaving he was among the top dozen. So much for the bare facts, but the accounts vary: he is described on one hand as a “good scholar” and on the other as “showing no sign of real scholarship.” But this apparent discrepancy is easily explained; he was an industrious worker, and at the rate of his progress no one could cavil; it is clear, then, that he was a well-grounded and satisfactory pupil—in fact, a “good scholar.” He was adequate and sound, but of that brilliance to which fall prizes and distinctions he had none; he was “equalled by several among his contemporaries,” and thus “showed no sign of real scholarship.”

As head of Moreton's it was now his duty to keep the House Book. In the eulogistic record of his predecessor, which was his first task, occurs the remark: “His headship though perhaps characterized by too much leniency left very little to be desired.” It is evident from this that Jack had his definite notions of discipline, and from what has gone before that he had also the ability to carry them out. On the other hand, his personal prestige and authority were far too firmly established for any act of leniency on his part to be mistaken for weakness. His rule, then, was at once “firm and gentle,” as Mr. Hutton once wrote—firm on principle, gentle from inclination and the consciousness that he could afford to temper justice with mercy. Thus, a junior member of the House remembers him as “a quiet unassuming fellow who took life seriously even then. He was always kind and considerate, and it was no disagreeable duty to act as his fag.” Another junior says: “He was popular in the House and was exceptionally friendly with Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, but being rather reserved and dignified, he was practically too much on a pedestal for any of the younger boys to mix with or become in any way intimate with” (which is precisely what one would have expected). A third, who was later to succeed him as Head of the House, gives a more detailed picture of Jack and of school life. He refers to an “interview on the subject of cutting fagging, which might have been painful, but was not. My impression is, however,

that he was a good disciplinarian. I remember his quiet suppression of a row. A great commotion was going on in one of the rooms when the door opened and a slim figure in a football blazer appeared, and called for order." (One pictures the heads turned to see who the interrupter was, the grave figure speaking a few short words, and the instant subsidence of the rowdies.) "As a new boy," he continues, "I did not recognize the Head of the House and inquired who it was. . . . Yes; I think it would be quite safe to state that Galsworthy was a good disciplinarian. No doubt his quiet manner gave the impression of a strong will behind it. I cannot call to mind any instance of his 'whopping' any one, but I do not think that he had any scruples about corporal punishment.

"You can picture his rising at 7 a.m. to a cold tub, first school at 7.30, then breakfast. He would have to get any extras beyond roll and butter in a paper-bag at a pastry-cook's. He would preside at midday dinner in the absence of the Housemaster. In winter there would be football followed by a hot tub-bath filled by a fag. In the evening he would do his 'con' or preparation probably with a friend, stroll round the house to see that order was being kept, distribute House allowances—2s. a week—which he could keep back for a week or two for a good reason, such as Sports or the Harrow Mission subscription, take prayers if the Housemaster was absent, and finally, if he chose, take a hot supper in hall. He could, I think, 'tolly up'—that is, use a candle after gas was out—and walk round the house, entering any room for disciplinary purposes. On Sundays he would read the Lesson in his turn, afterwards dining with the Headmaster."

So much for one side of school life; of the other John Galsworthy gave his own impression in a speech delivered in America in 1919:

At a very typical and honoured old Public School, he to whom you are listening passed on the whole a happy time; but what an odd life educationally speaking! We lived rather like young Spartans; and were not encouraged to think, imagine, or see anything we learned, in relation to life at large. It's very difficult to teach boys, because their chief object is not to be taught anything; but I should say we were crammed, not taught. Living as we did the herd-life of boys with little or no intrusion from our elders, and they men who had been brought up in the same

way as ourselves, we were debarred from any real interest in philosophy, history, art, literature, and music, or any advancing notions in social life or politics. We were reactionaries almost to a boy. I remember one summer term Gladstone came down to speak to us, and we repaired to the Speech Room with white collars and dark hearts, muttering what we would do to that Grand Old Man if we could have our way. But, after all, he contrived to charm us. Boys are not difficult to charm. In that queer life we had all sorts of unwritten rules of suppression. You must turn up your trousers; must not go out with your umbrella rolled. Your hat must be worn tilted forward; you must not walk more than two abreast till you reached a certain form; nor be enthusiastic about anything, except such a supreme matter as a drive over the pavilion at cricket, or a run the whole length of the ground at football. You must not talk about yourself or your home people; and for any punishment you must assume complete indifference.

Under Jack's leadership the House now entered upon a period of success in many of the various inter-house contests, and his own individual career continued to prosper exceedingly. His relations with Mr. and Mrs. Hutton were, as we have seen, of the happiest. Mrs. Hutton, who was partly of French and Swiss origin, was very much younger than her husband, whose second wife she was. She is described as "very lively and musical," and as having done "all in her power to encourage music in the house." Jack, whom we may remember as a choirboy in the Bournemouth days, had now a very attractive light baritone voice—witness a contemporary who records that "his call for 'boy' when he wanted the fag on duty was always recognizable, being pitched on a more musical note than most"—and music was a bond between the two. Accordingly, in winding up his record of the first term of his headship, Jack was able to record that:

On the last Monday of the term the House secured the wreath given by Mrs. Hutton for madrigal singing. This result was mainly due to the excellent coaching of Mrs. Hutton, and the perseverance of the performers; and the success was all the more acceptable as the company was artificial to the backbone. By this it must be understood that only one of the singers was strictly speaking qualified for the part he undertook.

There follow the names of the performers, headed by that of



"J. Galsworthy," who sang bass, and was consequently, we may suppose, one of the four "artificial" members of the five who sang. This triumph was repeated the following year (1885<sup>3</sup>) when he again sang bass. He was also a member of the School Singing XII. This consisted chiefly of roaring hearties chosen because they were "bloods" and athletes, so that inclusion was a tribute rather to a boy's standing in the School than to his musical attainments. Returning to 1884<sup>3</sup> we find Jack top in the first competition for the School Gymnastic VIII, and gaining his belt with 120 marks. Next term he led his House to victory in the Gymnasium—the first time that Moreton's had ever been "cock house"—and in the Glee competition, "won for us," wrote Jack, "as was generally allowed, by one of the best pieces of singing that was ever heard in the Speech Room." He was second in the High Jump and the House Mile, in both cases running from scratch. At the School Sports he won the Half Mile "after a very close and exciting race," and was second in the Quarter Mile and Broad Jump.

In 1885<sup>3</sup> Jack became Captain of the School at Football, but his activities were curtailed during the term by a "poop," which kept him also out of the Gymnasium competition. He recorded in the House Book, with magnificent impersonality, that "Galsworthy was this term Captain of the School Eleven, and efficiently fulfilled the duties devolving on him." The House team, however, suffered from his absence:

Our last match, which owing to frost was played on the last Saturday of the term, proved a most disastrous ending to a season of sterling good play. Still weakened by the loss of Galsworthy, our fellows went down to the ground somewhat disheartened, and this feeling was still more increased when our opponents obtained a base uphill almost at the start. Emboldened by this they played up with such overwhelming ferocity that we were quite outmatched, and they speedily obtained five bases to our none. It was generally conceded that they had played an unnecessarily rough game.

In 1886<sup>1</sup> the House was mostly second or third where it had been first the year before, but Jack was second in the competition for the gymnastic championship and, as the champion was leaving, became Captain of the School Gymnastic VIII, and the first representative of the School at Aldershot. He was second in the House

Quarter Mile and in the 200 Yards, in both cases being the scratch runner. He did not run in the Mile, but won the 100 Yards in 11 seconds. He won both the House and the School Three-legged Race; more importantly, he finished his career in triumph by winning the School Half Mile in 2 minutes  $7\frac{3}{8}$  seconds, and the Mile in the (then) record time for the School of 4 minutes 43 seconds.

The School Mile in 1886 (he wrote years later) was the jolliest race I ever ran and the last (I never ran again after Harrow). Johnson of the Grove made running at a great pace, led all the way, and was ten yards ahead at the run-in. H. B. Gilroy was running second just ahead of me, who had been dogging him warily all along. At the bend I put on a rather stealthy and very sudden spurt (about 200 yards to go or more). I still remember Gilroy's startled face and the start in his stride. I went clean by them both, kept going, and won, I think, by about ten yards from Johnson, Gilroy third. Before starting I had thought the race lay between Gilroy and myself, and thereby hangs a tiny tale. In my House Mile of '84 I started scratch and Gilroy had 25 yards. I used always to be nervous before a race and hated it; that particular race was run late in the afternoon, so to appease my nerves I spent from two to four o'clock sitting in my room eating oranges and reading *David Copperfield*, with my legs up to the fire scorching the calves. When the race began I felt at the top of my form, and ran right through the field in the first half-mile. I thought I was going to romp home, and then friend Gilroy quickly ding-donged past me, and my legs went all to pieces, and I couldn't make a race of it even, and was beaten by 40 yards or more. It never occurred to me at the time that scorching the calves of the legs and eating oranges for two hours is not the best preparation for a race. I believe I owe the School Mile in '86, however, to a jolly good monitors' dinner the night before, at Welldon's, with champagne and port.<sup>1</sup>

His last term was a cricketing term, in which he had but to rest on his well-won laurels; he did, however, in July pass the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate Examinations, his subject being (*Aeneid*, VI, and *Tacitus*, books I and II), Elementary Mathematics, Scripture Knowledge (Greek text), and History. On his departure his successor in the Headship of the House wrote of him as follows:

J. Galsworthy entered the School in 1881<sup>2</sup>, and the House in

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by the Rev. Edgar Stogdon in *Fifty Years of Sport*.

not long in retreating C.E. Gibroy making the score 2-1 in our favour. Again they brought the score level after some determined play on both sides; but it did not remain so long, as Galsworthy, after a fine run by H.B. Gibroy scored the third base and the victory for us.

For us Galsworthy the two players Robinson Routledge and Bateman most distinguished themselves in the two matches. Routledge and Cox obtained their fegges.

In our 5<sup>th</sup> house match we were pitted against our old antagonists Mr Hayward's. A piece of very bad luck now befell us, as our Captain Galsworthy, who had contributed in no small degree to our former victories, was disabled by a pop from playing again during the term, and we thus lost his valuable services during our last two house matches. Notwithstanding this misfortune however, we played so vigorously and well under the captaincy of Gibroy that our opponents who numbered three 'flannels' in their team were unable to beat us, and the game all through was very even. No base was obtained on either side. After the match Bateman received his feg.

In our last match, which - owing to a frost was played on the last Saturday of the term, was provided with circumstances leading to a season of sterling good play.

Pages from the House Book kept by

# JOHNNIE

Top of War. 1. F. Cox. S. Hill  
 Hf. Young b. F. Davenport.

2. C. St. Y. Grant. C. O. Ridley.  
 W. D. Cunningham. R. H. M. Butler.

In the Horse top of war on April 14<sup>th</sup> we were defeated in the first ties by Mr Watsons.

The double fives ties were won this year by H. B. filroy & W. Whitelaw. H. C. Macdonald & H. P. Plumpton being second.

In the School Sports this term we have greatly distinguished ourselves. The School Half mile and mile both fell to Galsworthy. The first by about 40 yards from Kemp in  $2.4\frac{3}{5}$ , after a very good race. The second by about 20 yards from Johnson (P.S.B.) in  $4.4\frac{3}{5}$ . (N.B.) - This is the fastest time that has ever been done in the school. H. B. filroy secured third place in the same race being only two yards behind Johnson. He also secured the prize for 'Ricking up stones' in excellent form. The School three-legged race also in part fell to the house through Galsworthy.

Galsworthy  
 April 2nd  
 86

John Galsworthy as Head of Moreton's.

1882<sup>3</sup>. He obtained his fez his first term in the House, and was always of the greatest value to the House in House matches. He obtained his School Football flannels in '84, and the following year was Captain of the School Football XI, a post which he filled with the greatest credit to himself and the School. Unfortunately he was prevented from playing the last two weeks of this term by a poop. He also gained distinction in the Gymnasium, obtaining his belt in '83, which he followed up by getting into the School Eight in '84; of which he became the captain on the superannuation of — a year and a half afterwards. He was possessed of a well-toned voice and delighted many an audience by the excellence of his solos, and the beauty of his person in Speecher, being of course a member both of the School and House Twelve. He gained many distinctions in running. [They are then enumerated.]

He was a member of the Philathletic Club for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years and also a member of the School Debating Society, where his voice was seldom or never heard.

For two years he ably filled the post of Head of the House. He fancied himself greatly on racing topics, and was known by the cognomen of "T. G." from his absolute inability to form a "J."

By his friends on the committee of the Philathletic Club and in other Houses he was called "Galer," thus possessing the unusual allowance of two nicknames, separate and distinct, one his House, and the other his School nickname; no user of either name appears to have been aware of the existence of the other.

His Housemaster's opinion of Jack is available, too, in the following letter written to him on his leaving—surely a very unusual one for a Master to be able to write in such circumstances:

. . . I can honestly say to you that I never expect to be able to replace your loss; and I have never had amongst many good heads one who was at once more easy to work with than yourself, and so completely to my heart in every respect. I shall always look back to you, therefore, as my ideal head, without exaggeration; and if I can say so much as this, and say it in a sense which includes the *highest* qualities of a head boy, it is perhaps unnecessary to say more except that I sincerely hope you will henceforth regard our house as open to you with, or without notice at any time, and that we shall remain as good friends as we have always been.

And now for his Headmaster. In 1885 Dr. Butler was succeeded in the Headmastership of Harrow by Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, later Bishop of Calcutta and Dean of Durham ; his account has an element of the unique about it, since it can be but seldom possible to record a Headmaster's impression of one of his most prominent pupils after the lapse of almost half a century.

John Galsworthy spent the main part of his school life at Harrow under the Headmastership of my predecessor, Dr. Butler. He was there, I think, only a year with me. But I knew him well as a member of the Sixth Form and a monitor. He was a quiet, modest, unassuming boy, but a boy who won so much respect that he was made a monitor even before he attained the official position of a monitor in the Sixth Form. He was a good scholar, but his scholarship was equalled by several among his contemporaries. If he was not an all-round athlete, he was so good a football player that he became captain of the Football Eleven in 1885. He was also the winner of the Half Mile race both in 1885 and in 1886, and of the Mile race in 1886.

So far then as his record at Harrow is known to me, he was a strictly honourable boy who made his mark both in work and in play, without affording any notable promise of his distinction in after-life. Yet as I look back upon the history of my school-fellows and of my pupils, there are none, I think, whom I have more heartily admired than those who have shown themselves to be far greater in manhood than they ever were or were thought to be in boyhood. Too many boys whom I have known have, perhaps under the stress of examination for scholarships at an early age, failed to fulfil in after-life the promise of their boyhood. I felt then a special admiration for those of my pupils who, like John Galsworthy, have as it were kept their signal prowess in reserve, and have, as the years passed, risen to ever-ascending heights of influence and dignity.

Harrow has been pre-eminent among Public Schools of England in the literary distinction of her sons. There are no greater literary names among Public School men than those of Byron and Sheridan, nor are there among Public School men of recent years any rivals to the two Harrovians who were both, in virtue of their writings, honoured by His Majesty the King with the award of the Order of Merit : John Galsworthy and George Trevelyan.

The Public Schools have sometimes been criticized for an undue worship of athletics, but at Harrow, and so far as I know

elsewhere, the prizes, which were publicly awarded in the presence of the whole school and of visitors to the school year after year, were all given not for athletic but for intellectual efficiency, and the names which are treasured as inspiring memories in the Public Schools are the names of boys who have distinguished themselves either by courage and sacrifice, as in the war, or by some contribution to the scientific and literary achievements of their age. It is so that John Galsworthy's name will always be held in honour among Harrovians.

## CHAPTER II

### INTERLUDE : MOTHER

As she began to get stronger, Jack's mother—hitherto little more than an occasional presence, gracious and attractive—began to figure more vividly in his life. His estimate of a father who had captivated him from earliest childhood had been involuntarily, unconsciously formed, with a child's unquestioning acceptance; and later judgment was only to confirm and strengthen his love and admiration. To that father had been granted something which the mother could never now hope to enjoy; for between her and her children ill-health had stepped in, denying her the earliest and closest intimacy of all—the precious intimacy of the baby years. To his father's charm Jack had instantly succumbed; it was perforce the more deliberate and critical eye of adolescence and early manhood that he now turned upon his mother.

The letters in Appendix II are scarcely decisive with regard to his attitude towards her; there is one letter, of 1887, however, which tells us more. He was staying at Lockerbie with friends; she was with the rest of the family in Switzerland and had just had a bad fall from a horse:

*August 13th.*

DARLING MOTHER,—We have just got Lily's letter telling us of your dreadful accident. I'm not good at expressing my feelings, but you *know* how shocked I was and how thankful I am that it wasn't worse. I hope you will be much better by the time you get this. Do give yourself every chance of getting all well again before you go out. I was quite prepared for the part of Lily's letter which told how beautifully you took it, for I think you are about the pluckiest woman in Europe, and always have. I know the reason too.

I was going to mount a horse the other day, when he whisked round, lashed out and landed his hoof unpleasantly hard just



above my right knee. It was very stiff for a couple of days, but is rapidly getting all right, and as I know the sort of thing it is I am taking care of it.

Now darling Mother adieu with very much love from—Your  
very loving son, JACK.

(The concern for someone else's injury rather than his own is characteristic.)

The result of the processes of his analytic mind, enriched by retrospect and experience, is contained in a Note, written by him in 1919, which has never been published, and follows here. Though he himself would certainly have "touched up" its hasty syntax for publication, it is given almost exactly as he left it.

Who, after reading it, will fail to recognize in Blanche Bailey Bartleet the prototype of Frances Fleeming Freeland, and "The Grey Angel"? For the rest, let it tell its own tale.

#### NOTE ON MY MOTHER

My mother, whose maiden name was Blanche Bailey Bartleet, was a daughter of Charles Bartleet, J.P., and of Frances Lavinia, daughter of Jacob and Frances Bailey.

My grandfather Bartleet, born in 1800 and dead before I was born, was the youngest son of William Bartleet (born 1753, died 1824 and buried in Tardebigge churchyard, Worcestershire, in the family tomb), and Elizabeth Moore (of the Worcestershire Moores, a well-known gentle family). William Bartleet, by the four crescent moons he bore as arms, and by family tradition, was of the old Worcestershire family of Bartleet or Bartlet, of Castle Morton, not far from Malvern, a member of which, Richard Bartlot, was physician to Henry VIII, and who, with the Gloucestershire Bartlets of Ledbury, were supposed to be offshoots of the Bartelot family of Stopham, Sussex (founded by Adam Bartelot who came over with the Conqueror). The old house at Castle Morton was burned down in the Civil War after being twice plundered by soldiers from Tewkesbury. Traces of the moat and foundations were still visible to me in 1915, in the grassy bottom lying south of the church of what village there is.

Either William Bartleet or his father changed the name from Bartlett to Bartleet, and established a needle factory at Redditch in Worcestershire, from which the growth and prosperity of that

## INTERLUDE: MOTHER

town dates; so that the name Bartleet is honoured there to this day (though there be none there now), and the new church has many tablets to their memory.

William Bartleet, my great-grandfather, and his wife Elizabeth were by report a comely, courteous, and notable couple, who held the leading, or Squire's position in the village of Redditch, as it then was. He was clean-shaven and good-looking and had beautiful shoe-buckles. Of his four sons, Thomas Moore, and Charles my grandfather, continued the needle-making business. Another son, Richard, became a barrister—by his photograph a very personable man—who became Recorder of Birmingham. Another son was, I think, a clergyman. . . .

My grandfather Charles was, in the words of my father, "a most amiable man." He was good-looking, dark-haired, with a dark beard, regular features and grey eyes. He married first a Miss Stuart (*sic*—? Start) who, with her little son, died very soon. His second marriage was with my grandmother, whom I remember as rather too particular for my taste, and indeed for my father's. She died in 1877 when I was ten. She was, I believe, an admirable, if somewhat irritating woman, and very fastidious in her standards of gentility. Her father, Mr. Jacob Bailey, was one of three brothers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob Bailey, of a family of gentlemen farmers in Cambridgeshire,<sup>1</sup> who had twice married with the Biglands (the lady having the pretty name of Orme), and remotely with the family of Fleur (enchancing name, preserved in my grandmother's brother's name—great-uncle Richard Flower Bailey, a barrister). My great-grandfather Bailey's wife was a Miss Frances Bayley (with a y) of a gentle family in Shropshire. The two were, I believe, very charming old people, and lived in their old age, rather queerly, at a house in Wood Street in the City of London, property which remains to this day in my mother's family.

My grandfather, Charles Bartleet, succeeded to *his* father's house, "Prospect House" at Redditch, and clung to the business, in which I suspect his heart never was, till my mother was thirteen, which would be in 1851. He had six children: (1) Augustus Hilary, who would not go into the business, and was all for horses. He went to Australia instead and was killed in a riding accident. My father called him a "very nice fellow." (2) My uncle and godfather Ernest, educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, who went into the Army, became a captain in a line regiment,

<sup>1</sup> This should, of course, read Huntingdonshire.

and, selling out about 1874, bought one of the first Indian tea plantations in the Poona (*sic*) district. He had as few commercial instincts as his father and brothers, and died some years later (about 1882) with his affairs in confusion. He grew, however, most excellent tea, which my father bought in chests for our consumption at Coombe. There is nothing like the *best* Indian tea. Uncle Ernest was of course a kind of little God to me in his scarlet uniform and his puggareed helmet. He wore a full brown beard of the Crimean type, and was, my father used to say, "a pragmatistical beggar"; but he told us children stories of leopard and buffalo shooting, and sent home scorpions in bottles. He was, I believe, one of the last of our soldiers permitted to sell his commission. (5) My youngest uncle, Lionel Bartleet, after training for a solicitor, revolted into the Church. He never married. He was an active, plucky, ascetic man of rather short stature, very upright, with a dark beard and hair, sallowish face, grey eyes and the usual Bartleet regularity of feature. He was addicted to microscopes, chess, homeopathy, intermittent teetotalism and vegetarianism, and the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. His views were extremely decided, so that my father thought him "a dogmatic chap." He was certainly always in the right. My aunts were my godmother Frances Lavinia (Aunt Fanny), who married Alexander Marshall (a son of Wellington's private secretary), a man in the Woods and Forests and of some property, of which—all but a small estate in North Cornwall—he succeeded in getting rid, to the discomfort of his four sons, my cousins, only one of whom married—to Olga Shestakov, a Russian heiress, by whom he had two children. These four brothers were somewhat Bartleetian, for they could not fit into a pushful commercial age.

My other aunt, Vera, married the Reverend Robert Andrewes, also a man of means, of which he disposed very quickly; they had twelve children. All the five sons went to the Colonies. The youngest was killed in the Boer War—the first man of his regiment to fall. The two eldest—Bob and Walter (originally in the P. & O. Service) became sugar planters in Queensland. The other two Willie and George also settled in Australia. Of the seven daughters (five of whom married) we saw but little.

When quite a little girl, about nine I think, my mother and her elder sister Vera were taken by my grandfather to a school in Paris, but not long afterwards he was obliged to travel out in haste and fetch them out of the city just as the Revolution of 1848 broke out. From this early French experience and from

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the long travel and stay in France which began with a breakdown in my grandfather's health in 1851 my mother always retained a good French accent, and a certain Frenchifiedness of taste and, as many thought, of looks. I remember as a boy at my private school, being accused of being half French because of my mother's appearance and way of doing her hair, and because of my startling command of the French language at the age of nine, when I was placed in a form with boys of seventeen and eighteen for the cultivation of that tongue. Alas, the process soon destroyed what knowledge I had attained at the hands of our French governess. But my mother did really, I think, have a love for French things and ways, and her clothes from Paris, in the early years of her married life. My grandfather's health seems to have dominated the life of the family till his death. The Pyrenees, Nice, Paris, and then St. Leonard's became their residence in turn. They were "comfortably off" as the saying is, but a gradual divestment of what wealth there was seems to have been rather characteristic of my mother's family in every branch. But all the girls made "good matches"; so that there was never any real pressure on them.

It must have been about 1861 when the family came to Surbiton where my youngest uncle had become a curate. It was at this time through his acquaintanceship with Alexander Marshall who had married my Aunt Fanny, that my father made my mother's acquaintance. He was twenty years her senior, but always very young for his age. She was twenty-five when they married. Their first home was I think a house in Portland Place. Soon after the birth of my eldest sister Blanche Lilian in 1864 they moved to Coombe in Surrey, where my father bought twenty-four acres of land and began building the house which of later years has been Lord Ripon's. They moved in there on its completion just after I was born in 1867. There and in another house he built nearby on the same property we lived till I was nineteen. I suppose I first became really conscious of my mother in that first Coombe House (Coombe Warren we called it) when she was about thirty-five. The first definite picture I seem to have is of her standing before a glass doing her hair, which was pretty and medium brown, though it began to go grey when she was thirty-eight. She had a very calm pale regular face with grey eyes, and what is called an aristocratic type of feature; a well-shaped rather dominating nose, regular wide arched brows, firm

le. Her name Blanche suited

her. She was a wonderfully good and careful manager of our big house, and a wonderful mother. But, looking back at that dim time, it seems to me that we saw but little of her, and I suspect that a husband, a house with eight indoor and six outdoor servants, much entertaining, a large garden (she was devoted to flowers), *et hoc omne* took too much of her time, and her health was not very good in those days.

We were four—Blanche Lilian (Lily), born September 1st 1864, myself, born August 14th 1867, (in a thunderstorm—I still have the penholder carved by our butler out of an oak struck in Richmond Park close by during that storm); Hubert born February 18th, 1869; Mabel Edith born October 7th, 1871. My second pictorial impression of my mother is more general; of a scented and graciously dressed presence at goodnight-kiss times. Later on it was a poignant memory (bless her) that she used to cut our hairs. She had the most exact standards in matters of dress and appearance of any one I have known. It hurt her if things deviated, though all her life she was a stoic, and could and did bear anything she had to. She was moderately accomplished—spoke French well; played a very little; sang a very little; was a good needlewoman, and skilled in household matters; read not very much; rode well; and could hold her own at archery. She was, I think, a good hostess and certainly a charming figurehead for a dinner-table. She was unaffectedly, but not obtrusively or tyrannically, religious. Her sense of form inclined her naturally to regular observance. Church-going and prayers were the matter of course of our childhood, but never pressed to the point of fatigue or tyranny. The drive through Richmond Park to her favourite church at Richmond on Sunday mornings is one of my first recollections. Indeed, she is very much wrapped up in early memory with driving—in landau, in brougham, in victoria, in T-cart—we had all these carriages; the landau had a wicker frame, and I never could make out as a boy whether it was more or less modish than other landaus. Yes, driving behind Haddon—a Yorkshireman, one-time Whip to Squire Drake, a great and artful character—and our bay horses, with my mother, is very much a chief remembrance of her, my first years. But mostly I would be up on the box seat between coachman and groom, and allowed to hold whip or reins now and then for a moment's treat.

My mother's was essentially a matter-of-fact nature. She accepted things; she had no speculation in her soul. The Queen, the Royal family, the Church, the structure of Society, all to her

were final. She had no spice of arrogance, but people of gentle blood were clearly to her different in species to those who were not of gentle blood. She was conscientiously careful of our upbringing, our manners, our accents, our associates. She was very kind to the poor, but her kindness was always tinged with a deep-seated unobtrusive "maternalism." She was very much one of her own great-grandmothers in a Worcestershire, Cambridgeshire or Shropshire village, dosing or managing her poorer neighbours from the formal fortress of the Manor House. She was always extremely dainty about her hands, face, hair, dress, but combined it with a certain large matter-of-fact usefulness; and she did not hesitate to condemn or reject fashions which seemed to her ugly or foolish. I remember that towards the end of her life she amused herself by making a collection of the fashion plates of modern women's hats, cutting them out of the papers and pasting them into a book, where they formed the most perfect indictment of vulgarity and idiocy ever seen, as she well perceived. She was a woman of superb will-power, and could be trusted to go through with anything, however painful. But her lack of speculation very much narrowed the orbit in which her will had to work. Her life centred completely round her home, her husband, her children. And yet she had latent in her a strange love of roving; she liked new places; new people; took up new fads continually. After my father's death in 1904 until her own in 1915 she travelled a good deal and seemed never happier than when seeing new places and meeting new people—of whom however as a rule she tired quickly.

Of her own family and of us she never tired. She was never so happy as when giving things away. Indeed in her last years she succeeded in reducing her considerable possessions to what would go into about two trunks, and preferred to live in a single bed-sitting-room in a hotel, that she might have no ties, no worries, no furniture, and could give away about two-thirds of her income.

I loved my mother, and she loved me; and yet we were never very close (except in moments of sheer distress, with a sort of physical and instinctive closeness). The lack of speculation in her prevented spiritual intimacy. We could not get on terms of mental approach. Between her and my father there was, I am sure, the same difficulty, and after a few years their married life was not really a happy one. She could not help trying to exact from those about her a conformity to her very precise and sometimes (as it would seem to us) narrow standards of taste. My

father's will and hers were both exceptionally strong; neither could really yield to the other. Then I have always been exceptionally independent in mind, and given to spiritual claustrophobia. The result was an unbridgeable gap, almost on my part an avoidance, because I soft-heartedly hated not to respond and yet knew I could not. Almost at once—if we talked—a kind of irritation would begin in me, a sort of inward railing at the closed door I perceived in her mind. It was a grief that I had in my mother an exceptional woman of strong and high character, and a great flavour of her own, and yet not to be able to appreciate and exploit her—as it were—except æsthetically in a detached way.

My father really predominated in me from the start, and ruled my life. I was so truly and deeply fond of him that I seemed not to have a fair share of love left to give my mother. One cannot see oneself, but I have often wondered what I got from her. None of her virtues, I fear—not her stoic endurance, nor firmness of will, piety (if that be a virtue), her patience, her self-denying care of others. Verily I believe all I got from her was a capacity and almost a liking for nursing, and perhaps my critical sense; the rest of me is, I think, my father's.

Looking back on her I see how notable and admirable she was—one always indeed admired her. Just that lack of speculation in her divided us. What a pity for me!

## CHAPTER III

1886-90: JACK

VIEWED in retrospect, the record of Jack's time at Oxford appears both curious and simple; for, in contrast with his comparatively spectacular career at Harrow, it consists in the main of what he did not do, and of what other people failed to perceive. The second, doubtless, is consequent on the first, and, as will be seen, was natural enough, for little less than second sight would have been needed to tell what the future held in store. But, even by the healthy, happy, hearty standards of the Public Schoolboy and the undergraduate, Jack cut an inconspicuous figure. For this there were two reasons. In the first place, it was feared that his exploits as a runner had left him with a strained heart, which was in itself a valid reason for "going slow"; in the second, apart from motives of that sort, his point of view had changed—was, indeed, changing still. Our young gentleman, then, now no longer of Coombe, but of Kensington, went up to New College this autumn of 1886 with widely different ends in view from those of his Harrow days. There he had worked hard and played hard, and now he did not see why he should not take a bit of a rest. Accordingly, he proposed to apply his undoubted powers of concentration to having a good time. Also he had fallen under the spell of Whyte Melville, had hitched his wagon to the star of Digby Grand, Daisy Waters, and the Honble. Crasher; and how better emulate those bright beings than by having the best possible time within the prescribed and approved forms? Elegance, imperturbability, and a certain sumptuous attitude towards such matters as finance—these were some of the hall-marks of good form. (The first two were innate in Jack, and the third is not, save in special cases, difficult to acquire.) Such therefore, all unconsciously regulated and tempered by his own natural sweetness and rectitude were to be his rules of conduct. His attitude, in fact, was that succinctly outlined in the opening lines of *A Sad Affair*:

An amiable youth of fair scholarship and athletic attainments,



and more susceptible to emotions, æsthetic and otherwise, than most young barbarians, he went up a little intoxicated on the novels of Whyte Melville. From continually reading about whiskered dandies, garbed to perfection and imperturbably stoical in the trying circumstances of debt and discomfiture, he had come to the conclusion that to be whiskered and unmoved by Fortune was quite the ultimate hope of existence. There was something not altogether ignoble at the back of his creed.

Nor was there. At this point it is easy to raise the cry of "snobbery"—easy, and as in the case of most facile observations, pointless. This attitude was but the ingenuous expression of an ingrained idealism and sense of form. It was natural enough that the one should be limited by the naïveté of inexperience, the other narrowed and stiffened by his punctilious upper-class Victorian milieu; it is possible to smile or to sneer (according to inclination) at a code which may now seem untenable or incomprehensible to most : but, when all is said and done, to seek to realize in the conduct of one's own life those attributes which one most admires in others is, to put it mildly, a pardonable aim. There are more fallible touchstones than that of stoicism. As yet there was no sign—nor would there be for some years—of his sloughing this skin of convention: the chorus, then, is not surprising.

It had been the same even at Harrow :

No one, at school, I am sure, detected in him signs of future greatness. . . . I think that if you had asked his contemporaries for their opinion of him, they would have said: "A very nice fellow, without much push, the best-dressed boy in the school, with more than ordinary athletic and artistic gifts, but never likely to make great stir in the world."

Yet he was being missed : Mrs. Hutton was writing to his mother :

I wish it were possible for us to accept your kind invitation to dine and go to the play with you afterwards, but I fear there is no chance of our being able to do so at present. You will appreciate Mr. Hutton's reason: He says the House has lost its mainstay, and he, his right-hand man, in losing your son, and the blank he has left behind is so far from being filled, that Mr. Hutton has not liked to be away once this term in consequence.

So now at Oxford: "My recollection . . . is of a rather silent

reserved boy from whom much was not forthcoming. . . . I doubt whether at that stage many of his contemporaries were aware of the presence even in a rudimentary form of the qualities which afterwards displayed themselves in him." And again: "He always seemed to me in those days to think himself superior to the vulgar, and at any rate kept himself to a small circle. I doubt if anyone there foresaw what he would become and do." It is significant that though the first of these commentators knew Jack well, the second fairly well, the third little, their judgments scarcely differ, save in the degree of liking implied. One sees again how even then it was only his intimates to whom his charm was fully disclosed; and it is amusing to get a glimpse, in the last comment, of the authentic Whyte Melville manner in full working order! (We shall soon get another.) It worked in other ways too, for it was the same cult which made it possible for another intimate friend to describe him *inter alia* as: "a bit cynical, often humorous," and to add that he "certainly showed no sign of high purpose or moral earnestness," but was "rather inclined to laugh at any sign of such things in others." This too, as will shortly be seen, is confirmed by another contemporary.

"The only thing about him which reached my ears"—the junior member of Moreton's (by now himself head of the House, or soon to become so), is speaking—"was that he did nothing but walk up and down the High Street immaculately dressed. That is," he continues, "the sort of thing that boys would say, who expected perhaps that he would get his 'blue' at football or running." So it is, and so, no doubt, they did; but, though Jack would certainly have chuckled at this description of his pleasant activities, it contains a certain moral truth. There is, for example, the matter of his studies, which can be briefly dealt with. Before matriculating—which he did on October 15th 1886, he had had to satisfy the three Masters of the Schools in two plays of Sophocles, the last third of the *Aeneid*, and *Euclid*; in the following year

*Galsworthy Joannes e Coll. Nov. Die I<sup>no</sup> Mensis Julii Anni MDCCCLXXXVII prout Statuta requirunt examinatus in Literis Graecis et Latinis Thuc. VI-VII et Hor. Satt. Epp. et Cic. Rosc. Mil. adhibitis satisfacit nobis Moderatoribus.*

*Ita testamur* { *Fredericus G. Spurling*  
*Robertus Ewing*  
*Albertus C. Clark.*

The same gentlemen were also so obliging as to sign a precisely similar certificate in respect of *Sacra Scriptura*. So far, so good. Now his father had decided to make a barrister of him. It was both a gentlemanly profession and one to which he was in a position to do a certain amount of "spoon-feeding" for his son. Jack, for his part, though not particularly allured by that prospect, had no feasible alternative to propose. Accordingly, he read Law. In the Long Vacation of 1887 he, Robert Sanders (now Lord Bayford), St. John Hornby, and George Peel went on a reading party to the Lakes, near Keswick. In the intervals of taking long walks, climbing Scafell and other hills (on which occasion Jack aroused the envy and admiration of some of the others by his indifference to heights),<sup>1</sup> missing coaches eighteen miles from home and having to walk all the way back, they yet managed to "put in a good deal of reading too, working on a time-table." Still, as in his final Schools Jack only took a Second,<sup>2</sup> we may suppose that he allowed work to play no more than a reasonable part in his life. As to the less energetic type of walking referred to, there must have been plenty of it, so far as that went. Even in these degenerate days, when everyone who has no bicycle owns a motor, there is plenty of walking left in Oxford; and the undergraduate spends an appreciable portion of his day striding along its streets. He scours the city, putting one leg before the other with sole intent to reach the place where he is due. But in that more spacious day—when the young gentlemen left calling-cards on each other, and grew whiskers and moustaches at a phenomenally early age; when a bowler hat, a Gladstone collar, and a tweed suit with tail-coat formed suitable raiment for appearance in a Club or College photograph; when the sparks ran a hack (not a Harley-Davidson) or drove tandem (not a Terraplane)—walking, especially in the High, was in itself a routine, a pastime, almost an art. And though Jack might cover miles on business, so to say—from New Coll. along Holywell and the Broad to breakfast at Trinity or Exeter; round the corner, past Balliol, to a lecture at John's; out again, and along the Corn to another lecture at the House; to lunch at Corpus or Merton next door; across the High, and so along

<sup>1</sup> Oddly enough, in later life he lost this ability, and developed what amounted to acrophobia.

<sup>2</sup> He was, however, equal first in the Second class, and only did not get a "first" because the authorities could not extend the number of "firsts" to include both men.



In his Oxford rooms with Claude Douglas Pennant, studying racing form at breakfast



LILY GALSWORDY (front row),

MRS. GALSWORDY

JOHN GALSWORDY,

MABEL GALSWORDY (back row.)

## AT NEW COLLEGE

Longwall to see a friend in "digs"; on and down the Turl, to the Mitre for a game of billiards; to see his wine-merchant, his tobacco-nist, the man who had that bull-terrier pup waiting for him to look at; to one of his Clubs; back to New Coll. to dine in Hall before a whist-party at Magdalen—all the same, at some time or other during his crowded day, he would contrive to get in a decorative stroll along the High, arm in arm with a friend or two. And quite possibly something in the combination of his handsome face, athletic figure, irreproachable rig-out, and innate dignity (to the last of which nature perhaps contributed as much as his absorption in Whyte Melville) made his progress along the High something worth writing back to Harrow about.

His lines were laid in pleasant enough places. In the first place, he had **many** friends. At Harrow there had been Robert Sanders (later Lord Bayford), George Peel, St. John Hornby (of W. H. Smith and Co. and the Ashendene Press), Bertram Warren, (Sir) Drummond Chaplin, John Dagleish, Eustace Crawley (of the famous family of Harrovian cricketers), E. M. Butler (the Headmaster's son) and T. J. C. (later Lord) Tomlin.

Here at Oxford, in addition to a number of those just mentioned, were Arthur Bouchier the actor, John Waller Hills (later Privy Councillor and Lord of the Treasury), Eustace Hills, Claud Douglas Pennant, Lancelot Bathurst (later Master of the Devon and Somerset (Exmoor) Staghounds), George Montagu Harris, Sir John Fischer Williams, H. A. L. Fisher (later to become Warden of the College), John Montagu (later Lord Montagu of Beaulieu), his brother Robert Montagu, Lord Forster, F. J. N. Thesiger (later Lord Chelmsford), Claud Luttrell, and J. A. Gibbs.

There was always something pleasant to do, whether in term or vacation. There was some hunting now and then with the Duke of Beaufort's or the Devon and Somerset; private theatricals in College, with the O.U.D.S. or at country houses; a bit of shooting at the places in Inverness or Perthshire which his parents rented each summer about this period; and through it all ran the unbroken thread of his study of racing form. Naturally he betted a bit; and, if he was generally rather hard up on his £300 a year, so, no doubt, were plenty of others; a member of Vincent's and the Gridiron (not to mention the O.U.D.S., the "Snarks," and the College Shakespearean Society), a pupil of Messrs. Grand, Crasher, and

Waters, took such things in his stride. True, there were occasional embarrassments, as when letters from bookmakers or other such exotics addressed to J. Galsworthy, Esq., were opened and read by the wrong bearer of that name. . . . Then there was the skit on *Ruddigore* (called *Guddyraw*) by some of his friends, in which all the College dons had their legs pulled, and in which J. G. took a part. Fine fun for the actors and audience, if somewhat disconcerting to the victims. . . .

There seems at this stage something almost unreal in the completeness, in so many respects, of the apparent contrast between Jack and John Galsworthy, as against the completeness with which, in other ways, he remained himself. Will it be believed that ~~he~~ was a member of the Oxford Unionist League? The point is sufficiently illustrated by the following, from a Confession Album belonging to one of the more intimate of his forty-one first cousins:

CONFESSION

My Ideal Virtue.	Unselfishness.
My Idea of Beauty in Nature.	A Scotch grouse moor at its best.
My Idea of Beauty in Art.	Turner.
My Favourite Study.	<i>Ruff's Guide to the</i> —.
„ Flower.	Carnations, well wired.
„ Colour.	The colour of Queenie's hair.
„ Qualities in Man.	Stoicism.
„ Qualities in Woman.	Sympathy.
My Greatest Happiness.	A "Right and Left."
„ Misery.	Ear-ache.
My Favourite Amusement.	Grouse-driving.
„ Residence.	Anywhere away from London.
„ Authors.	Thackeray, Dickens, Whyte Melville.
„ Poets.	Lewis Carroll [ <i>sic</i> ].
„ Musical Composer.	Beethoven.
„ Instrument.	Piano.
„ Heroes in Real Life.	Bayard. Damien.
„ Heroines in Real Life.	Only heard of Florence Nightingale, so suppose it is she.

# JACK

My Favourite Actors and Plays.	Edward Terry. Fred Leslie.
„ Animal.	<i>Caste.</i> Horses. Setters.
„ Names.	Ethel. Grace. Claud. Hubert.
„ Quotation.	“Harry no man’s cattle.”
My Present State of Mind.	Embarrassed to a degree.
My Motto.	Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.
My Signature.	John Galsworthy, Dec. 29th 1889.

Two more friends amplify the picture.

After alluding to his smartness and interest in racing, Mr. G. M. Harris continues:

He and I had one interest which brought us closely together, namely, private theatricals. We were both “supers” in *The Merry Wives* (O.U.D.S. production) when Arthur Bouchier played Falstaff; and he took part with me in a number of shows at Torquay (where I then lived) and in various country houses, being good in quiet “straight” parts. He never, at that time, seemed to contemplate writing a play himself.

The only characteristic which he displayed during our life in London together which differentiated him from the rest of our “set” was his fondness for wandering about at night in the poorer districts, listening to the conversations of the people, sometimes visiting doss-houses. I suppose he must even then have been gathering material for his knowledge of mankind, but he gave no hint of how he was going to make use of it.

He did not then evince any particular interest in social questions as such, or in politics. Indeed, it struck me as rather characteristic of him that when I, in 1895, was Parliamentary Candidate in a London constituency as a Liberal, he, calling himself a Conservative, gave me no help, and showed so little interest in the whole affair that the night of the Election, when I returned to our rooms (for it was then that we were living together), I found him sitting reading a book, and he did not even ask what was the result of the poll.

His love for dogs was exemplified in those days by his keeping a charming Skye or Highland terrier called Sylvia in our flat—a very unhappy place for her to live, poor thing, on the top of a building in Victoria Street. She was named Sylvia, I remember, after a famous dancer of those days, whose surname was Gray.



Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of his and Jack's own old College, concludes the tale :

John Galsworthy was my junior by one year, as an undergraduate at New College, and though he was not one of my intimate friends I knew him well and retain a distinct impression of him at that time. He came up from Harrow with a reputation as a runner and football player; but, having overstrained his heart at school, was unable to take part in athletics at the University. Perhaps this physical overstrain may partly account for a certain nonchalance and languor of manner which, to those who did not know him, gave the impression of superiority. He was tall and slim, well-built and strikingly handsome; and always, I should say, the best-dressed man in College. For the most part he associated with Etonians and Harrovians, and though he did not, so far as I can recall, come into conflict with the authorities, he often climbed in after hours, and led the conventional life of the well-to-do, not very intellectual undergraduate from a great Public School. I imagine that he did not find his studies in Jurisprudence exciting. In any case he contented himself with Second Class Honours, being destined by his family for a career at the Bar. I think that we all felt at the time that he was a very clever fellow with reserves of power, but no one would have predicted of him that he would be prominent as an imaginative writer. His knowledge of racing was, or seemed to us at that time to be, extensive. I do not recall that he belonged to any of the intellectual coteries in College, or that he ever read a paper to an Essay Society, or contributed to a debate. He moved among us somewhat withdrawn, saying little, and that in a gentle voice, a sensitive, amused, somewhat cynical (as we thought) spectator of the human scene. After he took his degree I saw nothing of Galsworthy for years. He went to the Bar, took to writing, as he told me afterwards, at the age of twenty-seven, and did not, so far as I know, revisit Oxford. Chance, however, threw us together at the second performance of *Justice*. Galsworthy was sitting just behind me, and after the play was over we withdrew to a restaurant and renewed old times. A change, greater than I would have anticipated, had come over him with the lapse of years. The cynicism of youth, which was probably quite superficial, had completely fallen away. One was sensible only of a quiet depth of character and of a fervent interest in humanitarian causes. It seemed to me remarkable that my friend was quite unflustered by the success of his play, and did not even care to

## JACK

talk about it. Though he had received such adulation, there was not a particle of author's vanity in him. In his terse quiet way he talked about social wrongs, and that with a steady intensity which made it clear that he was a man determined to work for their removal. He had always been reserved in manner. What interested me, then, when I first saw him again in middle life, was a combination of tenderness, judgment and resolution.

## CHAPTER IV

1890-93 : TRAVEL, AND JOSEPH CONRAD.

*Easter Term, 1890.*

LINCOLN'S INN.

AT a SPECIAL COUNCIL there held the twenty-ninth day of April in the fifty-third year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady Victoria, and in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, ORDERED that JOHN GALSWORTHY Esquire, a Fellow of this Society, whose Petition and Declaration were read at the last Council, and whose Call to the Bar was moved by Joseph Higgins Esquire, having attained the age of twenty-one years, kept Twelve Terms Commons, passed a Public Examination to the satisfaction of the Council of Legal Education, duly attended Two Introductions, and conformed himself to the Rules of this Society, be Called to the Bar on Wednesday the thirtieth day of April instant on paying all his arrears of Commons and Dues, with the customary Fines and Composition to the Treasurer of this Society, and that he be published in the Hall of the said thirtieth day of April.

(Copy) A. WEATHERLEY MARRIOTT, *Steward*.

Such is the official record of perhaps the most noteworthy event in Jack's life during the two years from 1889 to 1891, the period between his coming down from Oxford and his first colonial tour.

It was already a considerable time since the Galsworthys had flitted from Kensington Palace Mansions. The lure of bricks and mortar was irresistible, and when, in the children's interests, it became necessary to move back to London, old Mr. Galsworthy, who for nearly twenty years had been living in houses of his own ordering, took prompt measures to ensure that this state of things should continue. In partnership with his brother Fred and a builder named Stanley Bird, he bought land in Regent's Park on the site of the old Colosseum, whereon they proceeded to build a row of ten large houses, to which was given the name of Cambridge

Gate. Each partner took three houses as his share, John Galsworthy senior's being Nos. 7 to 9, while the tenth house remained their common property for many years before being finally sold to a Mr. Byas. Thus, the flat in Kensington had been no more than a temporary perch till the new home should be ready, and in 1887 the family had settled down at 8 Cambridge Gate. (It was characteristically canny of the old man so to choose his own abode that his neighbours on either side would be tenants of his own.)

From this address Jack was now living the ordinary life of the young man-about-town. There was Chancery Law to be read, there were dinners to be eaten; for recreation there was the social life of London and the country house, with dinners—perhaps of a livelier sort—amateur theatricals, hunting, racing, and whatnot. It was all very good fun, and there is really remarkably little to be said about it. The summer holidays, too, added their quota of enjoyment. Since 1884 the Galsworthys had adopted the pleasant practice of going abroad or taking a house in the country each summer. In 1888 they had turned their attention to Scotland, to Blair, Dalnabreck, in Perthshire. The following year they took plunge in Inverness-shire, and the year after that found them dare leave Perthshire, at Trinafour. In 1891 they strayed to Bayreuth and Baden, and next year returned to Scotland—for the last time—choosing Corsindae, in Aberdeenshire. So there was shooting to add to the list of diversions. The game book for this stay is still in existence; it records a total bag, for the three months from July 28th to October 28th, of 1149 head of game, comprising forty-four pheasants, a hundred and thirty-nine brace of partridges, twelve brace of black game, two woodcock, a hundred and nine brace of grouse, a hundred and six hares, four hundred and eighteen rabbits, fifteen snipe, and thirty-two “various.”<sup>1</sup> Not yet had Jack lost the taste for killing; one feels the authentic note of personal memory in the description of George Pendyce:

George felt the ground with his feet, and blew a speck of dust off his barrels, and the smell of the oil sent a delicious tremor darting through him. Everything, even Helen Bellew, was forgotten. Then in the silence rose a far-off clamour; a cock pheasant, skimming low, his plumage silken in the sun, dived out of the green and golden spinney, curled to the right, and was

<sup>1</sup> The addition also appears somewhat “various.”

lost in undergrowth. Some pigeons passed over at a great height. The tap-tap of sticks beating against trees began; then with a fitful rushing noise a pheasant came straight out; George threw up his gun and pulled. The bird stopped in mid-air, jerked forward, and fell headlong into the grass sod with a thud. In the sunlight the dead bird lay, and a smirk of triumph played on George's lips. He was feeling the joy of life.

So must Jack have felt it on the moors of Corsindae. Yet, in defiance of the proverb, although he had at this period no history worth speaking of, he was not altogether happy—amid the prevailing sunshine there was one cloud that had cast its shadow even over the Oxford days. He was, in fact, in love, and not prosperously. It was evidently all quite normal—to be taken both as seriously and as lightly as a young man's first love deserves; it was normal in coming to nothing—normal too, perhaps, in that its frustration turned out to be a very good thing. A letter of his, written many years later, in 1906, sums the matter up:

I thought myself absolutely certain off and on<sup>1</sup> from nineteen to twenty-four about some one who wouldn't have done and can only thank my stars humbly that preserved me.

However, the early part of 1891 was one of the <sup>clouds</sup>, and his father, too, in the words of the second son, "was very good about finding them excuses for travel," packed him off to Canada—ostensibly to investigate the affairs of a certain coal-mining company, actually to enjoy a beneficial change of scene.

After a stay at Quebec and at Victoria he joined his brother Hubert, who was already out there, at Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, on August 9th. After a week devoted to sightseeing, inspections of the mines, and talks with the manager, two days were spent at Victoria preparing for a camping trip. After two days back at Nanaimo the expedition began. In the only extant letter of this period he describes the trip in amusing detail:

. . . We returned yesterday from our first camping out expedition, of which I will seek to give you some account. We made a start upon August 17th on a pouring wet morning, riding and accompanied by two other equestrians to bring back the horses. Our two pack horses, with loads of about 200 lbs. each on board, had started about six or an hour earlier with Allen, our ex-mining,

<sup>1</sup> Significant phrase!

ex-teamster, ex-everything guide and our Indian Chief, Louis Goode (for very little). We rode mainly on Shank's mare for about 15 miles over a regular mountain trail, 5 miles up Mt. Banson (2000 feet up) then 5 miles on the level up there, and then another and down to the level of the lakes. It poured the whole way, and we were rather damp when we got there. We went straight to an unoccupied log cabin, where we fed, parted from our escort, who took the horses back, and made things snug for the night. Louis and I went out hunting, and before very long succeeded in losing ourselves, a gruesome sensation in those immense woods; the fool of an Indian, not knowing the country, had come without taking bearings or anything. While we were trying to determine our route we struck a "blaze" trail and followed it in diametrically the wrong direction until, luckily for us, it became too dark to find it; and then, in making a desperate cast for the right direction, Louis caught sight of water, which we thought at first must be the second lake, miles from where we started, but which turned out to be the first. He wanted to follow it to the right and I to the left. Eventually I prevailed, and on we went, firing our rifles and shouting like blue blazes. At last we heard an answering shot, and then we made a plunge in that direction thro' some willow growth, as we didn't dare leave the lake again. That was the heaviest bit of going I have ever struck—up to your knees in water and over your head in thick growth. When we were about done we reached the other side, by which time it was pitch dark; but we could hear the answering shouts from the camp by this time, and so we guided ourselves by that. How many times I fell on my head I will not pause to relate! suffice it to say that by the time (9.30) that we struggled into camp we were about baked. You may talk about Wagner, but the sweetest music I ever heard was that first shout when we succeeded in locating the camp direction. It would have been awkward stopping out all night, as we were wet through, and, what was excessively foolish, had no matches or grub with us, only some brandy. This, as you may imagine, has made us a bit more cautious, but I must say that it was entirely the fool of an Indian's fault.

The next day, which was gloriously fine, we devoted to making a raft (hard work), composed of three logs of cedar split, 20 feet long and very heavy, joined together by pegs and cross beams, and which, launched at 4.30, provided us with a capital boat. We went up the lake fishing from her and caught about 15 trout, and

I shot a couple of ducks but one got off. I tumbled in and had to spend the greater portion of the evening fishing in a shirt alone. We came back to the log cabin that night, but the next day we "packed" all our things down from the cabin to the raft (toughish work) and migrated to the head of the lake. There we pitched our tent and had an awfully jolly camp—lovely weather and scenery, and capital grub, as Allen is an excellent cook. But alas, the hunting was a dead failure (very bad country for it) and the fishing not first-rate; we only got 70 trout while we were there—the weather was too hot and the water too clear for them to take. One day I started off to the head of the second lake—about five miles (fearful walking)—and took a couple of blankets, a rifle gun and fishing-rod, and camped under a cedar tree, where I had seen lots of deer marks the day before when out hunting that way. I waited up most of the night as it was very moonlight and they sometimes came down to the water to feed then; alas, no result, and I had a very uncomfortable night, being slightly mosquito- and other animile-bitten. However I caught a few fish, two of them weighing quite 2 lb. each, I should think, and giving me rare good sport. I had three meals off the very driest of bread and do. corned beef. The next morning, as the Indian ass did not turn up according to arrangement with a raft to bring me back, I was moved in an evil hour to take up my bed and all my belongings, weighing altogether some 40 lbs., and walk. Oh! that walk was a sort of nightmare. The country there is too fearful to be described—it makes one's legs weak to think of it. However I got back in four hours (one mile an hour is rather fast than otherwise there).

Finding the hunting no good there, we sent in a message by some people travelling down the lake and asked for the horses to be sent out to pack our things down on to Mt. Benson, where we expected to do better. We moved on Monday last, and camped at Wolf Creek 10 miles from Nanaimo. Here, tho' we went out with great regularity, we couldn't get near the deer, tho' I should think there were plenty of them, as it looked very likely country; but it was so awfully dry that they could hear us half a mile off. The whole time I had three shots at deer (none of them easy) and Hue none at all. We got a few grouse but they were very scarce and altogether a stupid bird, of very indifferent flavour. Yesterday we returned here, having enjoyed our ten days very much in spite of the bad luck we had had shooting and fishing. I am going with a fellow to-morrow for a couple of days' deer-

hunting in the neighbourhood here, and he says we shall have good sport, but I am no longer sanguine; and after that we shall probably go up to some of the islands along this coast, where they say sport is plentiful and easily got, and where there is no chance of getting lost (as they are so small). They are up Comox way, and we are trying to arrange to go up by the Comox boat next Wednesday and stay till the return boat on the Friday 9 days later; after which Hue will probably go into the office and I shall commence my return journey. . . . I shall go down the Northfield mine shortly, and then shall have seen nearly everything as Robins has driven me about a great deal. I read a book on coal-mining while out camping. We go up to Robins' nearly every evening, and he remains as nice as ever. This evening we purpose complying with an invitation from the parson here and giving him a look in, but I believe he is terrifying. . . .

On Wednesday September 3rd they duly proceeded to Comox, and thence, two days later, to Denman Island, eleven miles away, where they encamped and stayed, "shooting and walking around," as a contemporary note of Hubert Galsworthy's has it, till the 11th. Then, on Tuesday the 15th, they went over to Vancouver, and Jack, leaving his brother behind, made his way home to England, where life went on as before.

It is now time to speak of the Sandersons. Mr. Sanderson was at that time Headmaster of Elstree Preparatory School, and his son, Ted (who later succeeded him), had formed a close friendship with Jack. But besides Ted, there were twelve other children surviving in the family out of the original sixteen; and with all of them, irrespective of age, Jack was on the jolliest and happiest of terms. Mrs. Sanderson, a woman of typical Irish charm, dispensed comprehensive and warmhearted if informal hospitality, and Jack and his sister Mabel spent a great deal of time among them. Every Christmas a play was got up among the family, and Jack always took a leading part, on at least one occasion writing and producing a play himself, in which even the baby of three had her part. His friend Ted has paid tribute to his good nature :

He was extremely good to my young brothers and sisters, who were devoted to him. They used to tease him unmercifully, but I think the more they teased him the more he liked it—and them. Few men could be pushed into a swimming bath fully and beautifully dressed without some loss of temper. When this happened



to Jack, he bore it with the imperturbable good humour which was so characteristic of him.

Jack had hitherto read for the Chancery Bar; some time in 1892 his father decided that it would be a good plan to send him out overseas again with a view to his acquiring a knowledge of navigation and maritime law which he could later turn to account at the Admiralty Bar. Among the guests at Corsindae that year was Ted Sanderson, and in his own words:

We arranged a tour to Australia, New Zealand, and the South Seas, especially Samoa, where we hoped to meet R. L. Stevenson, for whose writings we both had a profound admiration.

This tour is much more fully documented than the earlier one; there are a number of Jack's letters, and an account by his friend.

In November, then, they set out on the Orient liner *Oruba*.

You would have enjoyed this voyage immensely (wrote Jack on the 26th to one of his sisters); it isn't half bad in spite of many drawbacks, chief of them being the fact that I don't care about leaving England much just now, and the miserable quality of the passengers with one or two very bright exceptions.

On December 23rd they reached Australia.

Our journey (wrote Jack the day before) is approaching a conclusion. We expect to sight Australia this evening, and to-morrow morning we shall be at Albany. . . . We are going on straight to Sydney. . . . We had such a jolly day or rather half-day at Colombo; it is a charming place, and one's first glimpse of Indian life is ripping. I am smitten with a desire to spend a year at Ceylon and India and see the country peoples and life thoroughly. They say Kandy is very much prettier than Colombo; if so it must be lovely. We dined at the hotel, punkahs going, and sat out on the verandah afterwards watching the Indian jugglers growing mangoes and doing other rather feeble tricks. We had a drive round in the afternoon through the cinnamon gardens and the native markets. The people seemed all very contented and happy—much more so than the lower classes of the so-called civilized countries. I want to get a book on Buddhism and study the teaching that produces such a self-contented character. . . . Ted and I have wild ideas of going out on stations as rabbiters—*i.e.* professional slayers of rabbits at so much a hundred—or going up to the gold diggings; he is very keen on manual labour of some sort to strengthen him. And if we could do our sailing in the

South Seas to Tahiti or some such place it wouldn't be a bad thing, as we both want hardening badly; but otherwise there wouldn't be time before we have to catch a sailing-ship home. I must say I should prefer to get a sailing voyage to Tahiti, taking nearly two months, and possibly back again by yacht or man-of-war, of which there are usually some there, than have the frightfully long four months' voyage home from Australia, but we shall find it hard to get anything like a decent ship to Tahiti, and, I'm afraid, shall have to come back as we originally determined. I have progressed to a certain extent in my maritime knowledge, and shall have tackled MacLachlan's *Maritime Law* (800 pages) by the time we get to Sydney. I have been reading about four hours a day since leaving Colombo, but one has to be careful of one's eyes on board ship. A New Zealand doctor with very strong sight, who has been reading a good deal, has strained his eyes and sees everything double. I suppose it is the glare.

On the 27th:

Not having got to Sydney yet, we are not a bit more settled in our plans. . . . I never knew two people who had more ideas and changed them more frequently than we two, but I suppose everything will dry straight somewhere and somehow. . . . We got to Adelaide yesterday and went on shore . . . it is rather a nice town, but very burnt up and dusty. . . . We get to Melbourne to-morrow morning, and have a day there.

But when they did get to Sydney:

Things (says Ted Sanderson) did not work out according to plan, as we could get no boat from Sydney to Samoa. Instead we found a tramp steamer bound for New Caledonia and the Fiji Islands. She was a very dirty little ship but carried an excellent cook, and we enjoyed the rough and tumble of the voyage to Suva. On the way we called at Noumea—our first taste of a South Sea Island. It was a French Convict Settlement, and at night we sat under Flamboyant trees and listened to the Convict band; and most beautifully those convicts played. The day or two which we spent there made a great impression on Jack, who afterwards made use of some of the stories we heard there.

"Dirty" seems a charitable way of describing the *Birksgate*, as would appear from Jack's letters of January 11th and 13th, 1893, to his mother and two sisters:

. . . We left Sydney on Thursday last by this boat, and had a

pretty rough time the first 3 days. My stay on shore was long enough to make me feel it a good deal, and I was distinctly off colour for two days, though actually ill only twice. This is a small boat mainly designed for cargo carrying, and she moves tremendously, but our cabin is comfortable and the Captain a good fellow. There are only 6 or 7 passengers, a rough lot, but the grub is very fair. We arrived here yesterday afternoon in lovely weather. This is a very large island, over 100 miles long and very mountainous, belonging to the French, who have over 9000 convicts at work in the town here or on the island. There is a coral reef round the whole of it with only a few openings in it, one of which we came through yesterday and then ran 13 miles up to the wharf where we are unloading cargo. The harbour is the second best (after Sydney) in the Southern hemisphere, and it [is] a most lovely place, I am awfully glad to have seen it. Coming up the harbour one passes half a dozen small islands of the regular Pacific type, beaches of whitish sand, and the rest of the island covered with a grove of cocoanut palms. We went on shore at once, and, after strolling about and going to the Cathedral, a roomy airy but plain structure, from the west door of which one gets a lovely peep of the harbour (what a picture it would make, framed as it is in the walls and doorway of the Cathedral!), we came back to dine on board and then back to the town to hear the convict band (40 strong, all brass and very good) play in the place. Then a rather disturbed night, what with donkey engines going and mosquitoes, and an insatiable thirst prevailing over one's internal economy. This morning I was up before six and went out to see the markets, and after that walked up to the coastguard station, about 400 feet up on a small hill, from which one gets a bird's-eye view all round. The scenery from there is exquisite, rather reminding me of Oban, only more beautiful and extended and enriched by tropical vegetation. The town is situated almost on an island (an isthmus really) and behind are some mountains (about 4000 feet) the other side of the channel; altogether it is delightful. There is a most beautiful feathery fern-like looking tree with gorgeous red flowers growing on it called, I believe, the "Flamboyant." The heat is very great and of the hot-house order, one feels exactly as if one was in a hot-house.

I have just had breakfast, and we are just going to drive out to a native village, St. Louis, about 13 miles away. I doubt whether we have seen any genuine natives here yet, they say that most of

those about the town are from the New Hebrides, a frightfully ugly lot, very like negroes.

We arrive in Suva (capital of Viti Levu) on Sunday next, and are going on by the ship to Levuka in the island of Ovalau, the third largest of the Fiji group. We leave our luggage at Suva, and take a cutter from Levuka to the Ba River on Viti Levu, the main island, 90 miles all inside the reef, sleeping on shore at night, and taking about two days. Then up the Ba river to where Bob Andrewes is sugar-planting, stay there a bit, and then across country by the mail trail 3 days, walking I'm afraid, mountain and jungle to the Rewa river where we get a river steamer down to Suva, pick up our luggage and get on board the Union S.S. boat *Tavinni* for Auckland, where we ought to arrive about Feb. 15th. I haven't had any letters yet since Naples, and look forward to an immense budget at Auckland. We are both fairly fit considering the heat but rather washed out. . . .

. . . Though very doubtful whether this celebrated ink pencil that I am using will survive the journey of some 14,000 miles which separates us at this moment, I am risking the experiment in the hope that you will be able to read a word here and there. We are now about a day and a half out from Suva, and should get in there on Sunday morning—the day after to-morrow. I wrote to Mother from Noumea, and you will probably get this a week later than that letter, as it will be carried to Sydney by this boat on her return there. I am going to write to Father when we arrive at Suva, and that will come by the same mail. We have had lovely weather for the last five or six days—very hot, of course, but since we left Noumea there has been a nice breeze. The day I wrote to Mother we drove out to a place called St. Louis where there is a native village, and some schools and manufactories established by the Priest. It was 16 miles along a most splendidly made road (convict made) and through delightful scenery. The mountains are covered with patches and streaks of a most beautiful red earth, not quite of the Devonshire shade, but a richer red, and at a distance they remind one somewhat of Scotch hills, only they are more beautiful to my mind. The natives there are a very ugly lot; their villages are most methodically arranged, and the huts all buried away in the shrubs and trees, which are very thick but not high or imposing. We saw some splendid butterflies, but were too limp to catch them, though I wanted some for our collection. The next morning we were off at 5.30, and for five hours were skirting the coast (most beautiful) inside the reef.

These waters are full of flying fish, some of them of the very tiniest, sharks, and other vermin. We hope to see a shark caught before we get home again; I want the captain to angle for one in Suva harbour. I have been taking my first observation this morning, and really quite begin to understand the method of finding our latitude; the little book you got me is first rate, making everything very clear. The Captain is a very good chap and explains a variety of things to me. The wind just now is dead ahead, and all the smells from the engine, etc., come blowing down upon me as I write and make me wish to cuss terrible! . . . Ted and I have been reading a French novel out to one another; he speaks it if possible with a worse accent and less fluency than myself, which is charming. The colour of the water here is gorgeous, but I don't think even May would have cared much for this voyage out from Sydney (the smells are too much amongst one). Read Besant's last, *The Ivory Gate*; it is very nice—I got it at Sydney. The mosquitoes were very busy last night; I thought we had left them behind, but no! I believe we didn't; I can count ten bites on a very limited area. A number of vast cockroaches, black, I am thankful to say, not white, have been making their appearance lately. My idea is that they have at length discovered the presence of Ted's pickled flying fish, and that when we dig that article out of the inmost recesses of our cabin at Suva we shall find nothing but the pickle left of it. I don't think I will risk the loss (through smudging) of any more valuable information.

Ted Sanderson now resumes the tale:

Then came Suva, and beautiful it was in those days to our young eyes. As we should be going off the beaten track among the natives, I thought we ought to be prepared for the unpleasant ceremonial of drinking Khava to avoid giving offence to our hosts by refusing this form of hospitality when the time came. I found a place in Suva where the root was grated by hand and not chewed by natives. I took it two or three times like medicine and so got used to it, luckily as it turned out. From Suva we went to the little island of Ovalan, to Levuka, a most lovely place in those days. The chief attraction to us was a waterfall in the bush, of immense height; a tree grew out over the fall near the top, and the natives used to jump over this tree into the deep pool below. They swam with us and gave us milk from the green cocoanuts, which boys fetched from the top of the great palms. The way they climbed those trees was a fine acrobatic feat.

From the Royal Hotel at Levuka Jack wrote to his mother on January 20th:

. . . We are off from here this morning by a Ketch or small schooner to Ba, 90 miles along the coast here inside the reef, on a visit to Bob; we shan't have much time to spare with him, as we shall have to allow 10 days or more for getting across the country back to Suva. In this hot climate one can't make forced marches. We shall be doing a very unusual thing in going across, but there is no danger from the natives, and living among them, as we shall do for nearly a fortnight, will be a new experience well worth having. There are no whites inland between the rivers Ba and Rewa except a magistrate at a sort of half-way house called Fort Carnarvon.

We came here last Monday and have enjoyed our stay immensely, this is such a jolly little place, beautifully situated with splendid vegetation. The population consists of about 400 whites and a good many native villages round about; and it seems to be quite a happy family, everybody getting on with everybody else. There are some grand bathing-pools (freshwater with cascades in them) about 2 miles away, where we spent nearly the whole of two days.

Yesterday one of [the] chief residents asked us up to play tennis, and we had some capital sets, Ted and I holding the field against all comers to the great delight of our host. The play, as you may imagine, was not of the most brilliant, when we two, dead out of condition and practice, were universally triumphant. In the evening we went up to the German Consul's and had some billiards. They have such pretty houses here, and some of the small bungalows are nailing. I shall be awfully sorry to leave this, but I want to see Bob, and the trip we are proposing is well worth doing and rather out of the common. Our steamer for N. Zealand, the *Tavinni*, leaves Suva on Feb. 7th, and so as it only takes 4½ days across to Auckland we shall have more than a month to spend there. The further one goes the more one hears of the beauty of the country there, but I shall never regret having come up here, the scenery and life are quite a thing to itself. I expect to get about 20 letters at Auckland, we shall have to call a halt to read and answer our correspondence, I expect. Curios are rather hard to pick up here, but I nearly secured a Fijian skull yesterday for the children at Elstree, not quite though, they are very precious apparently, because they are Taboo and the natives bury them very deeply. Both of us are very fit just now,

So far the tour had gone smoothly according to plan; but the experiences of the two friends on the journey back to Suva were to be rather more "out of the common" than they had bargained for.

From Levuka (continues Ted Sanderson) we went by native cutter to the Ba river in Viti Levu, where lived Jack's cousin, Robert Andrewes, a sugar-planter. The cutter was manned entirely by natives, and we spent two days and a night in her. We found Andrewes' house a little before midnight and were unexpected. He bore this sudden intrusion of two white men with marvellous composure and did all he could to accommodate us. Jack and I shared the one bed in the bungalow, heads and tails, and owing to the mosquitoes which got under the net, spent the remainder of the night kicking each other in the face. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and hospitality shown to us by the Andrewes, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott (he was the resident magistrate), Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, and Dr. G. W. A. Lynch, the medical officer. I have often thought since what a nuisance we must have been to all of them. Here again Jack absorbed all that he saw and heard, using the material for some of his stories. He had a photographic quality of mind which he afterwards developed to an extraordinary extent. After a few very happy days at Ba, we decided to make, against all advice, a long march over the mountains and see something of the island life of the natives. Viti Levu is a very mountainous island, some of the peaks being over 4000 feet, and the scenery magnificent. There had been no case of cannibalism for a considerable time, though it broke out in one of the islands not long after we had left.

Our kind friends, the Marriotts, fitted us out with materials and stores enough to last a week, and engaged four porters for our baggage. Neither our porters, nor any native we were likely to meet, knew a word of English, and of course we knew nothing whatsoever of the native language. The first day, and a very long one it was, our route lay through beautiful bush with clear streams every mile or so, in some of which we had a bathe, with natives splashing and diving all round us. After nearly twelve hours from the start, we got to a native village where the Chief made us welcome and gave us a fine clean hut to ourselves. He entertained us handsomely, though he was much astonished to see white men; but before doing anything else we had to drink Khava with him! This was chewed up by young girls and handed to us in cocoanut bowls. Jack could barely make a pretence, but

having tried it before I was not so squeamish and drank enough for us both, to the satisfaction of the Chief.

Next morning we started off at daybreak, but had not gone a day's march when I went down with fever of some sort, near a native village. I remember lying under a tree, where a native woman held my hand, and at the same time vigorously hammered a log of wood close to my head. It was her method of mangling clothes. Jack made friends with the headman of the village and got me into an empty hut, where he nursed me with the kindness and thoroughness so characteristic of him. The headman killed and cooked a cock for us; of course, I couldn't eat; so Jack put a leg of it into a pot and boiled it again for chicken broth. I can see him now with his eyeglass to his eye peering hopefully into the pot. That eyeglass was a tremendous asset. He sat at the door of the hut and kept at bay with his stare a swarm of native girls who mobbed the hut in their eagerness to see a white man, and a sick one at that. He let them in three at a time. With hibiscus and gardenias in their hair, they softly sang strange music and danced their nekki (native dances) for my benefit. They were very graceful and made no noise. When Jack considered that enough had been done for the patient, he somehow closed down the show. How—I don't know.

I was terribly sorry for spoiling his expedition, but he never showed in the slightest degree his disappointment, which must have been great, or his anxiety, which was greater! I had a bad attack of dysentery, about the only dangerous disease one could get in those islands. Jack, by some means or other, managed to get a runner to take a note down to the coast, and when he returned with drugs and instructions, I was slung in a grass hammock on a long bamboo pole, and carried down by eight men, who relieved each other in pairs. They did twenty-eight miles in one day, crossing numerous rivers, and only dropped me twice, neither time in the water. Thanks mainly to Jack's infinite care, I got down alive. Lynch, kindest and best of doctors, took me into his own bungalow and nursed me until I could be put on board a ship bound for New Zealand.

Jack's next letter was written on February 12th on board the s.s. *Tavinni*. His friend was rapidly mending, and they were on the way to Auckland. They had sailed from Suva, not without adventure of a kind. A few hours before they sailed Jack had gone for a last ride:

Arrived back and found that we couldn't get Ted's luggage out



of the bond room, where it had been deposited on our first arrival in Suva; the place had been closed for the night and the man gone; the steamer was to start at eight o'clock that evening. Nothing to do but take a carriage and drive to the bond-keeper's place, and bring him back by hook or by crook to open the place. Drove out along the shore three miles; found him attired in a sulu, a sort of native towel, twisted round his waist, mowing his lawn. Put the case to him, handed him his trousers and shirt, caught his horse, and brought him back. Got luggage out, dined, and came on board. Luggage, all told, nineteen different things—five belonging to me, fourteen to Ted.

At Auckland the friends separated for a time, Ted Sanderson going on by ship to Wellington and Christchurch, on the South Island, while Jack, after a stay in Auckland, went on to Napier on a visit to Percy du Croz. At Auckland the news reached him of his sister Lily's engagement. It was natural that his mind should turn to his own attachment; and in his letter of warm congratulation dated February 14th he added:

Nothing will ever come of this matter between me and S——; I am too vague, and she doesn't care; all the better, really, you know, because I am not cut out for domesticity at first hand.

(In a word, the cure was now complete and final.)

On February 28th he was at Wellington, just about to set out on the fourteen-hour journey to Christchurch:

The ship (he wrote) is so crowded that they can only give me a shake-down in the saloon.

By March 18th he had been at Melbourne some time:

I have been having a very pleasant time here, playing tennis (royal tennis, not lawn tennis) in the morning and going about the place in the afternoon; and either dining here with some member or other or with the R——s or friends of theirs at Menzies' Hotel. . . . Tennis is such a good game, and the professional here a rattling good instructor. I have just come back from a race-meeting at Caulfield, about six miles out; their racing arrangements are very perfect in these parts, and their horses good on the whole. The best course in the world is the Flemington course, about four miles out of Melbourne.

Three days later the two friends were in Adelaide:

Ted and I, by way of doing the economical, made a cheap and nasty second-class (no thirds on these lines) journey here from Melbourne last night. At first there were some eight other people in the carriage, but we gradually boiled them down into two besides ourselves, and so were enabled to have the length of one seat between us, and dozed there *off and on* (almost literally, as it was a mighty narrow seat). Ted only slept twenty minutes, but I did better. We got here about 10.30 in the morning, and I dashed for my letters at once and was horror-stricken at being told positively that there were none. However I returned to the charge and discomfited [*sic*] the man with great slaughter; he had been looking under the name of Goldsworthy; of a surety he who travels under our name hath a hard time. . . . We haven't been down to see the *Torrens* yet, but have got a good cabin on her, and hear that she has a very long poop—100 feet—which is splendid for a sailing-ship, and guarantees good exercise.

All the same, Jack had his misgivings, for on the same day he wrote to his other sister:

Just now happens to be about the least interesting part of our travels, and everything seems overshadowed by a sense of the length of time we shall be cut off from the rest of the world. Well, thank goodness, we are not coming all the way home without a break; as some ships do. I have bought that fascinating little book *The Story of an African Farm* to read again on the voyage, by way of something appropriate to one going to South Africa. The last time I read it was on the way from Nanaimo to Victoria with Hue, to celebrate my birthday (and also, as has been noted, to prepare for the camping trip of 1891).

This letter is, incidentally, notable for that among the relatives to whom he sent his love is "Ada."

Yet to the world at large that voyage on the *Torrens* is the most interesting part of all.

Conrad (says Ted Sanderson) was first mate of the ship, and a fine, courageous, resourceful sailor he was, too. His rare personality attracted us at once, and a friendship was begun which lasted unbroken till his death.

With the exception of two full gales, the voyage was a favourable one, so in the long watches, which we used to keep with Conrad,

there was any amount of opportunity for talk. Jack availed himself of this to the utmost. Conrad's own romantic history, his knowledge of the world, particularly of its strange places and strange people, combined with wide reading in several languages, made him a fascinating talker on almost any subject. Jack had missed Stevenson, but had found Conrad.

Curiously, Jack's two letters from the *Torrens* say little of Conrad, though they are full of lively and entertaining detail. The first is dated April 8th:

. . . I suppose I had better turn to and start from the day we left Adelaide. I went down in the morning to look at the ship, and of course I found her in the midst of all the confusion and bustle of departure and couldn't form much opinion of our chances of comfort. That evening we came down to the ship for good, having missed 3 or 4 trains owing to Ted's luggage, which has been throughout rather a white elephant; some portions of the beast, I am glad to say, have been left in various parts of Australasia. Ted fondly hopes they will turn up some time or other. Some kindly individual at the hotel bagged my hat just before we started; so I came away hatless and reduced to caps, of which, luckily, I have several. We had a good night and woke up the next morning to find the anchor weighed. We arose and had the worst breakfast I have ever sat down to, and groaned in spirit at what we imagined to be in store for us. Luckily we need not have been so much alarmed, as the grub is really quite fair and as good as one could expect on a sailing ship; we have got a cow and calf, and a good many sheep, geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, pigs, and cabbages; whilst amongst the other live stock on board are a kangaroo, two wallabys, five parrots, a dog, two cats, several canaries, and two laughing jackasses—in fact, we are exceedingly suggestive of the Ark.

Ted was presented with 3 large boxes of fruit—pears, grapes, apples, oranges, nuts and lemons—before we started, which are not yet by any means exhausted. So we do well enough in the feeding line. Having set your mind at rest upon that very important point, I will now turn to the passengers.

We are twenty-two in the saloon all told, including captain, officers, and children. Firstly there are the P——s—Mr. and Mrs., a nurse, and 3 children; very decent sort of people, and the children—especially the youngest, who is a duck—very nice. Secondly the V——s—he a small edition of Eaton Faning, and she

rather like Grace, only not so pretty, and with a voice absurdly like Lilian Davies'; two children; the older, Master Frankie V——, a bovine—oh! such a bovine—child of four, very like the fat boy in *Pickwick* on a small scale, and the younger, a boy of two, about whom I need say nothing except that everyone in the ship longs to spank him. The V——s are rather nice. All these people come from Liverpool. Then we have three unattached men—two with beards grown on the voyage out—nomine J——, H—— and A——, all harmless but not interesting, J—— being the least harmless and the most interesting. He was a first-class Classical man at Cambridge and plays chess a good deal with Ted, who plays pretty well, in these days, I should think. Then we have a mild sort of lunatic, whose vagaries, poor chap, form in a measure a diversion. His name is H——, and he persists in believing "Lord God Almighty" to be a powerful friend of his own, and in talking to him on deck in the evening. It has rather a weird effect sometimes. He has a great "down" on Cotter, the second mate, who is inclined to tease him, and is always coming to the captain with tales of how "that fellow C——" has been doing something or other. The captain manages him very well. All these people came out from England in this ship and are going back there, and they are all health passengers. The other passengers are two single ladies, not bad, a Miss H—— and a Miss W——; the latter sits next to Ted at dinner and has no ideas at all, of which he complains bitterly. She certainly does make the silliest remarks. Lastly Mrs. C——, the captain's wife, whom I think a very good sort of the silent order of middle-aged woman, with a manner and voice slightly reminding me of Mrs. P—— (of Grantham). As to the Captain, he is a man of about 50, with grizzled hair, whiskers and moustache, a bluff—not too bluff—manner, almost devoid of accent, and a good seaman. He is not very clear in the head, but quite clear enough to teach me, and he takes a lot of trouble with me, and we get on capitally at "lessons" and other times. He says I get on very fast, and I do begin to know something about the game.

Every day directly after breakfast we set the chronometer and take sights, if we can, of the sun. Then we sit down together and work out the longitude. At twelve o'clock more sights, and then down again and work out the latitude, correct the longitude, and prick our places on the Chart, of which I have one lent me for the voyage. So that I do the daily work of the Captain. Then in the afternoon at 3 o'clock he gives me an hour good,

which we devote to various branches of the craft; at present I am getting a grasp of navigation proper, but I seem to be always asking questions and getting answers; and we shall go on to Manœuvring and other seamanship questions soon, so that by the time we get to the Cape I shall know a good bit. I am awfully glad to have some study to pass away the time, which, thanks to this, does not at present drag at all. Besides the work I do with the Captain I generally read a couple of hours either at navigation or at maritime law, so I do pretty well. . . . We had two lovely days of warm calm weather on starting, but after that it became unsettled, and there was a good deal of motion. I have not been ill this voyage, and shall not be now, but one day I was not quite certain of myself. Last Sunday the glass fell rapidly, and on the following Tuesday we had the first real gale I have ever experienced at sea. Anything we have had before on these travels was a fool to it. We were just off Cape Leeuwin at the time, and this is a very bad place. The gale blew itself out in about 36 hours, and the weather since then has steadily improved until to-day, when it was beautifully bright, warm, and calm. While the gale lasted the sea was tremendous, and we had to ride it out under one closely-reefed topsail. The ship behaved splendidly, but we carried away seven sails. Certainly for comfort a sailing ship licks a steamer hollow; the absence of smells, vibration, noise, and "blacks" almost makes up for the slowness, and the motion is so much more easy. One feels quite contented as long as one is moving along, but calms, of which we have had three short ones, are rather trying. The poop is luckily a splendidly long one for a sailing ship and very weatherly, no water coming on it, even in that big gale, except, of course, spray.

We have made very fair way so far, having averaged over 100 miles a day for what is the worst part of the journey, and I reckon we have still about 3800 miles to get to the Cape, so we ought to be there about the 17th May. Our best run yet has been 240 miles in the 24 hours. The saloon is a good one for a ship of this size and runs the whole length of the poop; it has a piano about 3 notes below concert pitch, and the cabins open on to it on each side. Our cabin is a capital one, about amidships, much larger than the one we had on the *Oruba*. One night Ted and I were just exploring the floor for a manner of cockroach which we had sighted cruising about, when suddenly there appeared in the cabin a hairy monster on all fours which, resolving itself as it came, into a kangaroo, was closely pursued by a scarcely

less hairy monster also on four legs (H—— is growing a beard) who, clasping it (the kangaroo) in his arms, bore it triumphantly away. The kangaroo had been unwittingly let out by the lunatic and was having a little mild recreation. You can't conceive how funny the thing was; we roared for about half an hour over it. We killed that cockroach. The doctor is a weedy youth with a squeaky voice who is 30 and looks 19; he plays whist with Ted and annoys him intensely when he is his partner, and amuses him intensely when he is his opponent.

The second letter is dated April 23rd.

I resume my fortnightly account of proceedings on this voyage. I am afraid there has been rather a scarcity of events since I closed my letter to May a fortnight ago. . . . The weather has been uniformly fine since the big gale we had off Leeuwin, and we have made good progress, having come along at an average of over 100 miles a day for the last 19 days. We are now 30 days out and have still nearly 3000 miles to go, so that we can not expect to get to the Cape for three weeks at least and probably four, as the weather is often bad and the winds contrary just round the South of Africa. Navigation progresses very well on the whole, and I can now take accurate observations and do all the ordinary ship's work without mistakes, and know a little about manœuvring. I have been learning a little about the stars also; we have had some beautifully clear nights for that sort of thing. Yesterday I spent an hour learning sailor's knots, and my mind is still running on bowlines, clovehitches, fishermen's bends, etc. The people on board remain as harmless as ever, and we are a very harmonious lot, without getting intimate, somehow. We had a concert four nights ago, which went off pretty well, in spite of the piano being about three notes below concert pitch. I sang "Dinah Doe" and "Sing Along, Sambo"—the same songs that I sang on the *Oruba*. Ted sang "The Venetian Song" and the "Cautious Lovers," the latter very well; but somehow his voice is not at all pleasing to me, and he wants lessons badly. There were eighteen items, including the Bosun' on a penny whistle and a recitation of Sam Weller's Valentine by one of the stewards. Mrs. V—— is kind enough to play accompaniments for us whenever we like, so we sing a good deal. I have finished reading *Monte Cristo*—six vols., in French—and have read *The Story of an African Farm* again and like it awfully; it is crammed full of thought, and most pathetic in parts. We

have a Service every Sunday morning read by the Captain. I have since read *The Seamy Side* by Besant and Rice, and am reading *Foul Play* by Chas. Reade, both good of their kind; but I know you never have time to read novels yourself, a most industrious young woman. The night before last we were what is commonly called "washed out"; *i.e.* a sea came through our port, which was open. I was in bed (Ted still on deck), and was awakened by about four inches of water swishing about the floor of the cabin. I whipped our boxes and things out as soon as possible, and the steward baled us out in a little, so no harm was done. H——, the semi-lunatic, had a sort of mild paralytic stroke on one side, poor chap, one night, but seems to have rallied from it wonderfully. The first mate is a Pole called Conrad and is a capital chap, though queer to look at; he is a man of travel and experience in many parts of the world, and has a fund of yarns on which I draw freely. He has been right up the Congo and all around Malacca and Borneo and other out of the way parts, to say nothing of a little smuggling in the days of his youth. . . . Some of the passengers are always fishing, but they never catch anything, the nearest attempt being a "barracuta" about 8 feet long, which, however, wriggled off as it was being hauled up. It is getting quite dark on deck, so I must wind up.

At the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town they ran into a Cambridge friend of Ted Sanderson's, C. A. M. Barlow (now the Rt. Hon. Sir Montague Barlow, Bt.) who speaks of encountering "four bearded gentlemen" who proved to be our two friends, Conrad, and another passenger. As to beard-growing, Jack wrote: "Ted is growing a beard which at present makes him look beastly and will never suit him, I think. I am not growing one." So, either Jack changed his mind about that beard, or else—more probably—his face was swamped, as it were, in the capillary luxuriance of the other three. The upshot of this meeting was that Jack left the boat according to plan, while Ted, changing his mind, continued the journey home on the *Torrens* with his other friend.

Jack meanwhile went off to visit certain mines, staying at an old Dutch farm-house at High Constantia; after which he, in turn, set out for England on the *Scot* (7000 tons) which brought him home in the record time of 15½ days.

And now Jack's second long voyage was over; it was to be a long

time before he ranged so far again. The early trouble was behind him, he was heart-whole once more; but there lay before him, hidden in the imminent future, another love, of a very different kind—a love which was to try him as in the fire, and yet to yield him at last the greatest happiness that man can know; a love which was to be the shaping and the making of his life.



## CHAPTER V

### 1894: TRANSITION TO JOHN

SCARCELY had Jack returned from Africa when his father sent him off again on another mining inspection—this time to Russia.

A speech delivered nearly forty years later contains an anecdote of this period <sup>1</sup>:

I was once before in Varsovie—in 1891 that was. My stay was short but impressive. I was a very young man, ignorant of all languages except my own and a little French, and travelling from Berlin towards South Russia. In Varsovie I had to pass from station to station, and I took a droschky, piled my luggage on it, made my bargain with the driver—ten roubles, and set forth. That drive was all romance to me; the cobblestones, more pronounced than any I had ever encountered, the cries of the coachman, the flourish of his whip, the jingle of his bells; the great grey swirling river below the bridge; and the beautiful town, so romantic and shall I say outlandish to my unsophisticated eyes?

But the really romantic was to come. In the middle of a sort of desert which seemed to lie between the town and the west-going station my droschky driver suddenly drew up, leaped down, and said: "Twenty roubles!" "Ten," I said. "Twenty," he said, and began to haul my luggage off his droschky.

I looked at him. He was a fierce man; I looked at the desert—it seemed considerable; I looked at my watch—twenty minutes to the train. "All right," I said; "twenty roubles!" and I handed them to him. He took them like a lamb, replaced my luggage, cracked his whip, and set off full speed. I have never forgotten the nobility of that man. Did he stop again, pull off the luggage a second time, and demand forty roubles? Not he! He drove straight to the station, just in time for the train; I had only to wait two hours for it.

Ah! The Varsovie of those days was a true city of romance!"

<sup>1</sup> This date was, of course, an error of memory.

## TRANSITION TO JOHN

In South Russia he stayed with his cousin Herbert Marshall, who was settled there and later married a Russian wife, Olga Shestakov. He took this opportunity of visiting the Crimea; thence he proceeded by way of the Black Sea (and an exceedingly disagreeable and stormy passage it was) to Constantinople. On his return home he settled down to read Law again—Admiralty Law this time—and to a renewed intimacy with the Sandersons.

Of his slight legal activities an account is given by his cousin Edwin (Ned) Galsworthy, who, though little older than Jack, was the partner of Jack's father in the firm of J. and E. H. Galsworthy!

When we wanted advice on important points of law we used to prepare cases for the opinion of a Q.C. and Mr. John Galsworthy Jr. In such cases the Opinion is written after the solicitors have had a consultation with the two Counsel, and the Opinion is drafted by the Junior, submitted by him to the Leader, and, when approved, signed by them both. I remember one Opinion was thought by old John Galsworthy to be so able that he had many copies printed and circulated among his Co-Directors and other friends.

Such an Opinion is the following:

### CAPE COPPER COY:

V.

R——.

### *JOINT OPINION OF*

MR. C. A. CRIPPS, Q.C., M.P.<sup>1</sup>

&

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Plaintiffs in the action can only succeed on proof of fraud, and, as at present instructed, there is no sufficient proof.

There is no warranty by the defendant that the share warrants were issued by him or that he was entitled to dispose of the same. If there is any representation to be implied from the defendants signature of the application forms it is limited to a representation that the defendant was authorised by the actual holder to make

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Parmoor.

Lape Copper Coy

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Joint Opinion of  
Mr. C. A. Cuppes L.C. J. P.  
Mr. John Galsworthy.

The Plaintiffs in the action can only succeed on proof of fraud, and, as at present untroubled, there is no sufficient proof.

There is no warranty by the defendant that the share warrants were issued by him or that he was entitled to dispose of the same. If there is any representation to be implied from the defendant's signature of the application forms it is limited to a representation that the defendant was authorised by the actual holder to make the application. The defendant was so authorised, although he would of course be liable if a party to the fraud. In our opinion the Company would be well advised to compromise the action.

C. A. Cuppes  
John Galsworthy

the application. The defendant was so authorised, although he would of course be liable if a party to the fraud. In our opinion the Company would be well advised to compromise the action.

C. A. CRIPPS.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

On one occasion (continues Cousin Ned) we had to prepare a petition for payment out of Court of a very large sum of money to which our clients had become absolutely entitled, and old John Galsworthy thought that, although Unopposed Petitions are dealt with by only one Counsel, this case justified the briefing of two Counsel, as the sum involved was so large, so he told me to brief a Q.C. as well as his son.

Petitions were then heard on Saturdays, and on these days my partner did not come to business, but on this occasion he came to the Courts of Justice to witness his son's appearance in Court, and, pending the case coming on, he walked up and down the corridor with Jack. Unopposed Petitions came on after unlisted applications, so it was impossible to know exactly when our Case would be called on, so I went into the Court and watched proceedings. The Case was called on, and our leading Counsel got up and said a few words, and the Judge said he had read the affidavits and was quite satisfied, and he made the order asked for, the costs to come out of the Fund in Court. The whole thing only occupied a few minutes, and, when it was over, I went out and saw old John Galsworthy and his son still walking up and down together. I went up to the old man and said: "Well, we got that order all right." "What?" shouted old John Galsworthy. I repeated the remark, and said it was all over. He gave a huge guffaw, and, turning to his son, said: "Jack, endorse your brief," and then, looking at me, said: "Tell him what to say."

This was the only occasion when Jack received from us a Brief to appear in Court, so far as I can recollect, though he may have received Briefs from other solicitors.

If he did—which is doubtful—they were few indeed, and in only one instance of more moment than that recorded—an unusual and complicated case of barratry. In fact, the only relic of his dalliance with the Law seems to be a solitary leather-bound notebook, containing notes of his on Torts, the Employer's Liability Act (1880), Lord Campbell's Act (1843 and 1846), False Imprisonment, Libel

and Slander, Criminal Laws, and other matters of this nature. Yet there was to come a day when he would turn these distasteful studies to account.

Meanwhile—little though it might seem so at the time—from the circle of the Sandersons at Elstree was coming a far more fruitful stimulus. These brothers and sisters—all of them thoughtful and intelligent, and nearly all of them his juniors—had for Jack not only the companionship of fun and laughter but the friendship of the mind as well. The jokes, the games, the high spirits went on as before, they still came to him for those; but now they turned to him, eager too to discuss life, with all its problems, in all its aspects and bearings, knowing that, as their trust made them open with him, so he would deal faithfully with them. Thereby they did service to him as well as to themselves; he was not the man to fob them off with a hasty or a careless answer, and was thus compelled to formulate to himself with care and precision (so far as might be) the nature and degree of his own ideas and beliefs. It is to this relationship of honesty and frankness that we owe the singular interest and value of the following letters, written to Monica, the eldest Miss Sanderson.

The causes of the change which John Galsworthy underwent during these years have been wondered and guessed at, but never understood; these letters lighten the mystery. There is in them still much of the old J. G. left, there is already much of the new; and they give us a uniquely suggestive view of the process of transition at work.

HOTEL DES BAINS,  
MENTON.

*March 28th, 1894.*

MY DEAR MONICA,—Thank you very much for your letter; I think it is awfully nice and friendly of you to have told me what you think, and I endeavour to take it to heart. I am staying here with some Russian friends of mine<sup>1</sup> that I met in the Crimea, awfully nice people, whose views are exactly the same as your own. I suppose you will say to that, you don't see how anybody could hold any different views; true, if people were all built the same way internally and were given to thinking. I never have thought much about it, but anyway as far as I am concerned the "hell" shall not be benefited directly or indirectly; but I think

<sup>1</sup> The Shestakovs.

you are perhaps not right about not witnessing such things; whether it does any good to oneself I am not sure, but I don't see how it does harm, and my sympathies are not sufficiently active for it to sadden me. What is a good thing to quicken the sympathies?—because I want it badly. I have only been over once, and saw enough to convince me that I had better not play; excitement is exceedingly beloved of my soul, only I am too slack to go out of my way to obtain it, which is perhaps lucky.

This is certainly a lovely part of the world; moreover the sun shines, which is after all the main thing. The worst part in the scenery is the bareness and greyness of the mountains; it would suit you, but I like more colour, and for that reason it doesn't compare, to my mind, with the Pacific scenery. The sea and sky are marvellously blue, and bluest of all at Monte Carlo. I have been on one donkey expedition and am going another this afternoon; it is rather fun, only one feels inclined to pick up the donkeys and carry them under one's arm at times. . . .

Blow the blotting paper, it is beastly.

Sept. 8th, '94.

CRAIG LODGE.

DEAR MONICA,—The Sabbath and a lovely day! “happy thought,” drag the pond. I am dragging it, and the following is some of the best mud to be found at the bottom thereof. If you ever get to the end of this you will, I imagine, not say again that my epistles are too short. “Conceive me if you can” at the pigeon caves, just the rock above where we sat when you and Totte<sup>1</sup> came with us, with Lass<sup>2</sup> radiant and Jeyes—fluidy from her Sunday tub to bear us company. Only three clouds in the sky, just dimpled little flakes of snow, sun beyond one's wildest dreams in this land of vapour, and an absolutely innumerable smile on the face of your favourite, the sea. The Isle of Man looking like the ghost of some buried and forgotten land brooding over its wrongs just opposite, and the matter-of-fact coastline with its radiant cornfields staring at it with such a smiling scepticism. It always strikes me when everything looks at its best how utterly incapable one is of enjoying it properly. I always want to get inside beautiful things and feel more in touch with them; and somehow one can never get far enough; I wonder if you have the feeling too.

Awfully sorry you haven't been here this last week, old girl;

<sup>1</sup> Agnes Sanderson, the second sister.

<sup>2</sup> Lass, J. G.'s. first black spaniel, mother of Chris, the subject of *Memories*.

you would have enjoyed it like everything; you can't imagine how jolly the place looks in really fine weather—at all events from the shooter's point of view, who certainly gets the best of the scenery. Corn, sea, and heather are an almost ideal combination under the skies we have been having. We have had comparatively capital sport since you left, have got 50 brace of partridges already, and a good many grouse and Black game. One day we got 14 brace of partridges, another 11 brace, and once on the moor 12½ brace grouse and blk. game; the weather has made all the difference. I expect you have heard all the family news over and over again, so I will not inflict it on you, beyond saying everyone is fit and well; your Dad keeps wonderfully well so far. Grey<sup>1</sup> has maintained an uninterrupted flow of spirits and makes things hum, in the evenings especially, when Hal<sup>2</sup> indulges, according to his very reprehensible wont, in Bach. Greyling is the most amusing little snipe of his age I know; he is a dear little chap, and as a sportsman an object of considerable admiration to me (if only he wouldn't talk so, in a very shrill voice with a vast stammer). He never seems discouraged, though sometimes he goes all day for one or two birds.

Murray<sup>3</sup> and I have had some more jaws since that on the day you left, but we are *in statu quo*, neither having budged an inch. After all it seems to me that Faith is a very little thing compared to Courage. What is it? Only a means to that end; and, unless one conscientiously believes, it is childish to try and make oneself do so. The great thing, I take it, is to cultivate a stiff upper lip, both for the world's buffetings, and for what, if anything, we are going into, afterwards. I have found two passages in *The Story of an African Farm* which just about sum up my idea of religion; show 'em to you some day. Murray and Vie<sup>4</sup> have just been reading it, and, rather to my amusement, are enthusiastic about it after much protesting beforehand that they should hate it. Murray is a splendid chap, but I think his ideas are still a bit uncrystallized. I am glad he is coming up to town soon; he is the sort of chap who might put one in the way of doing some sort of good, I don't cotton to most of the fellows who are given that way. My fault, I know, but I find them dull. Have you read the accounts of the gold finds in Western Australia? If it wasn't for my governor I should like to join two or three fellows and have a shy at them. It does seem to me so beastly dull to go on

<sup>1</sup> Grey Sanderson, the fourth brother.

<sup>3</sup> The second brother.

<sup>2</sup> The third brother.

<sup>4</sup> The fourth sister.

grinding at a profession or business just to make money, when one might make as much in two or three years; and even if one didn't, I think the life would be good for one, harden one up a bit. I must say I should like to make some tin; it is an awful bore always being hard up more or less. How go *Monte Cristo* and *The Cloister on the Hearth*? or is it *and the Hearth*? I have read *Diana Tempest* and some Spanish Grammar—and that is all. (Oh! by the way I forgot *Sartor Resartus*—yours, which I did not seem to find uncut; rum book; I didn't care very much for it—too many words, liked a few passages.) I didn't see that *Diana Tempest* is to be raved about; it is above the average of 3 vol. novels though, and the drawing of the men's characters is distinctly good for a woman. . . . This is a pause, during which, being done on one side, I have turned round. Lass is now sitting exactly where you sat first, and is regarding me with a most meditative tongue. Several butterflies about to-day, and, of course, being Sunday, any amount of pigeons. Hal's pastors and masters seem to be of opinion that it would be waste of time for him to go to Cambridge. I should think so too. Where a man wants a little social bolstering up by all means let him go to the 'Varsity and take a degree, which, rightly or wrongly (mostly wrongly, I think,) is regarded as a sort of guarantee of gentility; but all that being by the way in Hal's case, I should have thought what he wanted was lots of practical work and a month's holiday and travel, to open out his mind a bit. He is not the cut to be a 'Varsity success. I suppose you have heard that Conrad has been appointed first mate of the *Torrens* again; it is about the best thing that could happen to him, as the voyage suits him and the ship is a very comfortable and pleasant one. Being always with the sea as one is here makes me rather restless, I suppose you don't find that, as you haven't tasted travel as yet.

I do wish I had the gift of writing, I really think that is the nicest way of making money going, only it isn't really the writing so much as the thoughts that one wants; and, when you feel like a very shallow pond, with no nice cool deep pools with queer and pleasant things at the bottom, what's the good? I suppose one could cultivate writing, but one can't cultivate clear depths and quaint plants. That pool to the right of this rock as we look to the sea—you remember it—is full of nice things. Lass says Come home, and so does my inside, which rejoiceth in a vacuum. . . .

Done on the other side too.



LOWBRIDGE, KENDAL,  
WESTMORELAND.

Sept. 20.

DEAR MONICA,—I am in an exceedingly shaky carriage somewhere about Dumfries on my way down from Craig Lodge to the above place which is where I went to stay when I left you last year at Crafen, so please excuse this spidery epistle. I am travelling down with Mary Watson<sup>1</sup> and we are the first to flit. I was going to have come back to Craig Lodge, but having had another rather superior invitation at the last minute decided to come down for good, so “*me voilà*,” accompanied as usual by numerous packages including the blessed old fencing foils, which have been regular white elephants since we left Hayford.

If your nonsensical letters are always like the last I don't want any sense from you—give me nonsense and plenty of it. What you say about a soul, *i.e.* beauty and goodness, or, I should rather call it, eternal fitness, underlying everything, is absolutely true, I think, and just leads up to what my real creed is, and I don't want you to think that it is a low one, because I really think it is a loftier and a more complete one than your own, and I mean to set it down some day soon, and if you read it you will perhaps twig my ideas, which I don't think you do at present. I can't give you an idea of what I mean in a railway carriage, which not only jolts one's writing but one's ideas all to pieces. What a pity it is that one can have lofty ideas of what is right and good and yet be such a worm. I like what you say about self-development and I believe it; but where's the energy to come from? That's all nonsense, you will say, but it is the hardest thing in the world to pump up energy. I am sitting opposite to what I am convinced is a newly married couple *after* the honeymoon, not before; there is such a brand-new look about them albeit the gilt seems to be coming off the gingerbread. Do you remember our journey down to Hayford and the old man and the young lady, and the crumbs—wot larks!

When I leave Lowbridge I am going to stay with the Hills's<sup>2</sup> at Corby, such a jolly old place overlooking some most beautiful woods fringing a perfect river; and then I am going to behold the married bliss of my friend Polly Parker,<sup>3</sup> so I don't expect to get back to town before the middle of next month. We are just getting into Carlisle, so I must dry up.

<sup>1</sup> A cousin of the Sandersons.

<sup>2</sup> The parents of his friend John Waller Hills (now Maj. the Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills, P.C., M.P.).

<sup>3</sup> Charlie Parker, an intimate friend of the Galsworthys.

## TRANSITION TO JOHN

Who has not felt that good works and dullness are apt to go together? The days were still distant when he was to be a notable exception to that rule. In this respect he had not changed; but, in regard to literature, the bookish discussions at Elstree under the presidency of Conrad had brought him among the ranks of those to whom technique mattered. Now, ever so vaguely, the outline of Jack's career was beginning to crystallize. There is indeed about these letters the feeling of a momentary pause; the unspoken question "What now?" hangs in the air. He was, as it were, swept and garnished for the paramount formative influence of his life. One cannot but marvel at the neatness with which the pieces of the pattern fitted in, at the *à propos* with which that influence was exerted the moment he was ready for it. "What is a good thing to quicken the sympathies?" he had written. With impressive speed the answer came, and left him with sympathies quickened indeed into a burning and quenchless pity for sorrows not his own.

## CHAPTER VI

1895 : CRISIS

IN a life both by choice and by chance devoid (on the whole) of sensation and event the crisis which now came upon John Galsworthy stands dramatically out. This, however, is the least of the reasons which make it so important. In the first place, it was no less than the pivot of his life and character, both of which it permanently altered; and although at first there was much unhappiness mixed with the rapture that it brought, its effects were in every way beneficial. Moreover, it exacted of him an emotional and imaginative toll which endowed him with pity and comprehension; and it yielded him as perfect a mate as ever man had. Again, both the man and the writer are the better understood through the story of his love; for without Ada Galsworthy he might never have become a writer, and without the experience of these years he must, had he written at all, have written very differently. Indirectly, indeed, the effects of these happenings never ended; for, long after the period of trial was past and done, and he had assimilated all it had to teach him, she was still by his side, an inspiring and heartening influence in his life.

The train of events which was to change the face of life for him began—remotely enough, to all appearance—on the last day of April in 1891, with the marriage of his first cousin Arthur Galsworthy to Ada Cooper, the daughter of Emanuel Cooper, M.D., of Norwich. The new Mrs. Galsworthy possessed beauty, charm, and intelligence, and was welcomed as a recruit by the whole family—especially by John's two sisters. Both shared her passion for music, and became her close and devoted friends; and music counted especially in the bond between her and Mabel Galsworthy, for they were soon studying under the same teacher. John himself, like the rest, was delighted with her; but the first eighteen months or so of her married life coincided with his travels, so that he saw

little or nothing of her, though she was not altogether absent from his thoughts. On his return they met again, and her name would be often on his sisters' lips. What they had to say made bitter hearing.

Ada Galsworthy's first marriage was a tragic mistake. Blameless and helpless, she was living in extreme unhappiness. Her two loyal friends were doing all they could—which was little enough; and from them their brother began to learn—with what distress may be imagined—the torment that married misery can be. It was a very education in pity, and it was to last for many years.

There was as yet no thought of love between them; but he had always liked her, and now that his chivalry and compassion were aroused it was natural that she should become more prominent in his thoughts. So, gradually they drew closer. Their first meeting some three years before at a dinner-party given in her honour by his parents, when she appeared, as was then the custom, in her wedding-dress, and after dinner “earned,” as she put it, “some laurels very cheaply” by accompanying him at sight in *Dinah Doe* and other masterpieces of the period; the renewal of their acquaintance, after his travels, over pigeon pie at the Eton and Harrow match at Lords in 1893; that summer day of 1894 when he sought her out in South Kensington later in the afternoon, after they had already met at the marriage of his sister Lilian to the painter, Georg Sauter, and their wistful talk of the much-loved friend and sister they had “lost”; the encounter, in Easter Week 1895, at the Gare du Nord in Paris, when, as he was seeing her and her mother off, she spoke the fateful words: “Why don’t you write? You’re just the person”—by such steps they came together. They were soon meeting as often as possible, and he read her his stories as they came to him. But their minds and their hearts were full and busy with other things as well, for the first phase of their joint history was nearly over now, and they were rapidly and surely falling in love.

Then, in September of 1895, they became lovers, and there began the long turmoil of their hearts—that life “spun between ecstasy and torture”—which was to last through nine mortal years. For themselves their course was simple. Concealment was repugnant to both of them, and there was every argument in favour of openness. Every argument, that is, save one, and that fatal. What

of the old man, his father? Absorbed though they were in each other, he must not, should not be forgotten. He was seventy-eight years old, and a Victorian of the Victorians in many ways, for all his bigness of soul; could he be expected to accept with composure that which training and the habit of years must force him to regard as a scandal? If it be objected, on the one hand, that the sacrifice was too great, their conscientiousness exaggerated, or, on the other, that her husband was the first person to be considered, the answer comes, firstly, that the circumstances fully—even amply—entitled Ada Galsworthy to take her happiness where she could find it, and, secondly, that they are seldom if ever wrong, who choose, as these two did, the unselfish course. At any rate, "Neither," wrote one of them, "would contemplate for one moment doing anything that could grieve the very declining years of his father, to whom they were both utterly devoted; and so they went on—furtive but never ashamed, agonized but deliriously happy, meeting on edge, parting in dejection; she always ready to lie down and die, he always ready to outface the devil and destruction."

Herein, for all the objections of the frigid and the insensitive, lies the clue to Galsworthy's insistence on the theme of the loveless marriage. Small wonder that these years left an indelible mark on him! It was a heavy burden of denial that they had taken up, and what it must have cost them is difficult to compute. A man and woman in the spring-tide of their passion were scarcely likely to be content with stolen, transient meetings; and through all those years the moments of joy and solace which were undoubtedly theirs were paid for over and over again in hours of wretchedness and longing.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the one thing that made it all possible was that the attitude of the family as a whole was unfailingly friendly; even—and this is noteworthy—that of the immediate family of her first husband.

So it dragged on and on—the loving, and the longing, and the passionate pitiful rapture.

The Boer War came, and Arthur Galsworthy went out to South Africa. It was not until the beginning of 1902 that his wife finally resolved to cut adrift. This she did by settling in a flat of her own in Campden House Chambers, Campden Hill, very close to Tor Gardens, where her lover's sister Mabel (by now Mrs. Reynolds)

<sup>1</sup> Let any sceptic turn to *The Demi-Gods*, on a later page.

was living at No. 10. Here she remained for nearly three years. Then, in December of 1904, old John Galsworthy died, and, overwhelmed with deepest grief and joy, they knew that life was changed, and the period of their bondage over.

They spent a few weeks together at the farm-house on the edge of Dartmoor which was later to become their country home. There they were evidently watched; for after their return—she to her flat, he to his studio at 16 Aubrey Walk—they were served, much to their satisfaction, with divorce petition papers. On January 10, 1905, they left for Italy, where they travelled about, returning to London in September. They were married on September 23rd—the very day after the expiry of the six months' *nisi* period, and settled happily down in a little old house in Addison Road. The long ordeal was over.

Never did couple love each other more, nor with better cause. Not only were they more than others lovable, but to love is to give, and they gave as few have it in their power or in their hearts to do. And because the adoration of each was selfless, and because such is the way of things, there had come to them in due season their exceeding great reward. As they had sown, so they were to reap. Their communion endured unshaken to the end. Whether the period of waiting cemented even more strongly the fabric of their union, who shall say? One would have thought it must—and yet, had the course of their love run smooth, one cannot imagine them one jot less devoted, so truly were they made for each other. Not for them the conflict which can arise between the woman and the art a writer loves and serves. Far otherwise: John Galsworthy had good cause to thank his wife publicly (as he did in the dedications of *The Forsyte Saga* and *A Modern Comedy*) for the priceless service she rendered him. Indeed, two unpublished versions of the dedication of the earlier trilogy do perhaps even ampler justice to his sense of the unique way in which she combined sympathy and encouragement with critical power and insight.

To my wife (runs one) I superdedicate in its entirety *The Forsyte Saga*, whose first word was written on Campden Hill, London, of a May morning in 1903, and whose last word was written at Hampstead on August 15, 1920. Of all my work I have most enjoyed the making of this Chronicle, and on the whole I set more store by it than by anything else I have written up to

now. This is why I superdedicate the whole of it to one without whose instigation, sympathy, interest, and criticism my "obscure inner necessity" might never have pushed through the mufflement of circumstance, and made me a writer—such as I am."

The other tells us more yet :

*The Forsyte Saga* is dedicated in its entirety to my Wife, being in the opinion of its author the best of his work, and the fittest to be dedicated to the dearest and most lovely companion, the most faithful helpmate, and best natural critic a man ever had.

"The dearest and most lovely companion"—yes, there, after all, lies the heart of the matter. Before all, above all, she was for him the woman who enriched his life with a treasure the like of which could never be again. With all the wealth of her passionate devotion, her grace and charm, her wit and sympathy, she was his utterly, anxious only to know that he was as content as her sedulous, unobtrusive care could make him. With the innocent magic of a look, a smile, the inflection of a voice she cast an enchantment over his days. Was he tired and dispirited? She was there, soothing and comfortable. Was he in full production, with a sheaf of quarto pages to submit to her? She was ready with acute and perceptive critical armoury. Had he some exaltation, some rapture of the spirit, to share with her? [Here too she was at hand, she rose to meet him effortlessly, and they were more than ever at one. By her share in them she halved his sorrows and redoubled his joys.]

With every one of his own splendid gifts he in turn royally endowed her; he was indispensable to her, and she to him. To instance the sunshine which he so loved is but dimly and spectrally to shadow his need of her. The genial sun brought him well-being of body and brain—a beloved, but a more superficial ministrant; but when *she* was not at his side, something seemed to darken in his soul, for the light and the shadow of his spirit were her coming and her going. In being his best and wisest critic she did much—very much; in being herself she did still more. She was to him the breath of life; in her sunshine he warmed, he expanded, he was himself; without her no sun shone, no stars circled.



*G. Sauter pin*

ADA GALSWORTHY, 1897





## PART II



## CHAPTER I

1896-1901 · AUTHORSHIP : JOHN SINJOHN

JOHN GALSWORTHY's character was now rapidly maturing; from the sweet-natured, urbane, rather aimless young man had emerged a lover and a worker, busy both in heart and in brain. This double revolution in his life dates, as we have seen, from about the middle of 1895; 1896 was a year perhaps even riper and more resolute in the two great desires of his life; and this was natural, for it was in them that he had found himself. Each week, each month added its sum to the total. Time and again his love, out of its poignant medley, brought him some fresh and lively experience of joy or bitterness to garnish his spiritual storehouse; each completed story left him by so much the nearer to his goal, telling as it did, below the mere surface fiction, the tenser story of some technical problem, some nicety in the rendering of human character or values, attacked and maybe solved. Truly by constancy did John Galsworthy attain the twin desires of his soul. That the difficulties in the way of his love demanded of him a stout heart we have seen; literature was in its way no less exacting. That point it is needless to labour. Every apprenticeship that leads in the end to mastery is perforce a hard one; and here was no exception to the rule. To love no incitement was required; whereas, in the drabber, dourer, altogether less glamorous matter of literary drudgery, encouragement and advice were precious. Ada Galsworthy of course was his inspiration; and to that stimulus were later added the care and sympathy of his sister Lilian and his friend Conrad.

From 1890 to 1894 he had read Law, first at Mr. Medd's, 5 Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, secondly with Bradley Dyne, Q.C., at 2 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and thirdly with Laing, Q.C. In November 1894 he had taken Chambers of his own at 3 Paper Buildings, Temple. Meanwhile, he had for the first time taken rooms (shared, as we know, with G. M. Harris) at 3 Palace Street,

Buckingham Gate, after which they had moved to a flat in St. Margaret's Mansions, Victoria Street. About this time he returned home to Cambridge Gate, living there but keeping private quarters at 2 Cedar Studios, Glebe Place, Chelsea. (He later moved to 4 Lawrence Mansions, Chelsea Embankment, and finally to 16a Aubrey Walk, Campden Hill—his latest habitat before his marriage.) So, amid all this turmoil and endeavour, withdrawn from his friends, he was living among his family—in the society, whenever possible, of his beloved, and, for the rest, chiefly of their two dear friends his sisters, with whom he could at least talk of her and be sure of finding true sympathy. There were occasional snatches of bliss, when the two lovers slipped away from London and found brief happiness abroad, away from the gloom and stress that encompassed them at home; it was on one such occasion that he came across the striking old figure for whom he later invented the story *A Knight*. Otherwise, all that was galling and irksome in their situation remained unchanged; not so, however, his wordly situation, in view of the decisive step which he was now taking. This was symbolized by the giving up of his legal Chambers, which he himself has ascribed to this year, though it appears, on reference to the records of the General Council of the Bar, that he remained the official occupant till 1900. Nonetheless, given up they certainly were in any professional sense, for, in spite of his parent's disapproval, he now definitely, once and for all, abandoned the Bar and settled down to make his career as a writer.

This needed a certain courage. To the attitude of his parents he had no solid prospects to oppose; nor anything behind him but a few short stories and a limitless enthusiasm and determination. They, on the other hand, thought a good deal of the Law, and very little of Literature, so that the change was doubly unwelcome to them. The Law, after all, was very much like the Forsyte saddle of mutton, of which it was to be written: "There is something in its succulent solidity which makes it suitable to people of a certain position. It is nourishing and—tasty; the sort of thing a man remembers eating. It has a past and a future, like a deposit paid into a bank; and it is something that can be argued about." . . . As for the parental attitude towards authorship, his mother, who held definite views on the greater "niceness" of being a barrister than an author, made all that quite clear. Down at Hindhead,

during the summer holidays, she was sitting to her son-in-law Georg Sauter, who tried, as he painted, to draw her out on the subject of art and literature. Meeting with little or no success, he ventured at last on a direct question; out came the answer: "Oh, I don't want my son to be a famous author." But, though the mother might make a stand for niceness and the father for solidity, Lilian Sauter was on her brother's side. So long ago as 1892, as an entry in her diary briefly records, she had discussed with him a book which she thought of writing. She was, as Henry James said of himself, "ferociously literary," and John's aspirations had her entire sympathy. Moreover, she had felt, like him, the constraint of their mother's precise and narrow idealism. (All the same, as soon as her son's first book appeared, Mrs. Galsworthy subscribed to a Press Agency. . . .) Gradually, however, the change was recognized as a *fait accompli*; John quietly and tenaciously stuck to his guns; and, besides, the Galsworthys were far too sincerely fond of their son to wish to thwart him or to see him restless and dissatisfied. Once, therefore, having perceived that his heart was really set on writing, they acquiesced with a reasonably good grace.

So that was settled. John was now *in posse*, if not *in esse*, a literary man. The next thing was to produce a book.

Though doubtless he still took his walks at night among the "down and out"—now perhaps more than ever drawn to them through his perception, though on so different a plane, of what hunger can mean—few traces of these experiences are to be found in the ten stories which were in existence by the early months of 1897. To one alone, in fact, can such an ascription possibly be given. For the rest, he had drawn chiefly on his memories of travel. The majority were set in some far corner or other of the Empire to which he had himself penetrated; almost all were uncomplicated tales, innocently sensational or sentimental, neat and slight—creditable for a beginner, hardly in themselves suggestive of possible greatness.

The book now being ready, the final step was to find a publisher. He appeared in the person of Mr. Fisher Unwin, who published the collection under the title of *From the Four Winds* during that same year of 1897. True, the edition was of only five hundred copies, and publication was on commission—that is to say, at the

author's expense; but a milestone had nonetheless been reached, and a career begun.

With maturing craft and judgment this volume, as well as that which followed it, was jettisoned by its author, who never permitted it to be reprinted. Only two of the stories need claim our attention. One of these, *The Demi-Gods* (the last in the collection), though a failure as a story is drawn directly from scenes in which he himself had figured:

*But* another twenty-four hours, and then back to prison—to prison—to prison. The thought beat through both hearts, with the level monotony of a tolling for the dead, for the glorious dead, for the month past of a sweet and lovely life together in the garden of rest.

To-morrow was the ending of all life and light, bringing with it for her a separation from the true self, a return behind the triumphant car of a mocking and over-riding fate, to a caged existence, a loathed companionship, a weary, weary beating of the breast against the bars; for him—a legion of mind-devils, torturing, twisting, lying in wait at every turn and corner of life, ever alert and ever cruel, and a dreary, craving ache.

To-morrow was the farewell of their love, perhaps till the grave—who knows? their great and burning love, that had given all and taken all, that had cared with an exceeding tenderness for every thought and movement, that was old, yet had not tired, that had known and understood, having no depths to sound, no heights to win; that tree which, planted in the moist, cool earth of comradeship, had grown steadily and grandly till it rejoiced in the sweet foliage of a perfect trust, and the glorious flowers of passion.

Perhaps this passage explains more clearly than any other words could do how deeply love's distress had sunk into his soul—how natural it is that it should have coloured for life both his mind and his art. The second story, *The Doldrums*, is one of the best, if not the best, in the book; but its peculiar interest is that one of the principal characters is drawn from Joseph Conrad, and the action has a substratum of fact in an incident which occurred on board the *Torrens*. Conrad himself, on learning that his friend was "commencing author," had written to Fisher Unwin on March 26th:

A friend of mine, Jack Galsworthy, has been down here to tell me that you are going to publish a vol. of short stories by him.

. . . the sly dog never told me he wrote. He is a first-rate fellow, clever, has seen the world. I trust the venture will be in every way satisfactory. I wait anxiously.

*From the Four Winds* received at least forty-two notices, almost all of which were favourable. The consensus of opinion was that here was a very versatile and readable book of stories in the Kipling manner—not so good, of course, and with this or that weakness, according to the taste of each critic, but at this rate (added one or two papers) the writer might go far. The name of Kipling occurs in seventeen of these notices—exactly one in three—and the names of Bret Harte, Flora Annie Steele, and Hubert Crackenthorpe are also mentioned. The influence of Kipling Galsworthy himself admitted, as we shall see. There was the usual diversity of opinion as to the relative merits of the stories; a runaway favourite was *Tally-ho—Budmash*, though the *Bookman's* comment ran:

There is one story quite as bad as Kipling's tales of child life in India.

Dick Denver, however, was the character that aroused the widest difference of opinion.

So much for *From the Four Winds*, which had not even been published when his second book was already on the stocks—a novel this time—and by the end of the year he was consulting Conrad as to the marketing of it. "I return F.U's letter," wrote Conrad. "I think you ought to stick to him. He has *means* to push a book—the connection, and the best agent in the trade. Terms—I should say: 5d. per copy first 500. Then 10d. up to 2000; afterwards 12d. Ask more than you would take. . . ." Yet it was not till the end of January that the book was offered to the publisher:

Jan. 29th, /98.

JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB.

DEAR MR. UNWIN,—I am sending you by hand my new book. I have not yet given it a name. It is a connected story, about 57,000 words.

If you decide to take it, I would suggest—as terms—some such arrangement as the following. Author to receive 5d. per copy up to 500 copies; 10d. 500-2000; after that 1/- per copy.

With my kind regards.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.



*January 29th.*

JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB.

DEAR MR. UNWIN,—It occurs to me that by a most singular oversight, I sent my MSS. to you this morning absolutely unsigned; in fact with no marks of ownership whatever. Would you be so very kind as to see that someone labels it "John Sinjohn" before it goes to the reader's.

With many apologies for troubling you.—I am, sincerely yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*Feb. 11, 1898.*

DEAR MR. UNWIN,—I have to thank you for your letter of yesterday's date. I am sorry you do not see your way to "venturing" my book. I am disinclined to undertake any of the expense myself.

If upon a reconsideration of the matter you feel it impossible to "venture" the book—giving me, *after* the clear sale of 500 copies, a royalty of say 9d. per copy—I should be much obliged if you will return me the MS. at your earliest convenience. I have an offer for the book, and as the season is advancing, every day is of importance.

I should be very glad indeed to have your view and criticism upon the book, which I should greatly value.

With kind regards.—Believe me, yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*February 16th.*

DEAR MR. UNWIN,—I have just received your letter as I have been away. Thank you very much for the kindness of it, and also for the enclosed comments, which if a little discouraging were most valuable and interesting reading.

With my kind regards.—Believe me, very truly yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

However, though *Jocelyn* was soon to share the fate of its predecessor, the circumstances of its publication were more satisfactory, for, through the author's friends John Waller Hills and Guy Granet, he met a young publisher, named Gerald Duckworth, who was ready to publish the book at his own risk. So the negotiations with Fisher Unwin lapsed; and over dinner at the Junior Carlton Club (of which Galsworthy was a member from 1896 to 1904) the terms were settled, and the volume duly appeared.

Giles Legard, thirty-five years old, of independent means,

reserved, and indolent, has never loved his wife Irma, nor she him. Why they ever married is a mystery which their creator does not explain. But now he has fallen in love with a young English friend of hers, Jocelyn Ley. Giles and Jocelyn struggle with their passion; Irma, well aware, is magnanimous, though the effort costs her something.

On an uncontrollable impulse, Jocelyn gives herself to Giles, only to undergo a violent revulsion of feeling. Although she still really loves him, Giles decides that he had better go away. But first he must see his wife. He goes to her room, and finds her unconscious under the influence of an overdose of morphia, taken inadvertently. He leaves the house without doing anything, and on his return an hour or so later he finds that she is dead.

She is found dead by a friend of hers, a Swede named Nielsen, who earns his living by systematic gambling, and who is in love with Jocelyn. Suspecting the truth, he resolves to warn Jocelyn. When it comes to the point, however, he cannot do it; he does his best to lie, but only succeeds in making Jocelyn fear that Irma committed suicide because of her affair with Giles. In these circumstances Giles is compelled to confess the truth to her. Jocelyn not unnaturally feels that Irma would always stand like a shadow between them, and they part.

Some months later, in London, Giles makes one further attempt to persuade her to come to him, but without success. After a scene in the street with Nielsen, who denounces him as his wife's assassin, he leaves England for Singapore. Meanwhile, a week later, one May afternoon on the river, Nielsen proposes to Jocelyn. But, ironically, it is a remark of his which shows Jocelyn what she must do; and next morning the bird has flown—is far away. At Alexandria she boards Giles's ship; and their destinies are united.

Literary criticism as such forms no part of this life; it is therefore needless to canvass the merits of *Jocelyn*. It necessarily lacks the incisiveness of its author's maturer work because of the comparative inexperience—of life as well as of technique and expression—which, for example, makes him draw in certain instances rather obviously from his own antecedents when describing those of his hero. (To the reader, if by chance he come upon this very rare book, may be left the amusing and instructive task of determining which these instances are, remembering always that the comparison is one of situation and circumstance, not of character.) The more important

matter of the *coup de foudre* which has come upon the hero is the direct reflection of Galsworthy's own. But at this point we find clearly visible one of the lines along which his gifts were to develop, for the preoccupation with "*chagrin d'amour*" which we shall notice again and again is already a motive of his work; and Jocelyn (the heroine) is the prototype of a number of similar but more completely evolved figures, such as Gyp in *Beyond*. However, though one side of his development is already laid down, of the other—the ironical—there are not many traces. Though the most fruitful of all his material, that of the Forsytes, was already his, he was not ready to handle it; it needed a more penetrating ironic drill than he had yet forged to quarry from that refractory rock.

What is really interesting, however, is the following letter from Conrad about the book (written before negotiations had begun):

*Sunday, 16 January, 1898.*

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Writing to F.U. I would say: as to the terms of publication I would suggest the following arrangement. . . . I wouldn't take up an unyielding position.

The good lady in the north judges from a remote standpoint. It never probably occurred to her to ask herself what you intended doing—how near you've come to that intention. Now I contend that the people you take being what they are, the book is *their* psychology; if it had gone deeper it would have found nothing. This is my opinion. And the merit of the book (apart from distinguished literary expression) is just in this: you have given the exact measure of your characters in a language of great felicity, with measure, with poetical appropriateness, to characters tragic indeed but within the bounds of their nature. That's what makes the book valuable apart from its many qualities as a piece of literary work.

In fact the force of the book is in its fidelity to the surface of life—to the surface of events—to the surface of things and ideas. Now this is not being shallow. If the episode of life you describe strikes your critic as without profundity it is not because the *treatment* is not deep. To me you have absolutely touched the bottom, and the achievement is as praiseworthy as though you had plumbed the very ocean. It is not your business to invent depths—to invent depths is not art either. Most things and most natures have nothing but a surface. A fairly prosperous man in the state of modern society is without depth—but he is compli-

cated—just in the way you show him. I don't suppose you admire such beings any more than I do. Your book is a dispassionate analysis of high-minded and contemptible types—and you awaken sympathy, interest, feeling in an impartial, artistic way. It is an achievement. I am rather angry with your critic for so wholly missing the value and the *fundamental* art of the book. As to the executive beauty of the work she could not very well have said less. The book is *desperately* convincing. She quarrels with you for not making it inspiring! Just like a clever woman. You and I know there is very little inspiration in such a phase of life—but women won't have it so. Prepare yourself to be misunderstood right and left. The work is good. *And as work it is inspiring.* Even so!

I am anxious to see the added chapter. If you have a duplicate copy please send the three chapters without delay. Interpolating like this is a dangerous experiment! . . .

In spite, however, of this enthusiastic verdict, the book was later withdrawn from circulation by its author. And in December of the same year Conrad wrote to a Polish relative: "the novel is not remarkable, but the man is very pleasant and kind." So, in the end, second thoughts prevailed, with author and with critic alike. . . .

There were no second thoughts on the part of the critics, who came down heavily and promptly; of the twenty-two notices which the book received very few were favourable. Most critics found the subject morbid and unpleasant, though one went so far as to term it "an exceedingly pretty story." These (one would have thought) irreconcilable points of view were happily blended into an harmonious whole by *The Saturday Review*:

The average novel is such poor stuff that when one chances on a book at all promising one is instantly tempted to appraise it beyond its worth. *Jocelyn* is a book of this kind; it is above the common run of fiction; it is at once, in a certain limited way, a comedy of manners and a melodrama worked out with some psychological insight. The principal characters are scarcely more than phantoms, introspective phantoms, drawn somewhat in the manner of Mr. Henry James, and the plot would only grace the boards of the Adelphi . . . at this point we come to the end of the first and most interesting part of the story. The rest meanders on through a maze of tiresome psychological subtleties to a happy conclusion. Mr. Sinjohn, on the whole, puts some life into his

stale materials; he observes, he has insight, humour. If he were only content to dispense with a plot we can imagine him achieving something quite respectable in fiction.

(Nevertheless, it noticed neither of the two subsequent books.)

At this point it is time to consider Joseph Conrad and the famous friendship of thirty-nine years between him and the subject of this book. It played a very big part in the lives of both men, and has been a good deal written about, not always quite accurately. In *The Doldrums* exists a graphic picture of the early Conrad; as one who knew him well has said: "It is Conrad to the life—though, of course, by no means the whole of him." After his friend's death in 1924, John Galsworthy wrote a paper named *Reminiscences of Conrad* in which we find, maturely and retrospectively set forth, the nature of the bond between the two. Some of it has a direct relevance here:

It was in March 1893 that I first met Conrad on board the English sailing-ship *Torrens* in Adelaide Harbour. He was superintending the stowage of cargo. Very dark he looked in the burning sunlight—tanned, with a peaked brown beard, almost black hair, and dark brown eyes, over which the lids were deeply folded. He was thin, not tall, his arms very long, his shoulders broad, his head set rather forward. He spoke to me with a strong foreign accent. He seemed to me strange on an English ship. For fifty-six days I sailed in his company.

The chief mate bears the main burden of a sailing ship. All the first night he was fighting a fire in the hold. None of us seventeen passengers knew of it till long after. It was he who had most truck with the tail of that hurricane off the Leeuwin, and later with another storm. He was a good seaman, watchful of the weather, quick in handling the ship; considerate with the apprentices—we had a long unhappy Belgian youth among them, who took unhandily to the sea and dreaded going aloft; Conrad compassionately spared him all he could. With the crew he was popular; they were individuals to him, not a mere gang; and long after he would talk of this or that among them, especially of old Andy the sailmaker: "I liked that old fellow, you know." He was friendly with the young second mate, a cheerful, capable young seaman, very English; and respectful, if faintly ironic, to his whiskered, stout old English captain. I, supposed to be studying navigation for the Admiralty Bar, would every day work out the position of the ship with the captain. On one side of the

saloon table we would sit and check our observations with those of Conrad, who from the other side of the table would look at us a little quizzically. For Conrad had commanded ships, and his subordinate position on the *Torrens* was only due to the fact that he was then still convalescent from the Congo experience which had nearly killed him. Many evening watches in fine weather we spent on the poop. Ever the great teller of a tale, he had already nearly twenty years of tales to tell. Tales of ships and storms, of Polish revolution, of his youthful Carlist gun-running adventure, of the Malay seas, and the Congo; and of men and men; all to a listener who had the insatiability of a twenty-five-year-old.

On that ship he talked of life, not literature; and it is *not* true that I introduced him to the life of letters. At Cape Town, on my last evening, he asked me to his cabin, and I remember feeling that he outweighed for me all the other experiences of that voyage. Fascination was Conrad's great characteristic—the fascination of vivid expressiveness and zest, of his deeply affectionate heart, and his far-ranging subtle mind. . . .

. . . A sailor and an artist, he had little sense of money. He was not of those who can budget exactly and keep within it; and anyway he had too little, however neatly budgeted. It is true that his dramatic instinct and his subtlety would take a sort of pleasure in plotting against the lack of money, but it was at best a lugubrious amusement for one who had to whip his brain along when he was tired, when he was ill, when he was almost desperate. Letter after letter, talk after talk, unfolded to me the travail of those years. He needed to be the Stoic he really was.

I used to stay with him a good deal from 1895-1905, first at Stanford in Essex and then at Stanford in Kent. He was indefatigably good to me while my own puppy's eyes were opening to literature, and I was still in the early stages of that struggle with his craft which a writer worth his salt never quite abandons.

His affectionate interest was always wholly generous. In his letters to me—two to three hundred—there is not a sentence which breaks, or even jars, the feeling that he cared that one should do good work. There is some valuable criticism, but never any impatience, and no stinting of appreciation or encouragement. He never went back on friendship. The word "loyalty" has been much used by those who write or speak of him. It has been well used. He was always loyal to what he had at heart—to his philosophy, to his work, and to his friends; he was loyal even to his dislikes (not few) and to his scorn.

Remembering that old Confession Album in which the young Galsworthy set down Stoicism as his favourite quality in men, we may apprehend one cause of that fascination. In the following pages we shall see Conrad acting as friend and counsellor; meanwhile it must be noted how much Galsworthy gave on his side. He was the ever-present comrade, prodigal of help, sympathy, understanding. Still more in matters of the mind than in material ways did he make life easier for Conrad, as the latter's correspondence shows:

I turned to you confidently. Your words of cheer are more valuable than all the money in the world—they help one to live—while the money enables one only to exist. . . . The first letter in my new house was from you, and you must be the first visitor—the first friend under the new roof.

You have no idea how your interest in me *keeps me up*.

You take a delight in spoiling me in the tenderest way imaginable, and I'll not conceal from you that it is good, it feels very good, to be thus spoiled.

I was so touched by your letter! Believe me, I was, though I did not answer it at once. Indeed it is very difficult to answer such a message from the very force of the emotions it awakened. I thought I was very fortunate to get such a response for my work. You've done so much for me in so many ways that I have felt myself silenced a long time ago—but never have you done so much for me as when you wrote that letter.

You will never know how much your friendship and your warm affection are to me—what a help in life your personality is to my shadow.

And, most striking of all:

4 Nov. 1902.

DEAREST JACK, . . . I've come back improved and warmed—thoroughly warmed by your affection and the kindness extended to us for your sake. You've been playing the part of Providence in small things and great, and I don't know which—the small or the great—have the greater value. But there are no small things; and I am so fortunate in my relation to you that the very load of indebtedness [*sic*] is a pleasure in itself—seems in its magnitude a proof of the unchangeable feeling.

We all feel this. Borys, absolutely *propria motu* has asked to

have his hand "guided" to write to Mr. Jack, and I like him the better for this petition and Jessie is delighted. I leave them the next page for their artless effusion.—With love, ever yours,

JPH. CONRAD.

DEAR MR. JACK,—I want to tell you how much I did like to stay in your flat. Thank you ever so much. I am writing this letter all myself.

BORYS.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—This joint letter that Borys insisted upon taking a part in could not express one part of the pleasure and gratitude we feel for all your kindness. This week in London will live always in our mind; it has done Conrad so much good, not so much the complete change as your kindness and affection all the time.—Believe me, always yours,

JESSIE CONRAD.

As soon as Galsworthy confessed to Conrad that he had become a writer, his friend reciprocated warmly. We have seen him giving advice on the placing of that book (as he was to do again for *A Man of Devon*); we find him also constantly bringing his friend's work to the notice of such figures as Edward Garnett and Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford):

Hueffer fell in love with *The Four Winds*. Without sharing all his enthusiasm (I know your capacities better) I admit (and always did) that the qualities he points out are rare—and are also solid. He is struck most by *According to his Lights*, where I share his opinion that your temperament and expression are in best accord.

And it was both friendship and honesty which inspired these lines:

I'm anxious about these thousand words you have written. At this juncture *every* word is an object to be considered anxiously with heart searchings and in a spirit of severe resolution. Don't write them (words) hurriedly. I am glad you have written no more than one thousand. If it had been only one hundred I would have said it is well. Don't smile and think that it is only my own cursed tongue-tied state that gives me that point of view. There may be something of that, of course—but for the most part it is sheer conviction. And I think of your prose just as I think of my own.

To return to Galsworthy, already there were signs of a slight



headway in his career. Although appreciation of his work was limited he was beginning to find an outlet for his stories; which is perhaps the more significant in that he had not the usual spur—the need of earning money—to make him work hard to place them. Two short stories of his, at any rate, called *Nyasha* and *The Rocks* appeared in *The Anglo-American* (published at Nice) on December 9th, 1899 and February 19th, 1900; and two more, named *On the Veldt* and *Tried* (the latter clearly inspired by the famous fire at the charity bazaar in Paris in 1897) figured in *The Outlook* for December 30th, 1899 and March 31st, 1900. But the main concern of this period had been the writing of his second novel, *Villa Rubein*, whose hero and heroine were largely drawn from his brother-in-law and sister, Georg and Lilian Sauter. With much pain and much consideration the book was completed; dedicated to his sister, it appeared in the autumn of 1900. Its reception among the author's friends was varied. Mrs. Sauter wrote:

He (her husband) read it with all his greatest keenness, and he "congratulates you very much," dear boy, and wishes you all success with it—he says "tell him I *honestly* like it"—and he has been amazed all through at what he thinks a transformation in the book since he first saw it. The only thing that does not content him is the story of the escape from the police station, etc., which doesn't seem to him possible. . . . As for me, you know all I have to say. I find, too, as a *whole* it has improved much by the alterations, additions, pruning, though there were bits here and there I regret.

[From *H. G. Wells*]

Nov. 16, 1900.

ARNOLD HOUSE,  
SANDGATE, KENT.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—It was kind indeed of you to send me your book and I have read it with very keen interest and pleasure. I think it shows a really fine sense of effect and the figures (of the older men especially) finely modelled and drawn. I don't know whether I quite fall in with the central antithesis. You see I'm an extensive sceptic, no God, no King, no nationality—and among other things I don't believe in is this "Artistic Temperament." I've never met it to recognize it—conceivably because I haven't the necessary ingredients for its sympathetic recognition. I've a strong belief that the artist is just one sort of practical man and

differs—if he differs at all—from other sorts of employed pre-occupied men in his relations to women only in the fact that his work frequently stimulates his imagination in that direction. This does not lead as a rule to maiden passions for maids.—Yours ever,

H. G. WELLS.

[*From Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford)*]

ALDINGTON,  
HYTHE, KENT.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Excuse my writing by machine; Christina at this moment monopolizes the only pen there is in the house. I have just finished reading the *Villa Rubein*, with a great deal of pleasure and with my interest sustained to the last page—to the last word, even, and that is the great thing, it seems to me. I don't write as a critic, which I am not, but as a fellow craftsman who looks at a piece of work and wonders what he would have made of it himself. The mere writing is of course all right, lucid and excellent, very level, and felicitous in places—quite beyond the ordinary. Of course "writing" isn't very much; one has or hasn't it just as one has or hasn't a sense of smell; one can acquire it, but you have it and it's just as well not to have to worry, I mean rather for the reader than the writer. What however is essential for me is the "distinction" of the book; that is there beyond doubt and that *is* the essential, is why I can read the *Villa Rubein* when I can't read more than three or four of the other books that the weary year brings out. I say distinction, but there is not any word to express exactly what I mean; perhaps "temperament" comes nearer the mark. When one reads a book one is always wondering more or less what kind of a man the writer is—as writer be it said. In this case the writer is all right; speaks with a right sort of voice; has things to say worth the listening to; has a philosophy and finds expression for it. I don't mean to say that the *Villa Rubein* is a flawless masterpiece. It isn't of course. But by reason of those qualities one is made to think that the writer stands not infinite distances away from the small band in which the elect keep apart; that, given chance, luck, exemption from death, weariness, disease, old age and power to keep his face steadfastly towards the light that he has seen, the writer ought to make his way across the rough ground where the light shines on hillocks, ant-heaps, mounds, and stretch of stubble and plough, into the very circle of the light itself.

This is monstrous, patronizing, fine writing and it seems necessary to postulate that I don't write as one warming my hands by that fire and calling out: "Keep on, young man: a little to the right . . . now, a little to the left . . . mind the broken bottles or you'll cut your toes. . . ." Rather—looking towards the fire too, but from a slightly different angle, I think I see reflected light on obstacles that perhaps you do not see, and give a friendly hail.

There isn't, in fact, any doubt that you have the *right* to write, and I who am a jealous Trade Unionist cannot pay you a greater compliment or mean it more sincerely. As a matter of fact I only accord it to about a twohandsful fingers of others, if so many. That being said, I will go on to what *I* should have desired to get into the book—over and above what it has—if it were my own work. In the first place what I am always striving to get at is:

The ultimate reasons of the futile earth  
And crawling swarms of men . . .

I mean that I want to know the writer's attitude towards the Post, if not Super Natural. I don't think, whatever you have that takes the place of my Destiny—that whatever it is has enough of a show. Mind you, one asks for something to take the place of the Trinity and the Finger of God, one wants to feel after reading a book: this happened because it was absolutely impossible for it to have happened otherwise. One may or may not feel this about the *Villa Ruben*. I think myself that, given your characters, your events are all right. But that is not enough. One wants to feel, not that the Finger of Chance is the ultimate factor of the lives set before us, but that all the little chances and all of the few great haps of a life are only manifestations of the only thing that is worth the thinking about . . . of cause and effect. She was so and so because of her heredity; he so and so because of the hardships of his life acting like certain acids on certain salts. Yes, yes, *I* know it because I look out for it; but what you have to do is to prove, to the man who does not look out, that they could not possibly have *done* but what they did: because, in the scheme of things as you see it and (what is more essential) as you have hypnotized them into seeing it, such and such contacts of *a* and *b* make  $a^2+2ab+b^2$ . It is all there in the book, the Cornish-Devonshire ancestry, the contact of a hunger-weakened mind with Russian Nihilism. . . . But the points are not *quite* made, the destiny of it not *quite* brought out after being put in. One has to

stop and think. Now a perfect County Council puts sign-posts at its ventways because the roads are made for country-people primarily and only secondarily for tourists furnished with good, bad or indifferent maps.

Then again: there is not enough vinegar in the salad. You are too kind, too deferential to your characters; you haven't enough contempt, enough of the *saeva indignatio*. Perhaps you have not enough aloofness from them; have drawn them too much from the life. Catholicity is the first necessity of a writer on men; but there must also be room for the reaction. Turgenev had plenty, plenty, plenty of human sympathy, but all the time he was putting in his Bazarovs and his young men and old, his maids and matrons, he knew that he, as Creator, was infinitely above them, and at times that peeped out. Let it come out in your work too. You too are miles above any of the characters you create; you must be or you could not create them. Keep that always in your mind; it is one of the defects of your qualities, of your temperament. It is true there are no villains in the world; you have the sense to see that I, who am an Anarchist, a destroyer, am not, when all the shouting is over, ethically a bit worse than Mr. Cecil Rhodes who is an Empire Builder. I am not a bit better. I am just as futile, just as human, deserve spitting on just as much. Yes, spit at them sometimes, because your Christian (why Xtian, which seems to me to be the *masculine* of Xtine?) your Xtian would most probably not appreciate one bit the technical merits of the *Villa Rubein*. Put more shadow into it; there *is* more shadow. One's fellow-creatures are despicable as well as pathetic; one is oneself, but that doesn't come into the story.

This is of course vastly *ex parte*—*ex mea parte*—and there is more to be said for your sympathy than for my disdain. I was thinking, when I was reading your *Villa Rubein*, of a girl I once treated of; a girl of much the same character; very charming; a girl I am very fond of in my way. I took hold of that young woman and ran in every bit of her charm I could think of and then smashed in all the repulsion I could think of; the boredom of her, the washed-out look of a morning, the inevitable nerves, the hysteria—and yet she was a charming girl.

Your Xtian is better done than that; she isn't one side pink muslin and the other black and purple checked cloth; it's not with her I'm quarrelling. Indeed I'm not quarrelling with any of the characters except perhaps Greta who is all charm. To me she is

an undesirable; the danger with children is that they set for the reader very much the tone of the book. One is inclined to say: "Ah, this man, this writer, only sees the charm and not the hideous worry and bother of the dressing and washing, the Latin lessons and the rest. He is only a visitor in this House of Life." A child like that is a danger throughout; she takes up room; introduces dangerous touches of naïveté into scenes where the nerves are a-tremble for the saving of a situation (I am thinking of her remark about bats in the scene in Harz's unscrewed studio) and so on. I can't for a moment say that she is a superfluous character, she is, on the contrary, very necessary, for the story, for relief and so on. But I cavil at her as I did at the idyllic touches in the *Cosmopolitan*<sup>1</sup> because she takes up too much space and has worried me a little in the progression *d'effet* of the end of the scenes with Treffry—very fine work that, all, by the bye.

Looking back I find I have attacked you somewhat viciously in parts of the story. I did not mean to do that, but rather to use the defects—or what seemed to me defects, as pegs to hang theoretic disquisitions upon art, as I see it in my limited field of view. As I said before, my dear fellow, you gave the right personality, your work has undeniable distinction. The *Villa Rubein* seems to me a little weak in form and in other essentials. But it shows very plainly that *you* are not weak in the essentials and, as I said before, I read the book with real pleasure who read hardly any books with any pleasure, except those of three or four men whom you know very well. Because it is distinction, and again distinction and again distinction that one wants, and that you have.

Pardon this inordinate length. I have rattled on as if I were talking to a better listener than I deserve and I am a dogmatic cuss at best; also a typewriter lends itself to excesses because, not being able to amend words, one has to amplify until one flounders and flounders, over boots and over spurs.—Yours,  
FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

The Press was meagre: *The Academy*, for example, after quoting the first sentence of the book (short, and entirely unremarkable) and adding "The story passes mainly abroad," disposed of the matter thus:

Mr. Sinjohn has a clean, nervous style, and an eye for character.

<sup>1</sup> The story now known as *A Knight*.

Oct. 27. 1900.      *Authors' Copy*

*My dear old knee, I've made a ca-  
rious mess of yours with ink;  
So th' 'Authors' Copy goes to you,  
Well-take it as a link!*

*H. G.      brotherly love from th' Author.*

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Inscription on a copy of *Villa Rubein* sent by Galsworthy  
to his brother.

And it was this which could make Conrad write to his friend:

The preliminary notice in *The Academy* was at least decent. . . . That's something . . . and not a little thing to have come home to a casual review. Now what we want is to get the *A* to get out a review which would have at least that amount of intelligence and discrimination. . . . I am afraid they are awfully crowded, there is such a rush of fiction which has been held back by the Kruger-Chamberlain combination!

There was no further notice in *The Academy* . . .

The only other notice worth quoting is one which, after finding two of the chief male characters "a little hysterical," concluded: "in fine, *Villa Rubein* is interesting but apparently immature work. Are we right in suspecting the sex of the author?"

At the beginning of August the first of the four stories which make up *A Man of Devon* was, through Conrad's good offices, in a publisher's hands. "I've written to Blackwood," he wrote, "mainly for the purpose of insinuating amongst other matters that a quick decision as to your story would be welcome." (Through this period Conrad's letters are full of advice as to publication, suggestions as to likely quarters, and evidence that his personal efforts were being employed to get the stories placed.) This story was that which gave the volume its title; by August 11th Conrad was able to congratulate his friend on the completion of a second story, eventually called *A Knight*. Shortly after, it

is now in Hueffer's hands.<sup>1</sup> My dear fellow, the sketch is very fine—in tone, in expression, in conception; and fine, too, in innumerable touches that are born of artistic insight. I am delighted with it. Now go on and do even better.

To the author's sister Mabel Conrad had just written:

5th September, 1900.

PENT FARM,  
STANFORD, nr. HYTHE.

. . . it is for me a wonderful example of what a determined singleness of purpose can achieve when there is a solid basis of a remarkable talent that I verily believe will go very far—practically as far as he chooses to push it.

That I have detected the existence of that talent when in the

<sup>1</sup> We have seen it mentioned under its earlier and rejected title, *A Cosmopolitan*, in his letter quoted above.

nature of things it could not be very obvious I shall always remember with pride, but in all conscience I must disclaim the credit you give me of being of help to him. One needs to be a very exceptional person to be of real use to his fellow-men. I've certainly talked, but had I never existed someone else would have found the same things to say—though perhaps not with the same loving care for his promise. That much I may admit without self-deception.

Recognition shall come. Strictly speaking, what people think does not matter—and yet everything is in that. I am afraid he can never look forward to other than limited appreciation. That he shall have it I feel certain—and even the other kind is possible too. I say this deliberately, having my reasons for such a hope both of the artistic and also “human” order. But they are too many to be set down at length here.

Edward Garnett's interest was again enlisted; Conrad had sent him *Villa Rubein* (Hueffer too had “said some intelligent things” about that work) and now proceeded to discuss *A Man of Devon* with him:

We talked of you with Garnett, and he was struck with the *M of D* much more than is his nature to show to the author himself. In Zachary there is just the lack of some illustrative detail. Plenty of telling ones, but there is somewhere one—perhaps not so telling, but as it were, bringing him within reach of the hand, that is missing, and is, as a matter of fact, missed.

This I took to be the essence of G.'s criticism developed in his talk with me.

Then the story was altered:

I am glad to hear of the new end for the *M of D*. It must be better, but even shortened by 4000 words it is still long. That's what worries me. I don't think it would be any use trying B(lackwood) with it.

By March of 1901 *The Silence* was finished; and Conrad's letters are mostly concerned with business negotiations over the stories. Eventually, almost exactly a year after the publication of *Villa Rubein*, *A Man of Devon*, enlarged by the addition to the other three stories of *The Salvation of Swithin Forsyte*, made its appearance.

DEAR GALSWORTHY (wrote Hueffer),—I am returning the *Swithin Forsyte* herewith; I think it is far and away the best thing



you have done; there is more "grip," more force and more reticence as well, and it makes its way along *aceto infuso* like Hannibal somewhere. The girl—both girls—are excellently done and Swithin himself is a finely ground glass. I congratulate you.

I should be inclined to shorten the death-dream towards the end, that is if you feel like doing it. It could be done, I think, without detracting from the atmosphere of Swithin's later life and would I think bring the story better into proportion. But that is a matter of a word or a phrase here and there. I am sending it back rather earlier than I should normally because we are in the middle of moving operations. I would like to re-read it; perhaps you will let me look at it in proof; it really has given me a great deal of pleasure. It has, in fact, "charm"—all your work has had that. But in this story it comes out more because all the characters fuse (compose, perhaps) better. That comes from the treatment—from the using Swithin as a visualising medium—a glass. Excuse the machine and the incoherence; I have been packing books and writing letters to furniture removers all day and can't get any kind of a second wind.

Upon impulse I enclose "a little thing of my own," not because I want to bother you so much as because I fear my former refusal to send my Katherine may have appeared churlish. This is supposed to be a volume of verse. Keep it for a week or so, look at a line or two and then send it to me at the Bungalow,

WINCHELSEA, nr. RYE, SUSSEX.

Or if you will bring it yourself we should be still more pleased. Conrad talks of coming over as soon as we get settled; he is going to drink somebody's waters in the early morning, wander round the church and imagine himself doing a continental cure. If he does it would do him good, I think, and we could all make merry together.

Good night; I am too sleepy to see the letters any more and I have more to write.—Yours,

F. M. H.

Whether the suggestion regarding the death scene was immediately taken or not, Galsworthy's judgment endorsed it; for the revised edition of 1909 that scene is presented in a version considerably shorter than that published in 1901.

With this volume ended the first stage of John Galsworthy's literary career. Conrad's letter written on the publication of *A Man of Devon* summed up with considerable precision what had been achieved and what remained to do:

11th Nov. 1901.

DEAREST JACK,—I didn't write about the book before, first because Jess had it—and she reads slowly—and then I had at last some proofs of mine—a whole batch—which it took me several days to correct. Nevertheless I've read the book twice—watching the effect of it impersonally during the second reading—trying to ponder upon its reception by the public and discover the grounds of general success—or the reverse.

There is a certain caution of touch which will militate against popularity. After all, to please the public (if one isn't a sugary imbecile or an inflated fraud) one must handle one's subject intimately. Mere intimacy with the subject won't do. And conviction is found (for others, not for the author) only in certain contradictions and irrelevancies to the general conception of character (or characters) and of the subject. Say what you like the man lives in his eccentricities (so called) alone. They give a vigour to his personality which mere consistency can never do. One must explore deep and believe the incredible to find the few particles of truth floating in an ocean of insignificance. And before all one must divest oneself of every particle of respect for one's characters. You are really most profound and attain the greatest art in handling the people you do not respect. For instance the minor characters in *V.R.* And in this volume I am bound to recognize that Forsythe (*sic*) is the best. I recognize this with a certain reluctance because indubitably there is more beauty (and more felicity of style too) in the *M of D.* The story of the mine shows best your strength and your weakness. There is hardly a word I would have changed; there are things in it I would give a pound of my flesh to have written. Honestly—there are; and your mine manager remains unconvincing because he is too confoundingly perfect in his very imperfections. The fact is you want more scepticism at the very foundation of your work. Scepticism, the tonic of minds, the tonic of life, the agent of truth—the way of art and salvation. In a book you should love the idea and be scrupulously faithful to your conception of life. There lies the honour of the writer, not in the fidelity to his personages. You must never allow them to decoy you out of yourself. As against your people you must preserve an attitude of perfect indifference—the part of creative power. A creator must be indifferent; because directly the "Fiat" has issued from his lips there are the creatures made in his image that'll try to drag him down from his eminence—and belittle him by their worship.

Your attitude to them should be purely intellectual, more independent, freer, less rigorous than it is. You seem for their sake to hug your conceptions of right and wrong too closely. There is exquisite atmosphere in your tales. What they want now is more air.

You may wonder why I write you these generalities. But first of all in the matters of technique, where your advance has been phenomenal and which has almost (if not quite) reached the point of crystallization, we have talked so much and so variously that I could tell you now nothing that you have not heard already. And secondly, these considerations are not so general as they look. They are even particular in as much that they have been inspired by the examination of your work as a whole. I have looked into all the volumes; and this—put briefly, imperfectly, and obscurely—is what they suggested to me.

That the man who has written once the *Four Winds* has written now the *M of D* volume is a source of infinite gratification to me. It vindicates my insight, my opinion, my judgment—and it satisfies my affection for you—in whom I believed and am believing. Because that is the point: I *am* believing. You've gone now beyond the point where I could be of any use to you otherwise than just by my belief. It is if anything firmer than ever before—whether my remarks above find their way to your conviction or not. You may disagree with what I said here but in our main convictions we are at one.

*A Man of Devon* obtained as many notices as *From the Four Winds*, and was on the whole well received; each of the four stories had its partisan, and *The Outlook*, though its critique was headed "Middling," achieved the distinction of being the first to mention Thackeray's name in connection with that of our author. *The Graphic* "did him proud":

Mr. Sinjohn's four stories . . . are exceptionally worthy of collection into a volume. . . . All are tragic: but the tragedy is of the only right, that is to say, of the inevitable, kind. Now and then Mr. Sinjohn is to be suspected of having borrowed Mr. Henry James's spectacles, [c.f. *The Saturday Review* on *Jocelyn*] and of seeing in a glance or a trick of habit more than such things can ever really mean, without attempting to say what it is he sees. But, after all, this is but an extreme consequence of his insight into the infinite pathos of little things, and never blinds him to the import of the great ones. To criticize each of

his studies separately and minutely would be a pleasure. But the pleasure of their perusal requires no aid.

And now for three years there were to be no more conjectures or comparisons, praises or strictures. John Sinjohn, the prentice hand, writing to some extent derivatively, was in *articulo mortis*; the books of John Galsworthy were to be, not only in name but in manner, far more individually his own.

In his last piece of writing, the Address which he was to have delivered at the awarding of the Nobel Prize, John Galsworthy himself summed up the impressions that remained of the Sinjohn days; and with that passage this chapter—a chapter in his life as well as in this book—may fitly close:

From what point in my literary past shall I start? From a railway station—a railway bookstall—a voice murmuring: “You are just the person to write; why don’t you?” A startled ear, a startled voice: “I?” Thus began the career of which you are about to glean the echoes. To me the Gare du Nord in Paris will always be haloed by that soft incitement uttered thirty-seven years ago; so will the little narrow room in the Inner Temple in London, dignified as “my Chambers” and endowed with the services of some small portion of a clerk whose name, I remember, was George. In that somewhat monastic room did I pen the first pages, and curiously enough, the remaining pages of my first story. From the title of that story, *Dick Denver’s Idea*, you can tell how much of it can be traced to the inspiration of Bret Harte and how much to the influence of Rudyard Kipling. For nearly two years that tale and its successors exhausted my literary afflatus, and my experience was not unlike that of the experimenting aviators of a decade back, who were always trying to leave the ground and always coming back to the ground with the greater regret. And yet—my conscience not having yet been born—I was more proud of the vile little body which bound those nine tales under the title *From the Four Winds* than I was of any of its successors. In 1920, possessed by the desire to prevent anyone else from reading that dreadful little book, I wrote to the publisher. He had twenty copies left. Since they had no value he parted from them with I know not what alacrity. Tempted three years later by my bibliographer, I sold them to the firm of which he was a member for a hundred pounds. In the boom which followed they fetched perhaps two thousand

pounds. Twenty copies of my first and worst book fetched one hundred pounds apiece! Dear God, is there anything more absurd than the values of first editions? They soar and they decline, the larks greet them in the blue, and the robins bury them under leaves. After I thrust the last of those fledglings out of the nest, I began my first novel. In those days I had not one single literary friend except Joseph Conrad, from whom I guarded inviolably the shameful secret that I was writing. Though I was living a life marked "private" in every corner, and seldom had sixpence to bless myself with, I seem to have given the impression that I was a young man of leisure and means, for I always wrote to my publisher on the stationery of my Club. The letter in which he sheltered himself from having further dealings with me contained a quotation from his reader's report: "The author is essentially a Club man."<sup>1</sup> I took that hard. It was the first intimation that critics were mortal. A Club, to me, had ever been a place where I could hang up my hat, weigh myself, sink into some chair with a book, and believe in critics. If I wanted to be really alone I went to my Club. I do not believe that I have made a dozen acquaintances in all the Clubs to which I have belonged, and not one single friend. It has often seemed to me that the creative pangs of a young writer are extravagantly disproportioned to the result achieved, and expressly contradicted by the mask of his ingenuous countenance. I have also thought, looking back on those first years of authorship, that I must have had a certain grit and a certain predestination. For nine years, indeed for eleven years, I made not one penny out of what I, but practically no others, counted as my profession. Mine indeed was a deep, dark youth, an apprenticeship cheered on by some driving quality within me, and by the belief that I would some day be a real writer. And as I read to you these melancholy reminiscences, it seems to me as little true now that I shall ever be a writer worthy of the name. "Man never is, but always to be blest!"

<sup>1</sup> This was Edward Garnett: see the allusions thereto in the correspondence over *The Patrician*.

## CHAPTER II

### 1901-4: SUBTERRANEAN: *THE CIVILISED*

THE years between 1901 and 1904-5 may be termed the subterranean phase of John Galsworthy's development. In the preceding five years the field he tilled had produced four crops of hopeful if unsubstantial quality; now for some three years its surface was to retain a dark unbroken monotony of brown before the fecund green spikes should once more thrust powerfully through, carrying their promise of teeming life.

He had already, at some cost, achieved full manhood; that is to say, he had been through the fire, and had emerged with his character fused and patinated and moulded into the shape it was for ever after to bear. But it was only now that the artist was at last learning to approach the stature of the man. *The Island Pharisees* is usually dismissed as immature; and indeed such an exaggeration has the proverbial grain of truth, for fully mature the book is not. Yet—and how important in this instance is “the little more!”—the difference between it and *The Man of Property* is one merely of degree; whereas from its predecessors it differs markedly in manner and in kind. The explanation is simple; for three years and more John Galsworthy was busy forging and tempering that cold and steely weapon of irony and satire which was to cut so deeply into certain sappy flesh and well-nourished souls. His first assault on the citadel of the Forsytes—a play, *The Civilised*, which we are about to consider—was abandoned; the *Island Pharisees* was written three times over, in alternation with the *Man of Property*; and each work took three years in the fashioning. Thus the task of acquiring an adequate technical equipment and command of expression was both exacting and complex. All movement towards perfection is stiff and painful; it is a hidden progress partaking of the nature of Gethsemane. If in this case the road was followed to a triumphant end, the secret lies in these superficially uneventful years.

Outwardly there is little or nothing to say. He presented to the incurious gaze the spectacle of the still youngish bachelor—easy in circumstances, attractive in manner (save when he wished to repel); clever enough to have published four books that hadn't sold, but nonetheless respectable, in virtue of being a Director of several of his father's Companies; suspected perhaps just shrewdly enough of having his affections privately engaged to stifle indiscreet enquiry; living a life of modest luxury in studio-chambers; keeping pretty closely in touch with his family. In a word, a blameless existence, unworthy of the probes of the gossips. One either liked him or one didn't—or rather, one *did* like him for a quietly charming person, and really it seemed that there was nothing more to be said. True, there was a small band of chosen intimates, less compact of British beef than most, who were aware of all the subterranean toil, of all the indomitable ant-like industry that was going on under that leisurely surface.

To watch the activities of ants is, to simple souls, at once a mockery and a rebuke; they serve with so millennial a devotion such momentary ends. A touch of one's boot, and at once the funeral squad is busy. And yet—the reflection persists; do we count any more in the cosmos than they? and do our alarms and excursions merit the very much more efficient attention we could give them were we as well organized as the ants, such well-informed world-citizens? The trite mind, arguing thus, might seem to discern a touch of the grotesque in the artist's fumbblings towards his goal. But to saner souls, who can trace the titanic even to the refuge it sometimes seeks in the infinitesimal, the guffaw is as derisory as the tear.

So here flippancy and solemnity are equally beside the point. Simply, a literary soul was being brought to birth. Reflection, meditation, searching of heart and mind, fierce endeavour and unbroken aspiration: such, in these years, was John Galsworthy's daily bread—no less a daily and a wholesome diet for being so unobtrusively consumed. Into the prism of a keen and focussed mind had to be condensed a thousand emotional rays and distillations of the past; their wavering reflections, that had hitherto flickered unsteadily in and out of his pages, must now be marshalled and concentrated for sturdier and more sustained efforts. A vast process of digestion had, for the realization of his ambitions, to be achieved—the assimilation

of a life's hotch-potch of impressions on every plane. Now, to digest one's past life to any purpose is a feat both rare and significant, because only so is a man left free to act along his chosen lines. Saint, philosopher, man of action, artist—all, if they are to count, must *passer par là*. It is a hard and a necessary process, lived through in private, agonized over in solitude, and best appreciated by those who do not make the mistake of fussing over it. That way John Galsworthy was now passing—but for which stormy passage he would not now be the subject of any biography. It did not make him a better man, nor even a wiser—he was both already. What it did was to make him properly articulate, and so of value to the world; to turn him into the path which he was to pursue till his emergence, no mere domestic saint, but an international beacon-light of benevolence, wisdom, and serenity.

In *The Triad*, during 1924, Galsworthy himself summed up the lessons of his early days as an author in a paper worth putting beside the later comments already quoted:

Until I was twenty-seven years and eight months old it never occurred to me to write anything. And then it didn't occur to me; it occurred to one who was not then my wife. "Why don't you write?" she said; "you are just the person." I received her remark with the smile of one who knows better. If one has been brought up at an English Public School and University, is addicted to sport and travel, has a small independent income, and is a briefless barrister, one will not take literature seriously; but one may like to please her of whom one is fond. I began. In two years I wrote nine tales. They had every fault. Kipling-esque, crudely expressed, extravagant in theme, deficient in feeling, devoid of philosophy, with the exception of one or two perhaps, they had no temperament. I put them together, and sent them, at the recommendation of my one literary friend, Conrad, to a certain publisher. With praiseworthy caution, he would only publish them if I paid; and he sent me an estimate. I thought it a pity to waste either time or trouble on them and accepted it. In the meantime I had begun to write a novel, and to be conscious of what are called "a feeling for character," and "a sense of atmosphere." It was, however, a bad novel; it was not what is called: "written." The technique limped; the structure had string-halt; and the clothing sentences were redundant or deficient. It was accepted by another publisher



on what is known as a deferred royalty, so deferred, in fact, that nothing came my way. I had now been writing four years, and had spent about a hundred pounds on it. About this time I began to read the Russian Turgenev (in English) and the Frenchman de Maupassant in French. They were the first writers who gave me, at once, real æsthetic excitement, and an insight into proportion of theme and economy of words. Stimulated by these, I began a second novel, *Villa Rubein*. It was more genuine, more atmospheric, better balanced, but still it was not "written." . . . The form in which it now survives underwent two thorough revisions some seven years later. It was published on the same sort of terms—again I got nothing; and I proceeded with the four short-long stories which are now bound up with *Villa Rubein*. From the writing of these I got more excitement and satisfaction than hitherto, and they were nearer being "written" than anything I had yet done; but they too had to be severely dressed down before they were re-issued with *Villa Rubein* some years later. One of these four stories, *A Knight*, was first published in a magazine and I actually got fifteen pounds for it; but nothing from the tales in book form; so that in 1902 after seven years and four books I was still some seventy-five pounds out of pocket, to say nothing of incidental expenses, and had made no name. Now came my tug of war. I began a book which in the end became *The Island Pharisees*. The first draft was called: *A Pagan*, and was a string of episodes recounted by Ferrand in the first person. When it was nearly finished I showed it to Edward Garnett. "No, my dear fellow," he said, "it's all very well, but you shouldn't have done that fellow subjectively. You can't possibly know the real inside of a vagabond like that; you ought to give him to us objectively, through a personality like your own." I gnashed my teeth, set them, conceived Shelton, and rewrote the book. I made a half-baked job of it. "Better," said Edward Garnett, "but do it again!" I re-gnashed my teeth, re-set them, and wrote it a third time. So in 1904 it was published—first of my books under my own name. Perhaps I made fifty pounds out of it; but even this thrice-written book wasn't "written"! It underwent a thorough Spring-cleaning before it assumed its final form in 1908.

In 1906, therefore, before *The Man of Property* had appeared, I had been writing nearly eleven years without making a penny, or any name to speak of. *The Man of Property* had taken me

nearly three years, but it *was* "written." My name was made; my literary independence assured; and my income steadily swollen.

The "morals" of all this are not easy.

The first moral is that some writers at least are not born. The second moral is that such writers need either an independent income, or another job while they are learning to "write." The third moral is that he who is determined to "write," and has the grit to see the job through, can "get there" in time. The fourth moral is that the writer who steadily goes his own way, never writes to fulfil the demands of public, publisher, or editor, is the writer who comes off best in the end. The fifth moral is that to begin too young is a mistake. Live first, write afterwards. I had seen, unself-consciously, a good deal of life before I began to write, but even at twenty-eight I began too young. The spiritually stressful years of my life came between then<sup>1</sup> and 1904. That is why *The Island Pharisees* and *The Man of Property* had, in crescendo, so much more depth than the earlier books. The sixth moral is that a would-be writer can probably get much inspiration and help from one or two masters, but, in general, little good and more harm from the rest. Each would-be writer will feel inspired according to his temperament, will derive instruction according to his needs, from some older living master akin to him in spirit. And as his wings grow stronger under that inspiration, he will shake off any tendency to imitate.

All this is amply confirmed by the play just alluded to. *The Civilised* represents the very beginning of the process; for not only is it the first attempt to tackle the Forsytes, but it shows us in a wide uncoördinated sweep the whole panorama of the territory which he contemplated making his own. He is thinking, in fact, on no less than three different lines, and attempting to compress into one vehicle material which it finally took him two novels, two plays, and a long-short story to exploit. *The Civilised* is in fact, as well as in detail, unfinished. It exists in two forms: MS. (the earlier) and typescript; but the amount of revision varies. Part of the first scene, for example, received a second typing, while the second exists only in MS., as does that, quoted later, between George and Helen, though this forms part of the typed version. However, though it is thus impossible to be sure, in this instance or in that, of the author's

<sup>1</sup> 1895.

final intention, the main purport of the play is clear. By the middle of 1901 it had taken some sort of shape, for we find Conrad writing on June 20th of that year: "I am most *anxious* to see the play." See it he did, and we shall have occasion to notice an odd effect of his advice.

Act I begins with James Forsyte sitting in his drawing-room. He is a recognizable sketch of the James of the *Saga*, though his appearance is different: "a man of seventy, thick-set, with a stoop; round grey beard; close, depressed look." He sends for his wife (in whom the Emily we know has already found her incarnation) and immediately starts to complain.

JAMES F. (*without looking at her*). This business of George's is giving me a lot of trouble. I've had a lot of worry in the City this morning. I don't know what to do about that fellow; he does nothing but spend money; going about all the time with those betting men. He's over thirty, time he knew better. This business of his'll cost me a pot of money. I won't stand it. It all comes of your spoiling him. I'm afraid he's a lazy, good-for-nothing chap. When do they go home? Next week? I shall speak to George before they go. I shall tell him I won't stand it. I should think Helen might do something, if she'd try, but she won't try, it seems—I'm afraid she's weak.

MRS. JAMES. Oh! Helen! She's worse than useless. (*She speaks throughout with a fashionable composure of manner.*)

JAMES F. They don't seem to get on any better. They ought to try—you ought to speak to her. If George can't turn over a new leaf and keep clear of those betting fellows—I'll cut him off with a shilling. He comes in late, too; and smells of spirits in the afternoon.

MRS. JAMES. It's more than half Helen's fault.

JAMES F. They aren't happy together; they've had six years to find their level in, they ought to have done it. I always said we should have trouble with George when he married. He's always had his own way; never doing a stroke of work. In my young days it was a very different thing. Nobody spoilt me—I had to get along as best I could. I had a hard time of it.

MRS. JAMES. Of course, George is *very* trying.

JAMES F. When they had the child—Helen nearly dying like that—I should have thought he would have taken it to heart. If the child had lived——

MRS. JAMES. That'll do, James!

JAMES F. What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well? (*looking away again*). You've been gadding about too much this hot weather. You'll be laid up. It's always like that—you will go gaddin' about, and Rachel's just as bad. You ought to speak to her; you ought to speak to George too. I don't like the way they go on, never looking at each other, and never talking to each other—people notice it.

MRS. JAMES. What can I do?

JAMES F. What can you do? You're the best person to know that. What's the good of being a woman? (*A pause. Slowly, with regret.*) If only the child had lived!

MRS. JAMES. Thank God he didn't!

JAMES F. What d'you mean? What d'you mean by saying a thing like that? (*rises, and begins pacing up and down; Mrs. James fans herself*). I don't see what's to happen if things go on like this. I wouldn't trust George; he'll be getting into a mess with some woman or other—there'll be a scandal. And here you are, letting things drift, and won't say a word to either of them. You ought to tell Helen she's no business to go on as she does—she ought to make an effort. She's not happy—we can't help that; she should have thought about that before she married him. I gave her fifty pound the other day. If she wants more money, you can tell her she's only got to ask me. What with George's debts they cost me enough as it is, but if it'll bring them together I don't mind paying. I will say that for Helen, she's a good manager. If the child had only lived—I know it'd ha' made a lot o' difference in *my* life. They ought to have another child.

MRS. JAMES. You know that's impossible—they haven't been on terms for years.

JAMES F. What? You never tell me anything! Something ought to have been done. You must talk to Helen.

MRS. JAMES. I can't.

JAMES F. What d'you mean by "can't"?

MRS. JAMES. If you want to know, I'm afraid to.

JAMES F. Afraid? What on earth are you afraid of? It might bring them together to have another child.

MRS. JAMES (*rising and stopping her fan*). James, you talk like a fool!

JAMES F. I don't know what you mean. They're married, aren't they? She ought to do her duty instead of setting people

talking like this. I don't know what you mean by being "afraid"; afraid to tell her to do her duty. She's got a good house, and good servants; nothing to worry her. She's had everything she wanted.

MRS. JAMES. She wanted a separation from George the year after their marriage.

JAMES F. Oh, *that* nonsense! For no proper reason—simply because they don't get on together.

MRS. JAMES. If he hadn't always put his foot down about that, she'd have left him, and gone wandering about goodness knows where, with all sorts of people.

JAMES F. I can't think where they get their notions about that sort of thing nowadays—It's a serious thing, marriage. I've heard young people talk about being married in registry offices. It's my experience you want all the words of the marriage service, everything you can get, to strengthen a marriage. (*Pause.*) You must do something to put things right, before it's too late.

MRS. JAMES. What d'you want me to do?

JAMES F. Put the thing plainly to Helen. I daresay it's been hard for her, but she's not unreasonable.

MRS. JAMES. I can do anything but talk to Helen. I'll talk to George, if you like; but talk to Helen—I won't.

JAMES F. Why?

MRS. JAMES. I've told you, because I'm afraid.

JAMES F. Afraid? I can't think what you're afraid of—you're keeping something back.

MRS. JAMES. I can't answer for what would happen.

JAMES F. Why, what should happen?

MRS. JAMES (*fanning herself*). Well, if you must know—(*stops*).

JAMES F. You're keeping something back.

MRS. JAMES (*coldly, looking him in the face, and stopping her fan*). The child never was George's.

JAMES F. (*stopping short*). What's that? I won't be worried like this. I've had enough worry to-day.

MRS. JAMES. It's your own fault, James, you won't let things alone.

JAMES F. What d'you mean by saying a thing like that—I don't believe a word of it.

MRS. JAMES. You can believe it or not. The father was Diana's brother, Jim Langdon.

JAMES F. Good God! (*Pause. They stare at each other.*) I don't believe a word of it. (*Pause.*) How do you know?

MRS. JAMES (*forcing her composure*). She got the news of his being killed in that Black Mountain affair a month before the child was born. You remember we talked about it. That's what brought on her illness. You should have heard her in the delirium. It was lucky to keep everybody, but the nurse, out of the room.

JAMES F. (*wiping his forehead*). You've got hold of some mare's nest.

MRS. JAMES. Mare's nest!

JAMES F. Why didn't you ever tell me?

MRS. JAMES. What was the good of telling you? You'd only have worried yourself into a fever. If the baby had lived, it would have been another thing. I couldn't help being sorry for her.

JAMES F. But George——

MRS. JAMES. He knows nothing.

JAMES F. You say the nurse knew.

MRS. JAMES. Yes, I couldn't help that.

JAMES F. Good God! There'll be a scandal.

MRS. JAMES. Nonsense! why should there be a scandal? Three years without a word being said about it—and now you talk about a scandal. I wish I'd never told you.

JAMES F. D'you mean to say if the child had lived, we shouldn't——

MRS. JAMES. If the child had lived—I don't know what she'd have done; and I don't know what I should have done; but what's the good of talking about that—— (*resumes her fanning*).

JAMES F. (*after a pause, during which he has sunk into his chair*). I can't understand. After she'd been married three years, too. What possessed her? (*Suddenly.*) Does Diana know about this business?

MRS. JAMES. I tell you no one knows.

JAMES F. She's very thick with Helen.

MRS. JAMES. Much too thick. I daresay it's been hard for Helen—but I've no patience with Diana. She puts all sorts of ideas into her head.

JAMES F. (*gloomily*). They tell each other everything.

MRS. JAMES. Helen's not the sort of woman to give herself away. She's weak, if you like, she hasn't the push for a fight—it's lucky, or she'd have left George a long time ago—but when it comes to reserve, I don't know anyone so bad as she is.

JAMES F. (with a sense of comfort). Yes, I suppose she's proud.

So far we are in the vein of *The Man of Property*; but now the weaker, more generalized social satire of *The Island Pharisees* makes its appearance with Rachel Forsyte and Mrs. Merrish—the latter a lady milliner who has left her shop in the middle of business hours, apparently for the sole purpose of rattling brightly about the dullness of the Thornworthys' "evenings." (The Thornworthys, the Forsytes' next-door neighbours, are giving one this very day, which the latter are to attend; Mrs. Thornworthy is Helen's friend, Diana.) Helen then makes her appearance, followed by George, who is promptly ready with a sneer for his wife. George is perhaps less like Soames Forsyte than his namesakes George Pendyce in *The Country House* and George Dedmond in *The Fugitive*; he has all their limitations in a brutalized form, with none of their redeeming qualities—not to mention a few unpleasant vices of his own. Herein, of course, lies the weakness of this side of the play; for much of the interest and tenseness of such a situation is lost when the sympathies of the audience cannot but be one-sided. As between Soames and Irene the interest is always maintained because there are two sides to the argument. Here Helen is tied to a mere brute, whose point of view hardly enters into the matter. Anyhow, we are given a glimpse of their mutual antipathy, and the scene ends. In the later scene between them, Galsworthy even goes so far as to be somewhat unfair to George. However, from this point we have to bear in mind the effect of the suggestion made by Conrad.

But I've been thinking of your play (he wrote). I have indeed. That's too promising to let go. And I believe there is a solution. Let the child have died—don't you see. To my mind this makes everything possible, and the position is scarcely touched except in so far that the *old people* should be presented as having greatly loved that grandson and therefore as in sympathy with the daughter-in-law who—they of course know—is not happy with their son. *The son* remains as you meant him (subject to the remarks I made as to his character). And as a matter of fact the second act may remain as written with modifications of phrasing. Then in the third the story would develop as you contemplated. The old people, no longer loving their daughter-in-law, want to stick to her for purposes of respectability. There can be inserted

there a tremendous development of the family idea—but of that *viva voce*.

Pray my dear fellow don't be angry for this my meddling with your art and your work. I dare say my suggestion may be imbecile. However this is not written in any excitement. I have considered the notion since Friday last. Give it as much consideration as it deserves and we shall have a talk ready when you come.

As we have seen, the suggestion was adopted, but the revision had only been applied to the first scene when the play was dropped. Thus, from this point on we must remember that all is written on the basis of the child's being alive, and that the scene between George and Helen would have been much modified.

Returning to the action of the play:

The second scene is pure *Island Pharisees*, with Mrs. Merrish, Crocker (the same naïve foot-slogger of the book), and the Casse-rols; the action does not advance at all, except that we are shown James gloomily allowing himself to be persuaded to join a party to Hurlingham for the sake of appearances.

Act II, Scene 1 gives us the party at the Thornworthys'; this is almost entirely in the *Island Pharisees* vein; among the company are Crocker and a certain Jessel (engagingly described as having "a face like a noble sheep's") who is clearly the same as the anonymous babbler at the At Home in that book. There is also old Anthony Thornworthy, Diana's father-in-law, who is palpably the prototype of old Sylvanus Heythorp, the "Stoic," even to bankruptcy and paralysis. He it is who upsets Mrs. James's calculations, not only by knowing all about Helen's affair, but by imparting the details of it to another man within earshot of George Forsyte.

The second scene contains the *scène à faire*. George wrings the truth from his mother, who pleads with him not to make a scandal but is forced to retire without an answer. He fetches Helen, and the two confront each other. They say to each other all the things that we do not hear in *The Man of Property*.

(*Helen enters. She is in a white tea-gown with black velvet bows, hastily put on. She stands in the doorway, with her hand to her eyes.*)

HELEN. Well, what is it?

GEORGE. Come in, and shut the door, will you?



HELEN (*shutting the door, and coming a little forward*). Be quick, please!

GEORGE. I shall take my time. (*Eyeing her.*) Well, you beautiful wife! What have you got to say for yourself? I knew you went on with Langdon. I'm not quite the fool you took me for. But I gave you credit for being decent enough woman to stop short of *that*. (*He flings the two torn halves of the photograph at her.*) Here's your brat, don't put any photographs of him about the room again.

(*Helen does not answer ; during the next speech she stoops and picks up the torn halves, and later unconsciously places them in the bosom of her dress.*)

Perhaps you'd like to lie your way out of it.—Save yourself the trouble. (*A pause.*) Speak, can't you? (*With a grin.*) I admire the way you've managed these five years—very clever! What a liar you must be! (*With a change of voice again.*) Speak, can't you? What have you got to say for yourself?

HELEN. Nothing.

GEORGE. What? Really! You beautiful wife. Well, my lady, into the divorce court you go. As you can't behave yourself like a respectable woman, you shall go where they teach it. (*With a change of voice*) I was fond of you once.

HELEN. That was good of you.

GEORGE. You beauty! May I ask what you think I married you for? To drag my name about in the dirt? Lucky for that fellow that he died! You shan't drag my name about in the dirt, d'you understand? I won't have it. If you can't keep respectable you shall be taught.

HELEN (*takes a step forward ; they face each other on either side of the table. She speaks in a low, distinct voice.*) Your name! What do I care about your name? You've made my life miserable ever since I married you. *Respectability!* You think because I'm weak I haven't eyes, you think I don't see through your *respectability*—you're afraid of what people say of you. You're afraid for yourself, yourself, yourself—nothing but yourself. D'you think I haven't seen it all along? I tried my best to begin with, if you could have made me love you—but you couldn't. When you knew it was no good—and I tried, I tried—if you'd been a *man* you'd have let me go then. But that's not the way of respectable men, you kept me to my bargain, you would have your money's worth—you wanted your pound of flesh. You knew I was too weak—you knew you could keep

me, and you've kept me. You've saved the decencies! Bravo! If you'd had a spark of the man in you, you wouldn't have taken advantage of my weakness. Respectability! If I believed you and your people could think of anything but yourselves, I'd believe in the respectability you talk about.

GEORGE. You lie. It was *your* reputation I was looking at.

HELEN. Ah! You think I believe that? My reputation! Ha, *my* reputation! You mean it was the way my reputation would affect you. And if it was, d'you think I care a scrap for what the people you know say of me; the common tinsel scandal-mongers you call Society. D'you think I've lived through the seven years since I married you, without seeing through the canting Pharisees? D'you think if I could get out of your world I'd ever want to see one of them again? I hate them all, I hate myself, and I hate you, oh! how I hate you!

GEORGE. Be quiet, you devil!

HELEN (*feverishly*). She made her bed—let her lie on it! Isn't it easy to say? isn't it respectable, and convenient, and good? Isn't it generous, isn't it *great-hearted*? Oh! you know me well. You knew I'd bend if you put the screw on, you knew I couldn't get away. They're all on your side, everything's on your side—the Law, the Church, Society. It's all right, people like me deserve to get broken. But you like to feel on the winning side, don't you? with good, respectable Society behind you. I get my deserts, because I made my bed; you like to feel that, it's such a noble doctrine! A weak creature like me deserves to die, after all it's only a woman! but the man who takes advantage of her weakness, he's all right, he's in the majority—the coward, the cad! Why couldn't you have let me go, five years back, when it was no good trying any more? You knew it was no good; you told me I didn't know my own mind, I was a silly fool, it wasn't decent, all the canting reasons you pick up in the theatres and clubs; d'you think I don't see through them, d'you think I don't know they mean nothing to you or to any other man but your own self-loves? Suppose I have done wrong, suppose I've been a weak, wretched idiot, d'you think all your uplifted hands, and all your canting tongues will help to make me feel it, you men of the world, you incarnations of all that's smug, and fat, and convenient? You can't blind a woman with all your fine practical reasons. One little bit of generosity's worth a million of them. You wanted to punish me because I couldn't love you, that was all; it pricked your vanity. Wasn't it punishment enough that I'd

spoiled my life, lost all the things I believed in, got coarse, and sour. . . . You wanted to save the decencies, your own name, your *honour*! Oh! God, what a thing, your honour! What a brave thing! People mustn't talk, and say "He's not man enough to keep his wife's affections." "Look, there's a better man than he." It's so brave, isn't it, honour?

GEORGE. Be quiet, you devil!

HELEN. You can't stop me. You've often said I was brought up in the gutter. What can you expect? I don't deserve any pity; if I were half a woman I'd have broken away for myself; but that doesn't mean you're not a bully and a coward.

GEORGE (*with a furious movement*). Will you——?

HELEN (*drawing back involuntarily, then drawing herself up and advancing*). You can't cow me to-night! For once you can't cow me, you and your people, and your little code of respectability and fear of what Society says. I've had such a happy life since I married you. You think I ought to have had one, don't you? with such a man, a respectable man, good enough for me anyway, because you say I was brought up in the gutter? It was only my folly! only my obstinacy! any *decent* woman would have got on with you! Odd, wasn't it? Well, you can say that in the divorce court, people will like to hear it, the more things you say the better; they like to kick those who are down. You needn't think I'm afraid of the divorce court; you needn't think I'm afraid of anything—(*she suddenly breaks down, sinks into a chair, and covers her face with her hands*). Oh! God, what is it I've been afraid of all this time?

GEORGE (*lighting a cigarette and eyeing her sardonically*). When you've quite done?

HELEN (*rising*). I *have* quite done.

GEORGE. Very pretty!

HELEN (*coming close to him*). Cur!

GEORGE (*slowly*). If you don't know how to behave yourself, I do.

HELEN (*with an hysterical laugh*). Ha, ha! it's not the thing to strike a woman! I see! You're afraid of what they'd say of you, afraid of what they'd say of you. It's not the thing! ha, ha! not the thing.

GEORGE. Hadn't you better take care?

HELEN (*suddenly*). Yes!—I wish I'd bitten my tongue off before I spoke a word. Good-bye! (*goes towards the door*).

GEORGE. Where are you going?

HELEN. Out of this house.

GEORGE (*following her*). You can't at this time of night.

HELEN (*looking back*). What is it to you?

GEORGE. You can't, I tell you, at this time of night. I won't have it.

HELEN (*ironically*). No? Good-bye.

GEORGE. D'you hear? (*He runs ; the door is shut in his face ; he fumbles at the handle ; drops it suddenly, and returns up the room. The clock strikes twelve. He puts his hand to his head. The curtain falls.*)

The first scene of Act III follows straight on in time. Helen takes refuge next door with her friend Diana Thornworthy and the spirit of *The Fugitive* now directs the action. George comes to fetch her back, but is defied by Diana, and at her request Herbert asks George to leave the house. But after George has gone they quarrel, for Herbert does not share Diana's views (this gives another opportunity for a presentation of the author's thesis). Meanwhile the ending has been foreshadowed in a conversation between old Anthony and Diana :

DIANA. She shan't go on like this. I can't bear it!

ANTHONY. No use pouring water into a sieve.

DIANA. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

ANTHONY. Pouring pluck into a coward.—Life's too short!

DIANA. If you're talking of Helen—(*Anthony nods*)—I tell you she's the pluckiest woman in the world. Think what she must have gone through. She never showed it.

ANTHONY. Go on backing her—you'll see!

DIANA. I *will*!

ANTHONY. Heaven help you!

DIANA (*pacing up and down*). I hate people who hold up their hands and say she's deserved it all. I hate them—I hate them.

ANTHONY. Quite right—cant. She's deserved it all the same.

DIANA. Why?

ANTHONY. We deserve what we get—no use crying over spilt milk!

DIANA. I hate people who talk about sacrificing oneself for the good of Society.

ANTHONY. Quite right—cant!

DIANA. I don't believe one in a hundred has any right to talk about sacrifice.

ANTHONY. Not one in a million !

DIANA. Then why do they do it ?

ANTHONY. Want to get something out of you.

DIANA. If Herbert were like that brute I'd——

ANTHONY. Quite right !

DIANA. What's the difference between her and me ?

ANTHONY. Some women are fatal.

DIANA. I don't understand.

ANTHONY. Bound to come to grief !

DIANA. She comes to grief once, and everybody goes on taking advantage till they wear her out; they call themselves Christians, they call it the interest of Society, of morality, of good ! Ah!!!

ANTHONY (*nodding*). Hear ! hear !

DIANA (*comes up to him, softly*). Would you advise me to give her up ?

ANTHONY (*frowning at her, and brushing the lapel of his coat*). Stick to your pals ! (*Turns away and mutters.*) As long as they'll let you ! (*Goes slowly out Right Back.*)

With the argument between Herbert and Diana the first scene ends. In the following scene it is the morning of the next day. Diana is going away for an indefinite period with Helen, and meanwhile proceeds next door, where she more or less forcibly abducts the child Dickie. Meanwhile the Jameses arrive to see what can be done. Diana defies them. George has given up the idea of divorce; he merely wishes a resumption of the *status quo*; but Diana is obstinate.

MRS. JAMES. James, we're keeping Diana.

JAMES F. (*mumbling*). There's a story got about, we want you to contradict, Thornworthy.

DIANA (*quickly*). You can't contradict what's true.

MRS. JAMES. A mere formal contradiction to Mr. Torrens; it's not too late—to keep people's tongues quiet.

ANTHONY (*screwing round his head with difficulty*). If you attach any importance to it, I'll say I was lying. He won't believe me.

MRS. JAMES (*hastily*). Oh ! I'm sure he will.

DIANA. It's no use contradicting what everybody will know.

MRS. JAMES (*sharply*). Everybody will *not* know, nobody will know.

DIANA. What !

MRS. JAMES. Why should they?

DIANA. Helen is not going back to him.

MRS. JAMES. Oh! that's all nonsense. There will be no scandal. George has given up any notion of a divorce. The only condition he makes is that Helen should come back, and go on as they were before. It's a great deal more than she's any right to expect.

DIANA. You'll find it isn't nonsense.

MRS. JAMES (*rising, and losing a little composure*). What on earth do you mean, Diana? D'you think you can set yourself up against what we decide? I'm surprised at the way you go on. You—of all people in the world! You ought to have more delicacy considering it's your own brother that's made all this disgraceful trouble.

DIANA. Don't speak of him!

MRS. JAMES. It's your own fault.

DIANA. I won't let her go back and be smothered amongst you. (*During this James Forsyte fidgets on his chair. Anthony smokes unmoved.*)

MRS. JAMES. Really! That's very good of you! (*She reseats herself with redoubled composure.*) If you were a woman of the world you'd know better than to say such things.

DIANA. A woman of the world! thank God, I'm not!

MRS. JAMES. I've no patience with the hysterical clap-trap of you young people. What d'you want to go stirring up mud for? When you're my age you'll know it's hard enough to get through life without giving yourself a bad name. I should like to see what would become of Society, if we were all to go on like you. Why, it would go to pieces in a minute. Getting hold of a lot of people without any position, or means, or respectability of any sort, and bolstering them up, till they think themselves martyrs. A pretty sort of name your house has got—"the home for cripples!" It's all your doing; Herbert's much too sensible. It's you who've encouraged Helen all these years—I've not said anything, but I know you're responsible for the way she goes on. Without you she'd never have had the courage to live apart from George in the disgraceful way she's done.

DIANA. That's a lie! but it shows the way you feel. "Never have had the courage!" You love to see the courage crushed out of her! You love to see her down, and keep her down—just because she's a little bit of your *property*. She mustn't go out of the family!—Never give up anything you've once got hold of;

it isn't business. It's awful, isn't it, not to get your money's worth!

ANTHONY (*to himself, with a grin*). Call a spade a spade!

MRS. JAMES. I congratulate you on your manners.

DIANA (*with sudden contrition*). I'm sorry—I didn't mean to be so rude. (*She stands biting her lips—then suddenly*) I think I'd better go.

MRS. JAMES. Please tell Helen we're waiting for her! (*Diana nods, and goes out through the Conservatory Left Back.*)

So the talk goes on between James and Anthony. James gets very cold comfort from the formidable old man; but there is worse to come, for the Jameses, when Diana re-appears to know if they still want to see Helen, and incidentally to break the news to them that she has their grandchild in the house. While they are trying to digest this piece of information, George himself appears:

GEORGE. I suppose you've heard—a little too much of a good thing, eh?

MRS. JAMES. What on earth made you let her have the boy, and what on earth have you come here for?

GEORGE (*with sullen irony*). As you seem to be managing so well, I thought I'd have a go too.

Here the play breaks off abruptly, with the crisis of the action still unexposed. As to the ending, however, there can be doubt. The weakness of Helen's character has been insisted on; the Jameses have alluded to it, she herself has alluded to it, Anthony, in so many words, has alluded to it. Inevitably, therefore, the play must end, ironically and tragically, with her return to George—with the victory of the strong over the weak, with the triumph of a commercial and a crass morality. Only so would the lesson bite home, and only so could the play ring true to life. Besides, there is further conclusive evidence. We may suppose that at this point Galsworthy realized that he had bitten off more than any one could conveniently chew; at any rate he split this mass of varied material up, and it was some sixteen years or so before all of it was finally exploited. The general social satire of Mrs. Merrish, the Casserols, Crocker, and the party at the Thornworthys' was the first to be worked out, in *The Island Pharisees* (even the same names are used in several cases). Then Diana Thornworthy's bitter exclamation of "Property" contains in a nutshell the sociological thesis of *The*

*Man of Property*, where it becomes clear that Helen is but a foreshadowing of the far less unconvincing Irene. And that the play would have ended with Helen's return to George is proved by a passage in a letter of Galsworthy's to Edward Garnett,<sup>1</sup> which states the intention with which he made Irene, half-crazed with grief at her lover's death, do precisely that. It is true that in *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* it turns out that she left Soames again the next day; but it must be remembered that when the book was being written Galsworthy had no thought of a sequel on the lines which eventually matured<sup>2</sup>—had indeed no idea that he was to follow the fortunes of the Forsytes further than *Indian Summer of a Forsyte*—so that for some time, as that letter shows, Irene's return represented the author's final intention. After this there can be no room for doubt that he was carrying out in the book the scheme which had been in his mind when writing the play. The next emergence of a bit of *The Civilised* was in *The Fugitive* (1913), with its theme of the *femme fatale*, too fine to accept a loveless bondage, yet not fine enough to forge her own freedom. Here the resemblance to the earlier play is heightened by that of George Forsyte to George Dedmond; while Claire, of course, is yet another version of Helen, maturer alike in conception and in execution. In 1917 came *A Stoic*, where in Sylvanus Heythorp we recognize an expanded but quite unaltered Anthony Thornworthy. In a preface of Galsworthy's 1910 is given as the date when the idea of the "Stoic's figure began to tease him," but this is surely a misprint for 1901. Thus, when, in 1924, *Old English* made its appearance, the shade of old Anthony Thornworthy figured at last on a stage to which access had been denied him for something like twenty-three years.

So much less accidental, as it were, and haphazard than it might seem may the development of an author be. Forsytean tenacity may function none the less surely because unseen, nor less constantly because unsuspected. We shall find a precisely similar instance in *Danaë* (the first draft of *The Country House*), where, incidentally, Anthony Thornworthy makes a second effort to be born.

<sup>1</sup> Of June 1st, 1905, p. 168.

<sup>2</sup> This is clear from p. 174.



## CHAPTER III

### 1904: EMERGENCE: *THE ISLAND PHARISEES*

FROM time to time John and Ada Galsworthy were still escaping abroad, as occasion offered. Their chaperone (a relative), presented to them a resolute blind eye, like Nelson; and who shall say that she was not, in her way, equally successful, and equally deserving of praise? In 1898 the three had gone for Easter to the Tyrol and Italy (where they had missed the Milan riots by a day), then to Cornwall, and later to Ostend and Torquay. The next year they had covered the same ground, but visited different spots. In 1900 they had spent January and Easter in Devon and Cornwall. This year of 1901 they had already been to Italy again, and to Devonshire; now it was summer, and they were once more in the Tyrol. And now began the writing of *The Island Pharisees*.

I cannot remember (he wrote in one of the prefaces to the Manaton edition of his works) writing the first words of *The Island Pharisees*—but it would be about August 1901. Like all the stories in *Villa Rubein* and, indeed, most of my tales, the book originated in the curiosity, philosophic reflections, and unphilosophic emotions roused in me by some single figure in real life. In this case it was Ferrand, whose real name, of course, was not Ferrand,<sup>1</sup> and who died in some “sacred institution” many years ago of a consumption brought on by the conditions of his wandering life. If not “a beloved” he was a true vagabond, and I first met him in the Champs-Élysées, just as in *The Pigeon* he describes his meeting with Wellwyn. Though drawn very much from life, he did not in the end turn out very like the Ferrand of real life—the figures of fiction soon diverge from their prototypes.

The first draft of *The Island Pharisees* was buried in a drawer; when retrieved the other day, after nineteen years, it disclosed a picaresque string of anecdotes told by Ferrand in the first

<sup>1</sup> We shall see that it was the other half of that French town.

Precis  
Scheme for the "

Method

A foreground of figures concrete, ~~rather~~  
visible rational, significant to the main scheme.  
As much significant rational colour as possible  
without detracting from swiftness.

A partially commentative but concrete figure  
of a young foreigner ~~behind~~ behind parts of the  
foreground.

A quiet wellbred man behind <sup>him</sup> the whole  
of the foreground; Concrete as far as is  
consistent with the method. Through him the  
foreground figures are ~~placed~~ placed.  
A back ground of Author defining the  
limits of, & throwing doubts upon the quiet  
man.

person. These two-thirds of a book were laid to rest by Edward Garnett's dictum that its author was not sufficiently within Ferrand's skin; and, struggling heavily with laziness and pride, he started afresh in the skin of Shelton. Three times he wrote that novel; and then it was long in finding the eye of Sydney Pawling, who accepted it for Heinemann's in 1904. That was a period of ferment and transition with me, a kind of long awakening to the home truths of social existence and national character. The liquor bubbled too furiously for clear bottling. And the book, after all, became but an introduction to all those following novels which depict—somewhat satirically—the various sections of English "Society" with a more or less capital "S."

A more detailed version is given in another fragment of the Nobel Prize speech:

When I had written four books that had passed my gentle censor, and soaked myself in the work of those two masters Turgenev and Maupassant, I made the acquaintance of a young Flemish wanderer, long dead, whose name was Clermont. Once again Paris spoke of a bright morning in the Champs-Élysées when the young sought adventures and breakfasted off bread and the good water of fountains. Whether he talked to me or I to him I cannot now remember, but there developed between us something of that conflict between man's natural comfortable laziness, and his better, or shall I say, more ragged self. The world of failures, of the rolling stones, the underworld became disclosed to me. I have often been told that I feel for my characters more than they feel for themselves. I daresay that is true, but when I look at the faces of those who make up this world of ours—this world that knows where its breakfast is coming from so well that it has reached a comfortable acquiescence in the lack of breakfasts for others, when I look at those faces, I still find it difficult to assume that well-fed philosophy which feeds and says: "The poor are always with us."

I have some of Clermont's letters now, yellowed and worn. "Verily I say unto you it is harder for one of the black-coated fraternity to enter the world of the disinherited than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle." It has been too hard for me. But from that chance meeting among the sparrows in the Champs-Élysées sprang my fifth book. A rambling record of incidents with the title *The Pagan* had its head removed and its body trodden beneath the critic's heel. It then became a hybrid

between the young Pagan's adventures and the reactions they caused in his black-coated audience. And then—unjustly—for when in England we have once been tried for murder we cannot again be tried for the same offence—it was rewritten entirely and became the spiritual adventures of a young black-coat among his own kind. All that took me about two and a half years till it came out at last in 1904, and even then had to be drastically revised for its final edition in 1908.

By February a good deal of the book had been written, for on the twelfth of that month he wrote to Edward Garnett:

I am not sure that I am doing wisely in sending you the MS. so early; will do it all the same, and trust to you not to crush it altogether until I have finished it. In revising it I find the early parts too commentative, and want to rewrite some of those passages—the personality doesn't seem to me to begin to grip until Chapter XIII or so; this is bad, and I think mainly due to too much commentary and not enough episodic satire. Remember this when you are reading it. It is a meretricious business, art, but perhaps a point of view is disclosed. Hope to send it you on Saturday night.

The first draft received this moderate and accurate criticism from E. V. Lucas:

*March 7, 1901.*

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—There is something amusingly licentious in the width of your net's mesh. I never remember a more luxurious novelist: you deny yourself nothing. All is fish, and from every fish you extract nutriment. Personally I care nothing for any novel but the novel of character. Turgenev seems to me highest of all, and Meredith highest among the English (at least they give me most pleasure) and your interest in character is very congenial. Perhaps Shelton is a shade too diffident for a central figure; not too diffident for life, but for fiction, I mean. But you certainly have him. I have a kind of feeling, however, that you should have clenched your hand rather more tightly on the lump of life which you gathered up. It is not shaped to the utmost. I suppose there is no cure for Pharisaism—the thing is to know it. Or is it? I envy the unconscious day and night. . . .—Yours sincerely,

E. V. LUCAS.

It was probably the second version of which Conrad wrote on August 22nd, 1902:

Last Monday I left the MS. with Hallam Murray. It was impossible to manage it earlier. He seemed impressed with what I had to say. It is made clear that serial publication is what you want.

On October 8th, however, he had to write intimating the rejection of the book:

DEAREST JACK,—They are beasts. I've just received a note from H. M. declining with many complimentary expressions. I am sending you the MS. by this same post registered.

After all we must expect this sort of thing. No work is judged on its artistic merits; and there's no doubt that the book must rub many susceptibilities the wrong way. If you remember what tempest of anger Mme. Bovary had raised by the sheer sincerity of its method alone you will understand perhaps that your sincerity—extending further than the mere method—must prepare itself for a struggle. Upon my word the book is worth the sweat and dust of it.

The temper of the present time is against it a little. You must not forget that when I (without a tittle of the value you display here) have got myself accepted with the Folly<sup>1</sup> it was during a boom in fiction, such as this century is not likely to see for a few years yet. I do not mean to say that you should wait. Of course not. I only point out another difficulty in addition to the book's excellence which stands in its way.

I don't know what you'll resolve on doing at once. I should suggest a certain expenditure of work on it on the lines we have discussed. After all it is a short work. It will stand expanding.

Next thing I would suggest is a certain compromise—a concession to the needs of popularity. Something must be done to the end. I will expound my meaning when you come down; and you must come down on the book's business on the first convenient day after the 15th instant. Why after the 15th and not before I'll explain when we meet. That I shall then be free of the Tether<sup>2</sup> is not the only reason.

Jessie and boy send their love. Let me know what you feel and think and undergo.—Ever yours, CONRAD.

P.S.—For God's sake *don't, don't* get disgusted.

<sup>1</sup> *Allmayer's Folly*.

<sup>2</sup> *The End of the Tether*.

This cannot, however, have been the shock or disappointment that Conrad apparently feared, for during the period of consideration Galsworthy himself had written to Edward Garnett:

Conrad has got part of the MS. to show Murray for the *Monthly Review* Serial. His suggestion—quite hopeless, I'm afraid.

The process of re-writing proceeded. In November Galsworthy was writing to Garnett:

I fully appreciate the kindness and the value of your suggestions, and bow to the justice of them. With regard to Chap. III, where you felt the break in continuity, I deliberately don't want to discard it, for it seems to me that it strikes early and plainly (too plainly perhaps) the note of the "under the harrow" multitudes which is intended to be heard throughout my theme, and without which the note of the safe and complacent is deprived of its echo; I'm intending to soften the fall instead.

I think you have contrived to be stimulating—not quite sure at present.

And again:

I have not yet caught up my emendations of the first seven chapters, which by the way are now nine. I have followed your suggestions. Many thanks for them, I realize their value more and more.

And still the laborious process went on. Conrad alludes to it in his New Year's letter for 1903:

DEAREST JACK,—Do come. I've been rather seedy in Winchelsea and only so-so since our return. I hope and wish and believe that this year shall be memorable for all who love you by the triumphant progress of your story—which is not so-so by any means. Certainly not. There is not an ounce of so-so in *your* composition; and out of *its* organism you've been chasing the so-so element in a manner compelling my most vivid admiration.

This feeble jocosity is meant to convey a profound and serious sense of the efforts you are making and of the results you are *achieving*. Because you *are* achieving. I wait with impatience.

Best wishes and love from us all.—Ever yours, J. CONRAD.

P.S.—I leave my little news for *viva voce*.

On reading the completed work Conrad wrote again:

DEAREST JACK,—I've just finished the MS. If I've always felt most affectionately towards you for what you are, now my affection is augmented by my feeling for what you have done. I seem to care for you more by all the extent of your fortitude, patience, and devotion you've put into this work of yours. I am proud to think it is you who have achieved such a sustained and single-minded flight of imagination, of feeling and of thought. My dearest fellow, I am inexpressibly glad at the end of the reading just as I was continuously pleased as I read.

Don't misunderstand me if I allude to the promise contained in your pages; they are a distinct and undeniable achievement. No doubt of that; and the promise of something more, of something better (though nothing could be more genuine) is like an added charm, another seductive quality of the work as it stands.

Therefore the hinted notion of national studies of character absolutely excites me. But of that I shall hear more from your lips soon, I hope.

Returning to the Pilgrimage, in truth there is no criticism to make except maybe in matters of small detail—*choses infimes*—that you need not be troubled with—certainly not in writing.

Here is the postman. I am scrawling desperately fast. My love—our love—our congratulations—for you cannot imagine how. . . . Jess has been interested in the MS.—Ever yours,  
CONRAD.

On June 4th he wrote yet again, mentioning (in a passage which will be quoted in its place) *The Man of Property*, which was already on the stocks. Continuing with reference to *The Island Pharisees*, the letter ran:

From Edward [Garnett] I heard of the new title. I approve it not from taste but from conviction. It is right; by accepting it you are doing your duty by the book, which must have every chance. And — *à propos* was hardly a chance. I am rather glad that some other publisher is to have a look in.

In point of fact, publishers seemed, on the contrary, inclined rather to look out. At last, about July, therefore, Conrad took another hand in the game, this time effectually, by bringing the book before the firm of Heinemann. We find him writing, in an undated letter:

I shall incontinently write Pawling asking him principally for quick decision. I shall of course say what I think of the book—tho' I don't know if my opinion'll have any weight. If so it would be with Heinemann rather than with P. At any rate it will do no harm, I think.

And on August 22nd:

Pawling, if he's in London, shall get my letter to him enquiring about *The Pharisees* on Monday next. I wondered too what was going on.

Finally his letter of October 2nd brought good tidings:

DEAREST JACK,—Do come. I want to see you very much. I have been gouty for a week now; and not only that, but I have *felt* ill out of proportion to the attack, which was not severe. It has flattened me out startlingly. This explains why I have not written to you following my wire with a letter as I meant to have done.

The very morning your letter came I was going to wire Sauter inquiring the date of your return. This was because I had just seen Pawling, just back from Switzerland. I was delighted to find him extremely well-disposed towards the book. Heinemann himself, I understand, was doubtful, not of the value but of the expediency. However that's his normal attitude towards every new work and in your case is no obstacle to publication by them. Well, I am glad! I am anxious to hear of your interview. P. himself seems to think that a hit is by no means impossible. But we will talk.

All our loves.—Ever yours,

CONRAD.

P.S.—Write or wire train. Can't you arrive on Sat. evening?

Conrad's optimism was justified; the contract was duly signed, and he was able to write, by November 1st:

I think that the terms arranged with P. are fair. The royalties are decent; but the best feature is the limit of time. That is really a master-stroke on which I congratulate you. It may save no end of worry in the future—that *certain* future which you *are* to have.

All our loves to you. We think of you standing before a desk in an immense room with a ton of glass panes all round—creating,



creating. O! lucky youth! . . . I am glad to hear you've dropped the *nom de guerre*. Very glad! The manner of doing it is highly approved. I am anxious to see *The Pharisees* in print. You are quite right. The book is done. No doubt about it.

All that now remained was a decision as to the title of the book; on the 30th Conrad wrote:

I've been trying (lying on my back in bed with one knee and one ankle swollen) to think of a title. But I've been unable to think of anything better than *The Philacteries*. In fact, if *Pharisees* is impossible then the other is the right title, it seems to me. Does P. object to it on popularity grounds? or what? Why don't you let them try their hand themselves at a name if they are so mighty difficult to please? There was some bother of that sort about *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, I remember. But whatever the name, that book, my dearest Jack, shall lay solid ground under your feet. With the next you shall begin to climb—and build. I am glad I've lived long enough to see and with wits enough left to perceive that you've found yourself.

Do come, my dear Jack, as soon as you can and help me through a day or two. Bring what you've written to the very last word. I *want* to see it all.

The author prevailed after all, and on January 28th, 1904, appeared *The Island Pharisees*, "by John Galsworthy (John Sinjohn), Author of *A Man of Devon*, *Villa Rubein*, etc." Its reception, as might be expected, was mixed. Of forty-three papers, ten came out in favour of the book, while eight were definitely against it. The chief objections were that the book was scarcely a novel at all; that it suffered from over-emphasis, the characters were bores, and art had been sacrificed to propaganda. Its supporters maintained that it stimulated thought, that it was amusingly written, and that, whatever its limitations or defects, it was not dull. The contradictions were especially numerous over the character of Antonia.

[From *W. H. Hudson*]

Jan. 31.

40 ST. LUKE'S ROAD.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Very many thanks for the book; so much did it interest me that once started I read it right through, and when it came to a very proper ending, was sorry there was no more of it. Your types are admirably done; they stand out

sharp and distinct in spite of the extraordinary number of them. Of the two divisions of the book I prefer the second simply because there are not so many and you have more space to show them in. And Antonia is best again because she too has the most room to move in. She is perfect and most true; how many Antonias there are scattered over this broad land! . . .

Please don't trouble to expect any particular pleasure from *Green Mansions*. I've never taken myself seriously as a fictionist, and am not going to try to begin now. I hope to send you a copy one day this week.—Sincerely yours, W. H. HUDSON.

For us, at a distance of time, one impression emerges. On balance the author might well regard the verdict—on himself, if not on his book—as favourable; for under all the strictures lay a general perception that its writer was a man of mark.

In short, John Galsworthy had emerged—and to some purpose.

## CHAPTER IV

1906: *ANNUS MIRABILIS*

### I

#### *THE MAN OF PROPERTY*

THE first mention to be found of *The Man of Property* is in that letter of Conrad's written in June, 1903:

. . . I am excited by the news of the novel you are hatching. It is good news; for you are a man of purpose and know what you want to do. But what is it that you exactly want to do? That is—for me—the question. The name of the people suggests the moral shape of the thing; yet I would like to know—to know absolutely—to know as much as you know (or think you know) of what is going to happen to the doomed crew of Forsythes [*sic*].

Yet the book had been on the stocks since the previous year, being worked at in alternation with *The Island Pharisees*. The latter had received the lion's share of its author's attention; but with its publication he was now free to concentrate on the novel which at that time he intended to call *The Forsyte Saga*. In June of 1904 he went on a walking tour with Edward Garnett, who, more than any other friend from outside, was his adviser on this book; and one can imagine the thorough discussion to which it was subjected between the two. In letters of July and September Conrad was crying out for a sight of *The Saga*, which, no doubt, in due course he obtained. Then, in December, came the death of old Mr. Galsworthy, with its far-reaching effects on the life of his son. Early in the new year John Galsworthy was writing to his friend and literary protégé, R. H. Mottram:

Jan. 5, 1905.

16A AUBREY WALK,  
CAMPDEN HILL, W.

MY DEAR RALPH,—Garnett thinks very well of our two sketches. I have sent them to the Editor of *The Outlook* with

the request that he will deal with you direct. He may send them back or he may send you proof. I've given him your address. Their address is:

*The Outlook*, 109 Fleet Street, E.C.

I'm going abroad for six or seven months, in fact till Ada and I can be married. The hydra-headed monster of waiting will be slain, I trust this month, by what are called "proceedings" against us in the so-called Courts of Justice.

When we return, if you still look upon us as sufficiently respectable, I trust you will come and visit the little house I have taken. In the meantime, my dear boy, I leave behind with you the warmest sympathy, and I urge you to go on and not be cast down.

I shall be here till Tuesday, could you send me back the poems, and the Turgenevs, if done with, before then?

After that, when you write, if you address me

c/o Messrs. Hills and Halsey,  
58 Lincoln's Inn Fields,  
London.

I shall always get the letter subject to the fantasies of foreign postmen. This is a curious and fascinating time, for thank God—Ada is not exactly what you would call an ordinary woman, neither has our devotion been through the fire for nothing. It is most interesting to watch how people take it. On the whole it strengthens one's belief in human nature.

Upon the whole I wouldn't if I were you speak of it till after the case is over, which according to our pleasant system will doubtless be reported, though I should think shortly.

Good-bye and all good luck attend you.—Most sincerely  
yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I shall finish my book with luck in four months.

So, pursued by the earnest goodwill of his friends, John Galsworthy set forth—to find at last supreme happiness, and to work with a good heart upon his book. Conrad, on his way to Capri, wrote affectionately from Paris:

Jessie had a sweet dear letter from your wife for which I send her true thanks; for you know how much I appreciate and prize every mark of her goodwill and friendship towards us both.

I hope you are in a state of peace wherever you are, inward peace I mean to say. Outward worries, I know, there must be for a few days; I wish you well through them; but really all

these forms of "human wisdom," though odious enough in their way, need not disturb the serenity of your souls.

By the first of February the end was near, for Galsworthy wrote to Edward Garnett:

I have two and a half chapters to finish the book; after that a month for revision and Ada to type the whole through, and then I shall send it to England. I want to know, my dear fellow, whether you would undertake, if I send it to you, to hand it to Pawling. I am bound by my last agreement to give him the refusal; and I thought of asking for a fifty pound advance and 15% royalty rising to 20% after 2000 copies. I don't see why I should ask Heinemann's less. If they refuse this and Duckworth cares for it I would give it to him on a 12% or 10% royalty with no advance, because I consider that I owe him money. I should want the royalty to increase to 20% after 2000 copies sold.

What do you think of the enclosed title? Soames of course is the man of Property, and this is made abundantly clear.

There is no hurry about the thing because I don't want the book to come out before October certainly and probably not before Xmas.

I think of the end of *The Saga* (Conrad had just written) with a much greater composure and certitude than of any of your other books. I feel somehow certain that you are *working* well. I am happy to hear that you are working steadily.

His prevision was correct; happiness clearly nerved Galsworthy and lent wings to his pen; for it must have been on the completion of the book that Conrad had occasion to write, a few days later:

DEAREST JACK,—I doubt whether this will reach you, but I can't refrain from a shout at the news. How you must have worked! I only regret that the publication is to be delayed till the Xmas season—which is crowded as you know. Of course your motive is unanswerable. I wonder if letting it go over the New Year, say end Jan. 06, will not be good policy? The book to my mind is so considerable that no circumstance of its publication should be disregarded—I fancy I'll *have* to review it—*anonymously*. A good place for that review will have to be found. But there's plenty of time. We are waiting with the *greatest* impatience your arrival here. Our deep love.—Always  
yours, CONRAD.

To the welter of composition now succeeded the strain of revision, a process whose secret depths are revealed to us in the following remarkable letters. The reader will note that the final suggestion for the ending in the letter of June 26th was after all modified.

[From and to Edward Garnett]

27th, May 1905.

THE CEARNE.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I hasten to write you my main impression of your last Part. (I am tired, but I hope to make my meaning clear.) Briefly I regard it as containing splendid stuff, all on a high level, and containing two or three passages near to genius. But, and I emphasize this in every way, I consider Bosinney's Suicide *an artistic blot* of a very grave order, psychologically false, and seriously shaking the illusion of the whole story. B.'s suicide is like a chink of light in the photographer's dark room, weakening the negative. When I read it, I said "incredible," "not in character." It is, for me, a thing out of keeping with what we have learnt of B. previously; *secondly*, it comes near to the average Philistine's conception of "one of those artist chaps"—"weak"; *thirdly*, it destroys our sympathy with B.; *fourthly*, it is psychologically false, for B. *possesses* Irene, and would be strengthened and strung up by his possession of her to fight extra hard; *fifthly*, the financial ruin means much less to the Bosinney type of man than you can be aware of; *sixthly*, it is scarcely credible that a man, who has held his own as Bosinney has done should not have more strings to his bow than that wretched Soames' cheque. Very few people are quite isolated, and a man couldn't have a small London business without some connections; *seventhly*, if he had gone smash, he is an energetic (? practical) man, who would defy his circumstances; and *lastly*, suicide only comes when hope practically dies. Why should he despair? it's a matter of fact, that with £20, borrowed or begged, he would have started with Irene and her jewels for Paris. I don't think you have made out a shadow of a case. We open our mouths and stare. But even if it were true to life it would be false to art. The young fresh forces of love and life are on *their* side: to make them throw up the sponge suddenly is an *artistic débâcle*. Of course, if you had painted Bosinney as a decadent or a neurotic invalid—perhaps; but you haven't.

To make him commit suicide through money is to make money paramount. But it isn't! Any man who has fought his way, and

lived on bread and cheese, is semi-proof against such "financial ruin," until family cares and age weaken him. Bosinney is young! full of sap. Besides, his character is a fighting character. The lovers who commit suicide die of disappointment, or die together, or of not being able to possess the beloved one. Or—in morbid cases—they die of the exhaustion of sexual collapse.

Irene is far more likely to commit suicide—as my wife remarked. She might have done it, through being between the two men.

No, my dear Galsworthy, as friend and critic, very anxious for the whole strength and triumph of your book, I urge you most strongly to reconsider this. It *destroys the illusion*. My wife agrees with me. And she arrived at the same impression, independently and apart from me.

I hope you will think this carefully over. There are two alternatives. The first, and the easiest is—to make Bosinney meet with an accident in the fog—so that you can preserve your psychological analysis of the Forsytes' attitude.

In a sense this is cheap, at first sight—but it *might be* artistically perfect, I shall never forget how Howells treated an accident in one of his novels. He made it a bit of *the irony of life*, and it seemed cruelly true. It was a pure *accident* (a tramcar smash! or something of the sort), but he gave a feeling of the people hurrying about and buzzing round in the street scene—that got on one's nerves. It was *the best thing* in the book.

The second course open to you is to make Bosinney and Irene *go off*, personifying Youth and Joy, the indestructibility of Love, with £50 and *her* Jewels! say £30 worth!—go bang out into the world, leaving Soames and the jewel case, and all the Forsyte gang with their blasted hereditaments powerless behind them.

I don't *urge* this. It is what I thought was bound to come; I pictured an impressive final chapter showing the carriages of the Forsytes rolling by, in their myriads, through the Square of the West End and the Park; and the whisper of the lovers coming faintly to us, with the scent and magic of Spring breaking through the dusty London buds and branches.

You could keep a good deal of the matter as it stands, sacrificing the Death Chamber scene and the last chapter.

I think the last chapter is better away. I don't think it strengthens but weakens the final effects. It *talks on*—after the curtain has dropped.

My wife thinks that the Death Chamber is not up to the mark

—but I think it quite good enough to stand—if you decide to make B. meet with a fatal accident.

*Secondly.* You've overdone a little the anti-British, middle-class feeling. It's a little *too* one-sided, a little too biased, a little semi-caricature in these last chapters. It is most important to drop any hint of *parti-pris*, or polemical feeling, in the last part, and to be grave, weighty and restrained, so as to strengthen the illusion of its exact justness to nature. You are tragic in Part III, and any caricature—however faint—impairs the tragedy.

Now, my dear fellow, I've said all I can *against* Part III. For the imagination, and insight, and working out of most of the pages I have the strongest admiration. There are many passages which beat all you have written before. The analysis of Soames is wonderful; the touches about James extraordinarily good. Irene is most moving—and poetic. (Personally *I* think Irene goes too soft, in and after the rape scene—she is harder before; why should she get *softer* ?)

I feel you are working her round to meet the suicide-idea. But I don't insist on this. You must follow your instinct here.

The delivery of the "Judgment" is not equal to the admirable scene in Court—which is wonderfully clever. I won't dilate here on the best passages. The whole thing lives and breathes, it grows stronger and stronger and more absorbing up to June's visit—and then you seem to me to take the wrong road and stick to it.

*I* should make June's visit abortive—a last effort of her love. Bosinney *tells* her—and be very strong—and then elopement with Irene.

Forgive me this: it is an impertinence, after all your splendid work. Put my ideas out of the question—but don't make Bosinney commit suicide. That is my instinctive and most deliberate judgment.

I send you the pencil notes, on the good and bad passages, as I felt them in reading. You will see from them the exact impression you made on me. I hold the MS. till you write to me.—  
Always affectionately yours,

EDWARD GARNETT.

Connie says that if your wife is not (which she is) superhumanly sweet, she will hate me for this letter. But it is only drawn forth from me by my real devotion.

*N.B.*—Of course by accentuating B.'s poverty, lack of food, etc.,



and nerve strain, you try and *make it plausible*—but *that* shows how *fabricated* it is. You have to *work it up* from nothing much.

But it ought to have its roots in character. You have imported the attitude to life of the-man-who-has-always-had-a-bank-balance into the soul of a man-who-despises-a-bank-balance, and mixed up the two. Money is very powerful—but there is something *more* powerful in B.; he might actually *die* of starvation—but he would never give up the game, with a woman to fight for. I feel that your analysis might have been erected on a hearsay anecdote from one of Bosinney's acquaintances who had failed to diagnose what his character was.

HOTEL DES ALPES,  
MADONNA DI CAMPIGLIO.

June 1, 05.

MY DEAR GARNETT,—I got your letter just now after a nine hour drive up here and I daresay I am answering it too soon, but I can't help it, because when you are unhappy you want to work it off. I am unhappy because this looks like being the first real split in art between us (for God's sake don't let's have it in anything else). Hitherto I've always seen your criticism to be right on reflection if not at the first blush; but here seems to me a divergence on a fundamental point of temperament.

First of all however I must clear the ground.

Bosinney's suicide.

I *absolutely* agree with you that no financial trouble would induce him to commit suicide; that financial ruin means little or nothing to the Bosinney type of man.

Bosinney in an already low and hunted condition commits suicide because Irene tells him that Soames has outraged her. I see that this has not even occurred to you as the reason, and I feel humiliated and justly humiliated that I've not made it clear. The fact is I wrote a chapter between Irene and Bosinney travelling in the Underground with that for motif. I subsequently took it out because I wanted to give Bosinney indirectly, feeling as I still feel that this is the only way for *me* to do him—in other words I haven't power enough over him or insight enough into him. And doing it the second way I've obviously underdone it. You may say on reading the real reason for Bosinney's suicide, *which of course I will make as plain as daylight*: God bless me—but why? I do not agree with you if you do say this, and I ask you to put yourself back into the most flaming condition that you

can remember before you say so. I also ask you to consider that the whole situation of a bankrupt lover and a woman without money, accustomed to luxury, is not in itself encouraging, I don't put it stronger than that—then add a little bodily privation and a great mental shock, perhaps the greatest mental shock a man terribly in love can have, and where is that improbability of which you speak?

I'm well aware from considerable experience of French novels that the particular revelation to Bosinney is considered of very little consequence; but the English character is very different in that respect. Or again you may say it is a woman's view; and I do not say that Bosinney, perfectly master of the situation otherwise, would not have come through all right. As it is I believe I am right.

But all this is beside the mark.

What disturbs me is this:

You, and I think your wife, want me to end the book with a palpable and obvious defeat of Forsyteism by making the lovers run away happily.

To my mind (and I desire to defeat Forsyteism) the only way to do so is to leave the Forsytes masters of the field. The only way to enlist the sympathies of readers on the other side, the only way to cap the purpose of the book, which was to leave property as *an empty shell*—is to leave the victory to Soames. If I finish, as you would like me to finish, I merely add another to those many books which people regard *Κυνήδον*. To make success of "illicit love" is to invite mockery.

Conrad said on finishing "the end is terrific." I only quote this to show that a certain impression is made by that picture of Soames and Irene on each side of the hearth, and the door slammed on any interference.

We both wish to produce the same effect, we both hate the Forsytes and wish their destruction. Your instinct tells you to do it positively, you would leave them defeated; my instinct tells me that it can only be done by me negatively; I would leave them victorious—but what a victory!

This is tragic.

I thought the best scene in the book the last; and the best passage the comparison of Irene to "a shot bird." I still think this will make more impression on the public than any happy ending, and palpable defeat of the Forsytes.

Your wife said "Irene might have committed suicide through

being between the two men." Yes, if she had not been Irene, but Irene *does* nothing. She is passive. Again, I "make Irene softer towards the end," you say; but do I? She is nowhere harder really than in the scene with June. To a man she hates she can be hard, so can anyone. There is no softness to Soames anywhere, for softness can hardly be inferred from the outrage. But she is soft all through because she is passive.

*Anti-British Middle Class feeling*: I expect you are right—there are passages I know which touch burlesque, I will look to them.

Your letter is so good, and true, and touching to me, that I am cast down to the ground.

Forgive me if I seem to write hardly, and forgive me for not writing more to-night.

My wife sends her love to you both, *de bon cœur*.

The same from me, my dear fellow.—Ever yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Those poor little flowers came back to us dried and dead—the d——d London post office said there were not enough stamps on.

Do you think it was dangerous perhaps to read the book in parts, forming so to speak your own story for the end, before it came to you?

*Friday.*

I've been sleeping or rather not sleeping on your letter; and trying to see things with your eyes as to the end. My dear fellow, if I so much as wink the eye in favour of the lovers, if I so much as hint at their victory and happiness the book is destroyed. I daren't do it—moreover I don't see it. I feel the end must be remorseless. I think you and your wife are unconsciously biased by hatred of Forsyteism; or perhaps it is that you are not so much biased by hatred as I am, and do not want to stab so deep; or do not see that my stab is deeper than the one you have in mind.

Bosinney's suicide. I think it is very likely I have made a mistake in *time* over this; the suicide would most probably have come about under the wheels of a 'bus in the fog, instead of the following afternoon. I can alter this, with but little change; and if you like I can leave it in the minds of the reader as it would be in the minds of the Jury, doubtful whether it was suicide or no. I will contrive a way of making it more patent that when

George is following him in the fog, he is straight from the Confession.

Have you re-read the first two parts? Bosinney is somewhat neuroticized, or I would say made haunted, in the second part.

You and your wife sympathize too much with the lovers, or rather you don't sympathize enough with them, for I repeat once more that your ending would leave the Forsytes victorious *with the reader (general reader)*; my way leaves the lovers victorious even with them, for it is only the beaten who are victorious.

If I honestly thought Bosinney's suicide out of the question I would not commit it and falsify, even for the sake of the main purpose of the book (the attack on property); but it is not out of the question, it is at all events a toss-up—and I make the confession to you that I have failed with Bosinney and must continue to fail with him; and I use him to serve the main purpose of the book. If I do it—more adroitly on your lines—who but you and two or three more will see that I am so using him? It is better to be honest and face my failure, and get some good out of it.

I think you had better get the book typed and send it to Pawling. I can make all the alterations afterwards. Writing to P. you might indicate that there will be a few alterations though not on main lines. *They* won't see, anyway, and I want to know where I am with them. By the way—"the judgment"—I thought this was good.

Once more forgive me, and write to me again if you can put up with me.

J. G.

*Friday, June 2, Evening.*

MY DEAR GARNETT,—On second thoughts it would be better if you would have the whole typed, and when you have the two complete copies, send me the *new copy of Part III*. I will work at it on the lines I suggest and send it back to you to have re-typed again; when this is done you can send the whole to Pawling.

I think I can bring the reader round to an atmospheric state which will make him accept Bosinney's death whether as accident or suicide—which, I will leave vague—without cavilling. My theory of suicide, you know, is perhaps not the same as yours. I rather gather that you think suicide inherent in character. I think it is in every man's character, and in none, and is the out-

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come of a mass of circumstances with a main motif to which accident in the last instance puts the cap. In fact it is a hair-trigger job.

I still hope to justify the suspicion of Bosinney's.

Thank you for putting me on the scent of my failure in technique which was horribly bad.

By the way, though this is perhaps against me, we both think here that the man I originally took the idea of Bosinney from is as likely a man *qua* temperament to commit suicide as we know; but as I say that amounts to nothing because men of all temperaments do it.—Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

We shan't stay here as long as we thought, so will you write to—

Dolomiten Hotel,  
San Martino di Castrozza.

We shall get there on the 10th or 11th.

June 7th, 1905.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—. . . Now as to the revision. Yes—make him killed in the fog. I only suggest that you should not imply *suicide* for these reasons.

I regard suicide, through the shock of the rape, to be as incredible as suicide through financial worry. I quite agree with you, my dear fellow, in all that you say about suicide being in every man's character, more or less—given certain pressure. But psychologically your previous analysis of Bosinney simply walks the reader *away* from all belief in B.'s suicide. You say you have "failed with B."—but up to the scene in the Botanical Gardens, I consider B. very strong and convincing—as a well-outlined figure.

Where your analysis breaks down, I think, is that you suddenly seem to chuck up the conception of all the causes, Soames—the House, etc., etc., bringing out Bosinney's fighting qualities.

B. begins by fighting and despising Soames, and in my view Soames' attitude towards him, as regards Irene, the House, etc., all along the line, must string B. up more and more.

Surely the "rape" would excite B. to violent anger, to immediate action. He has played his last card; he's absolutely and totally wrecked any last uncertainty in Irene's mind, and every spark of fighting manhood in B. would be strung up, not depressed.

Possession of your loved woman by the force of a man she despises and detests surely is an *excitant* in the highest degree. The "shock," "mental shock," produces furious male hatred and jealousy of the man who rapes.

I've never heard of such cases of violence to women producing *depression*: even the most sensitive and timid man I should expect to be temporarily transformed into an angry and dangerous combatant. I should expect every man to come at once to action of some sort. At least if he didn't, I should require a most delicate analysis of the specially sensitive and specially neurotic type who is driven to suicide.

Frankly, my dear G., I can imagine a rather feeble or cold dreamy type of man being *depressed* by the rape, if Irene was absolutely cut off from him; but it seems to me that (a) Bosinney is rather a fighting type of man (with a neurotic strain), and (b) that you don't seem to allow for the effect of B.'s physical possession of her, week by week.

Why despair? Why? Why? B. doesn't care a damn for Society, he doesn't care a damn for Soames; he doesn't care a damn about money. *That* is why I object to B. suddenly chucking up the sponge—even if he had too little to eat, and had "a mental shock."

As to your arguments *re* the proper ending, you must follow your instinct entirely. I don't presume to introduce my instincts here, or put them against yours. The ending is very good, so long as B. *doesn't commit suicide*. Let the sudden blow of death fall. That's very like life. I don't know *what* the Forsytes themselves will think of the ending. My impression was that it's almost a common spectacle in a Forsyte household for the woman to be drearily gazing into the fire, while the man is surveying his Turner through his pince-nez. And that, so long as the marriage is an *outward bond* holding the two together, so long as the Forsyte world thinks it decently "successful." But I am ready to bow to you. Follow your instinct. It is an excellent end—though there might have been others.—Yours, EDWARD GARNETT.

Tuesday.

MADONNA DI CAMPIGLIO.

MY DEAR FELLOW,—I have been working in advance on Part III and I think I am meeting your point as to B.'s suicide. I feel that you were right as the thing was written, the technique was grievously in fault, and after all in fiction there is no such thing as psychology, there is only the impression on the reader's

mind. I am trying to reconcile myself to having disappointed you both by the turn of the end.

With regard to the judgment, I will see what I can do when I have it before me—but I fear little. It is really not a caricature of the judgments of some of our Judges who import personal feeling into their dictums—moreover it is a perfectly fair answer to the kind of pleading presented to the Judge. It was rather with this I think that you should have quarrelled.

I write now however to ask your advice on another matter. At the very back of my mind, in the writing of this book (and indeed of *The Island Pharisees*, but put that aside) there has always been the feeling of the utter disharmony of the Christian religion with the English character. Not an original idea, this, but a broad enough theme to carry any amount of character study. I've got it in my mind now to carry on this idea for at least two more volumes. Just as the theme of the first book is the sense of property—the theme of the next (or rather, the national traits dealt with are (1) the reforming spirit, (2) the fighting spirit—done of course through story, and definite character study. The theme of the third book would be the spirit of advertisement, self-glorification, and impossibility of seeing ourselves in the wrong, and it would deal with the Boer War (of course only through character, not in story). I call the second book *Danaë*, and the third *The Mouth of Brass*. Six years elapse between each book, and I carry young Jolyon through all three as commentator. I have my figures for the second book, but only the idea for the third.

But what I want to ask you is this.

Is it worth while to put after the title of *The Man of Property*, etc., some such addition as this:

National Ethics I.  
or Christian Ethics I.  
or Tales of a Christian People I.

in other words, to foreshadow a series upon that central idea.'

My intention is to make that central idea plainer in Vol. II and absolutely patent in Vol. III, without I hope transgressing against Art. It has become obvious to me, and I expect to you, that my strength—if any—lies in writing to a polemical strain through character; and I find it natural to think of life in my fiction in a sort of string—a sort of second world peopled by my own people. One person makes another, in fact, and it all comes into a sort of mould gradually that way. So that if I live, and

don't collapse, I ought to be able to carry out my intention, and with regard to the third book, by the time it comes out the public would be able to look on at an analysis of our attitude to the Boer War without blood in the eyes.

However if you say that it is unwise to commit myself thus I will take your advice.

Our best love.—Ever yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

HOTEL TRENTO,  
SUDTIROL.

June 14, 1905.

DEAR MRS. GARNETT,—Your letter has been travelling about and caught us here yesterday. I was so glad to get it and Edward's too. I am writing to him.

And first please think that we have both of us only increased affection and admiration for you both. I think it is one of the very hardest things to honestly criticize the work of those of whom we are fond; but it is what one expects and longs for from true friendship—and every time the courage is found makes the link stronger.

I know that you will rejoice to hear that I have thrown up the sponge. Between you, you have made me believe that Bosinney is really alive, and not merely a figure—haunting the book for the purposes of the story. I'm afraid that this was the view I had taken of him, and I am in a way delighted to give in, though still perhaps not quite convinced. If I have really succeeded with him at all I must be in the position of the sportsman (who after missing all day brought down a bird) to whom his game-keeper said with resignation: "Eh! But they will fly into it sometimes!" Bosinney must have flown into it. I am conscious of feeling mentally with him early in the book, and then exerting all my artifice to keep people from seeing that I had done so; what a light this throws upon the whole of literary work! It is certainly a "puff" to the technique theory. I feel in a terrible muddle, and don't know how my revision will work out. I don't feel any inspiration, and I fear it will be a lame and patchwork job. Still it should be better than what is.

When I finished the book at Sorrento I was so spun out that I couldn't even write a letter for five or six weeks<sup>1</sup>; and I think the knowledge of this has contributed to the desperation with which I clung at first to Bosinney's suicide. But after all it is not a big

<sup>1</sup> He had also been ill from slight sun-stroke.



matter. My difficulty now is to see clearly exactly the effect (the legitimate effect) my sentiment will have on the reader's mind. - I feel shaken.

I'm so glad you think Irene's return right, and *feel* the picture of her at the end. Of that I am proud.

Ada always felt with you the difficulty of believing that a man would desert a woman in such trouble. I felt it perhaps no less. But I am impregnated with the feeling that suicide is something so absolutely *illogical*, so momentary, so unconnected with character, so forgivable, so purely physical, so unaccountable, to be so easily accepted, so impossibly hard of execution as to be executed only by a sort of accident; in fact, that it is accident. To me it didn't seem to touch character, and temperamentally it doesn't shock me. There it must be, I think, that the difference between us comes in. Perhaps it is so far off me, that I only conceive of it physically. In any case it is inconceivable in relation to the *whole* of any man. It can only be performed by a part and a very narrow part of that man, which part has momentarily become his whole. This is why Bosinney's type is more capable of suicide than the Forsyte type, because he has that capacity of merging the whole of himself in a part of himself—to my mind of course this is strength not weakness; and suicide has always seemed to me, if anything, an evidence of what is whole-hearted and loveable; as against the cautious and self-saving spirit of Forsyteism.

We were so sorry about the flowers. Our love to you all, and many many thanks.—Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

HOTEL TRENTO,  
SUDTIROL.

June 14th, 1905.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—A thousand thanks for your letter of June 7th, and the estimate which is admirably low. I have had your wife's letter too, and have written to her.

In the passages I have already written towards revision I had taken the line of violent anger, and implied that he was killed while insensible to everything but the thought of revenge (this is done by 4 or 5 pages of George following him in the fog), and I have been using a suspicion of suicide in the Inspector's mind—from the 'bus driver's evidence—as a peg on which to hang Forsyte psychology (rejection of the theory as prejudicial to them). Then at the beginning of Chapter IX I have a page or two of young Jolyon

reflecting as he leaves the hospital where the dead body is—reflecting upon this theory of suicide—how the F's will reject it—how the papers will imply it—how it was not in Bosinney's character—and yet how it might have been—and finally rejecting it. Then I follow on at once with Soames after leaving the hospital; and I make him meet George (on the steps of Jobson's) with a paper in his hand, having just seen "the Buccaneer's" death—suspected to be suicide. George of course is the only person who has seen Bosinney under the stress of the Confession. Into his mind in this meeting with Soames I put the last word on Bosinney's death: Thus: "Suicide!" he was thinking—not much! The poor beggar was so set on his vengeance that he heard nothing of the 'bus! He held Soames responsible for the death—for he disliked him. And this judgment was in his eyes.

"They talk about suicide here," he said at last.

Soames shook his head. "An accident," he muttered.

George, clenching his big fist on the paper, crammed it into his pocket.

"Or murder," he grinned. "All well at home? Any little Soameses yet?"

'With a face white as the steps of Jobson's, his lip raised in a snarl, Soames pushed past him and was gone.'

Tell me if this is all right in outline.

Then I go on with Soames and Irene's return as written, and end by introducing young Jolyon. I will think over the last three pages, but can't promise alteration, unless I get an inspiration.

Yes, June will of course not see Bosinney, and I will write a sentence about the uncertainty left in her over Irene's retreat. I will look to the scene in the Botanical. I chiefly dread Chapter VIII and can, I fear, do but little with it except make it fall into line.

Send Part III to—

Dolomiten Hotel,  
San Martino di Castrozza

registered.

I feel as if I were a regular blood-sucker.—Affectionately yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Bosinney's death I think will gain in strength and credibility *as an accident* by judicious use of a suspicion of suicide, which the reader by interior knowledge is enabled to reject.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

DOLOMITEN HOTEL,  
SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA.

June 26th, 1905.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Yes, it is more appropriate. I have been re-reading your letters of criticism in the bulk and cold blood, and I am humbled, and astonished at their clear justice. You have too good an eye.

Well, as to the last pages, I have re-written these. I now make young Jolyon find the door open and Soames wandering in the Square—they talk, the door is shut in young Jolyon's face. Thence he goes to his father's house, and finding him alone in the dining room they speak together and the last words are old Jolyon's. I think it will do; at all events I don't see my way to anything better.

I'm impatient for the arrival of Part III, which hasn't yet turned up. If you insured it, it won't be here till Thursday I guess. If you didn't it *ought* to be here now. I'm just wiring you to Duckworth's to post me registered but *not* insured the new copy of Parts I and II; there are one or two minor chronological alterations I must make in young Jolyon (immaterial, but necessary for the *next* book) also one or two passages as to Bosinney I want to touch.

I will bear in mind what you say about caricature. I hope the thing may get to Pawling by mid-July, but I suppose I had better re-write my letter, or will you, when you send it in, explain that I don't expect an answer till the end of August. If I carry out my scheme of three novels, it would be a great advantage to be published by the same firm, all three. I expect you are right about the sub-titles. I only thought perhaps "National Ethics" was fairly non-committal, and might lend a certain importance, *superficially*, to the work (to blow on my own trumpet, which appears to want blowing). *The Island Pharisees* really ought to have been more read, for I find very widely different people reading it with genuine interest, when I give it to them (!)

So much for self.

We are so glad your wife is going on so well. I do hope she will be careful, and not over-exert herself in any way.

All our best wishes and sympathy.

I expect we shall be here another week. I will send you our address as soon as we decide to move. I don't say much about my gratitude, but I am grateful.

—Greetings to Hudson and Lucas and any old friends.—Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Don't forget what I said in my last letter.

At last the book was finished and despatched:

SUDBAHN HOTEL,  
TOBLACH.

July 13th, 1905

DEAR EDWARD,—I've just sent off the MS. from here in *one parcel* (but uninsured) hoping that it may reach you quicker than if insured. I've sent it c/o Duckworth. If it doesn't arrive by Wednesday it will be sad. But to send it as registered letters, it appears, would have cost about £3. I can't understand the Postal arrangements in this country, they seem to vary every week. We walked down here carrying the blessed thing in a bag like a cat that we intended to drown. We walked nearly four hours to find a reliable post office, and are just going home.

A letter to:

Hotel Baur,  
Landro,  
Ampezzothal

will find me for some days.

Am going to write to your wife to-morrow. Heard from Conrad. Shaw seems to have endorsed his play. Why don't you spur *The Speaker* to consistent dramatic criticism, and to giving the post to you and me? I believe we could make them sit up, authors and actors. How is your play?—Affectionately yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Duckworth & Co.  
Publishers.

3 HENRIETTA STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

July 26th, 1905.

DEAR JACK,—I took your novel, re-typed, into Pawling to-day. He was in a genial mood, and said he should *certainly* accept *The Man of Property* on your terms—and guessed I would be sorry. I said frankly that he deserved to have it, but I would much prefer it to go to Duckworth! So I think it will be arranged that Pawling will accept it on the terms of your letter.

I read the last chapters, and whether it was because of my flatness, or of the book not coming fresh to me, or for other reasons, I think that *later on* you must work carefully on the two closing scenes. It is all right—the arrangement—but the workmanship is uninspired and tame.

All that you have to do is *to wait*—and not force yourself—and then at some favourable hour recreate in your imagination the *telling details*.

Brood over it lazily, and it will come. For example the scene in the square. You ought to do a couple of pages describing Soames' wandering, and the scene at the mortuary wants some crisp little psychological descriptions.

In fact the *best way* would be for you to banish from your head your present version, and *recreate fresh* the situations.

I don't think this is absolutely necessary. I think that the novel would do as it is, but I do think that, given a favourable hour, you could *work up* to a psychological climax instead of letting the reader gently down.

Don't bother over this: there is heaps of time between this and October for re-writing, or retarding, the last two chapters. . . .  
—In haste, yours affectionately, EDWARD GARNETT.

Galsworthy wrote in 1932 of his happy recollections of this time, and told the fate of the MS.

To the ferment roused in my spirit by the Boer War and to a simmering revolt against the shibboleths of my home, school, and College, I suppose I may trace six out of the seven books which followed. *The Man of Property* was conceived in satiric mood and carried to its close in a larger spirit; it was written here, there, everywhere, the most scattered of my manuscripts, at the time of my life most poignant. Two-thirds of it had taken nearly two years to write; the last third was written in six weeks, with the pale north-Italian sunlight filtering through winter branches on to the pages. I was, indeed, in no hurry for the appearance of that book; I knew it to be the best I had written; and the revision of it, sentence by sentence, gave me more intimate pleasure than I am likely to have again. And so it came out in its due time. When, seven years later, we were changing house, I came upon the fragments of those first two-thirds of *The Man of Property*. Instantly I lighted a fire and stuffed into it an incredible confusion of jumbled note-book pages—the last third, clean-written, with the continuity of a mind at rest, I had not the heart to preserve. Into the fire it went, too, for at that time one's manuscripts were still just so much rubbish. The holocaust of *The Man of Property* illustrates once more the whimsicality of Fate. The rest of the Forsyte books lie under glass in the British Museum, but that book, without which they would never have been thought of or born, was burned and went into the æther to mix with the lungs of twenty years ago.

The book, now finished, was of course shown to his sister Lily,

who, not unnaturally, received rather a shock. The Forsytes, as we know, were drawn very much from the life; and to recognize in the book a whole portrait-gallery of relatives—painted, too, in a highly satiric style—was an experience more disconcerting thirty years ago than it might be to-day. At any rate, whether or no the reader will sympathize with her attitude is beyond the point; she did so feel, and told her brother so. His reply is interesting in a dozen different ways.

Sept. 11 [1905].

BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL.

MY DEAREST OLD GIRL,—Your very lovely and beautifully honest letter has put me perhaps into a muddled state for answering it, but still I must try.

The first thing that strikes me on a whole review of the letter is that it is the cry of one temperament to a very different one. I have long known that in essence of outlook we are very unlike. We have much of the same sympathy, much of the same width, but at the very bottom there is a difference. You have not the vein of realism, cynicism, satiricism, impersonalism, call it what you will, that I have. You are an optimist, an idealist. I am not an optimist, nor a pessimist, and if I have ideals they are not yours.

Then artistically we are not the same in our cravings. To put an example, you would have a contrast so given as to enlist the reader on one side, and against the other. I don't feel like this. I feel more like a sort of chemist, more cold, more dissective, always riding a philosophical idea, and perverting, if you like, my values to fit it. I start out from the thesis that property is not exactly a christian, a decent idea, I perhaps expect people to see this; in any case I deal always negatively, destructively, I can't bear the idea of the beautiful character, it seems to me so obvious, commonplace, and disgusting, above all eminently unphilosophical. This may be, probably is, a defect, but it *is*, and can't be got over. I cannot take the human being so seriously. There are things I like, there are things I love in people, but if I start out to treat them be sure I shall do more than justice to their darker side. This is my genre. I can't alter it. I daresay it grieves you.

Any brief held on behalf of a *person* I smell at once, and detest, and yet I am always holding a brief for a point of view of a philosophical nature. My mastery of art such as it is I apply and always shall apply on these lines. As such I must be accepted. This of course discounts a great deal of what you have said,

which in essence amounts to asking me to write another book, to have another temperament. But there are particular points that can be more easily discussed.

And first as to the personal question. Do you really think it matters? Apart from yourself, Mab, and Mother (who perhaps had better not read the book), who really knows enough or takes enough interest in us to make it more than a two days wonder that I should choose such a subject? Who (except the Forsytes, to whom I come presently) knows enough even to connect A with I, especially as I have changed her hair to gold? The F——s, half a dozen others, none of whom matters, who would merely say perhaps: "Well, if it's intended for a likeness it's very bad"; or even: "it's very bad taste."

Take the Conrads, the Garnetts, the Hueffers, who have read the book; what difference has it made to them? None, except that they think I have done my best piece of work.

As to the Forsytes, it does not matter whether they connect A with I, she is certainly very different; or myself with—whom? Because under the circumstances one is not likely to hear that they made the connection. They are done with.

As to whether the family is too life-like; the idea is obviously taken—Swithin, Ann and old Jolyon are portraits as far as fictional creations can be so, which is but little, perhaps (always with the perversion necessary to the philosophic idea), but the others are ~~are~~ all mixed, hopelessly mixed, Aunt J. for instance being if anybody B——, and so on. Moreover which of them (under the recent circumstances) is going to read the book? And, as you say, there is surely a certain tolerance exhibited. I was very pleased that you felt sympathy with Soames. I have been very much afraid of not doing him justice. And it seems that you have felt the end miserable, pitiful—that also is good.

As to the "act of property" being as it were justified. It is of course justified in so far as a man is a brute, and a hungry, poor, pathetic brute, but I think you will agree that it is not exactly in accordance with [the] sanctity of marriage. I have not attempted to set up Irene or Bosinney, because I have not attempted to set up Soames.

"Pink and Black"—I believe this was suggested by seeing F—— ten years ago; I will make it apricot and blue.

End of Chapter III. By a coincidence I had already made Bosinney say something.

Bosinney I freely admit to be shirked. I originally sub-

jectivized him, and found him repulsive to me, not really seen (even according to my average insight), so I changed him into an objective being, and swung the focus entirely into the Forsyte eye, which gives a certain artistic completeness to the book, on its lines (not on your lines). He is now really a figure, not a character; the same with Irene; she is entirely objective also. They are neither of them vitalized as the Forsytes are vitalized; but they serve. Characters are successful (in my experience) in so far (1) as you have enough of them in your own composition, (2) as you have opportunity of observing them. Only a certain number of figures can hope to act on your retina, and the creative nerves of your finger and thumb; and unless you are an absolute genius, you must look near home, for the material you work with. This is why most people fail so pitifully, they try far too much.

I am not as good as I want to be, and as you want me to be, but I am not bad enough writer for it to be desirable for me to stop writing.

This book is undoubtedly my best so far, very undoubtedly. Which brings me to the real difficulty of your letter.

Practically you say: Don't publish. At all events for years. You speak, if I may say so, dear girl, cheerfully upon a very delicate subject.

The alternative to not publishing now is publishing never. This book in two months (practically now) will be dead in my mind, never to come to life again. It has been slowly dying since May. Another book is begun. I merely compare the other books I have written. None of these could I look at again for purpose of alteration; the plants have died for want of ordinary everyday watering. So with this. I can never alter it.

This clears the ground.

The question is, do you and Mab feel strongly enough that the book is sacrilege to consign it to the flames? I can't publish it anonymously, because that would mean publishing the present book and the one after also anonymously—"Young Jolyon" and others running through all. In the book I am now writing all the tender fatherly side of Old Jolyon is given full play to, the happy side of him; which could not be done in the scheme of the other book.

It is a sort of cant to believe that the artist can reproduce anything; this with the exception of a few great geniuses is not so; the artist can as a rule only reproduce that, or things similar to



that, which he has felt. To go deep you must feel deeply, on your own lines whatever they may be. I am myself no believer in barring out the personal or what may be construed into the personal theme. It is like saying to a painter: "It is not a good *likeness!*" Whereas your only criticism should be: "It is not a good picture." Of *The Man of Property* as a *picture* I rather doubt your capacity to judge. I would, I mean, prefer the judgment of some one knowing nothing of the suggestive materials. Though I freely admit that from a certain point of view your feeling about it is right. As a portrait, you condemn it, *or* think it too faithful; but then I ask again does that really matter? You have read it; Mab will read it. When this is done, all the mischief is done as far as that goes. The only difference will be that none of us will recommend the book to our friends, and if we don't, which of them will read it?

Why is loneliness and pathos intolerable to you? That is strange to me. I prefer it to happiness, *in reading*. Happiness means success, and somehow success is repulsive. I prefer old Jolyon lonely and pathetic, I feel more for him and love him better.

As to character there is always this to be remembered. You start with a suggestion, you go on working from a figure (a living figure) for perhaps two or three chapters, then suddenly you *work* no longer from that figure, but from what you have said about him—from your own creation in fact, which at every sentence diverges more and more from the original.

You cannot therefore expect a portrait of Father; nor had I the intention of making one.

It is instructive to see how deep the family roots are in people. You are, though perhaps you don't know it, criticizing with the family eye, feeling with the family pulse, or whatever people feel with. Because really there is no one else hardly who knows, who could know that Father was meant.

Think for a moment. To spot old Jolyon you must know *intimately* the whole cradle—the family circle—otherwise he may be any man of eighty, especially as it is a phase of Father that was never shown to the world—not even to the family. It is seen deeply (half truthfully if you like) as only we could see it.

But who is there who knows the family cradle sufficiently, outside the family itself?

Personally I am neither ashamed nor distressed at the "portrait"; it is to me a sympathetic creation—naturally; but it is

very grievous to think that you and Mab may not feel it so; and what is to be done I don't quite know to-night.

Best love, dear girl.—Your most loving

JACK.

Early in 1906 Conrad was given the book to read.

The book (he wrote) is in part marvellously done and in its whole a piece of art— indubitably a piece of art. I've read it three times. My respect for you increased with every reading. I have meditated over these pages not a little. I want to know when it is going to be published.

Let me know of your return at once. I want to run up and say a thing or two if you can spare me the time and perhaps put me up, for one night. But that last as Ada thinks fit. . . .

I keep the book yet. By Jove, it's admirable in at least three aspects. But, I say, the Socialists ought to present you with a piece of plate.

The winter of 1905-1906 was spent at Bolt Head in Devonshire, correcting the proofs of *The Man of Property*, which appeared on March 23rd, 1906, and was greeted with what on the whole may be termed a chorus of approval. Out of some forty-odd notices twenty-eight expressed various degrees of enthusiasm, four qualified praise, four hovered over the critical fence without alighting; and a solitary grumbler alone found that "the effect of the book as a whole is somewhat dull and uninteresting." A few critics were dubious; William Archer addressed the author a friendly and complimentary admonition on the text of "temper, temper!" as did Clutton Brock on the score of defective philosophy; and *The Spectator*, shaken to its foundations, moored loudly:

Mr. Galsworthy has given us a novel at once so able that it cannot be overlooked, and so ugly in places that it cannot be recommended without a serious caution. We do not mean to imply that *The Man of Property* is a book from which any well-balanced grown man or woman would take any hurt, or that its general tendency is demoralising. . . . Mr. Galsworthy does not linger over the repellent details which he has thought it necessary to introduce, but though they are handled in a coldly dispassionate manner, their presence lends the book a quality which renders it unacceptable for general reading. . . . It must not be supposed that the tone of the book is so uniformly saturnine as the foregoing extract and our brief summary of the plot might indicate.

There are moments of geniality in it—notably in the accounts of old Jolyon Forsythe's secret visits to his son and grandchildren—and there is a certain dignity, and even grandeur, in the conception of the grim family spirit which watches over each member of the group. But the resultant impression in the main is so distressing that, while respecting the remarkable talent displayed by the author, we cannot but regret the use to which he has felt constrained to turn it.

Otherwise, from the main body of the Press, which ranged from *The Times* to two nursing journals, there was little but praise.

Two remarks in particular must have given Galsworthy a peculiar pleasure. The first was in *The Evening Standard*:

. . . The poor woman caught in their toils hardly has a speaking part; but a whole tragedy lies in her silence and in her influence over the carefully moral, well-fed human animals around her.

The other came from *The Scotsman*:

Irene is a remarkable study in impressive silence. She rarely speaks, yet both Soames and the reader have an impression conveyed to them that she has always the last word.

E. V. Lucas wrote on April 19th:

. . . I have thought the reviews of your new book, for the most part, good. It is a terrific book for a busy man to read. You allow no escape. I think you are the most merciless author I know. But I believe you tell too much; there surely are occasions where a phrase ought to do work to which you give a page? So I felt early in the book; later one loses that impression, after you have performed the introductions and made room for the passions. On the whole I found it, I fancy, lacking in air; but perhaps you meant that. I cannot sufficiently admire your patience and tolerance; you put my rapid impressionism to shame. I know no Forsytes; they are out of my line. I wish you could have avoided the hand of God at the end. In such a novel one feels there should be no accident. (But perhaps it isn't one.)

By far the most distinguished notice which the book attracted was Conrad's in *The Outlook*; the following three letters refer to it:

The article—the thing—the inept and benighted attempt at appreciation of *M of P* left on Tuesday. Before your letter arrived I had arranged with *The Outlook*. I am appalled at the

bad use I've made of the opportunity; but the thing is done; it is the best thing I was capable of doing. That I know you will believe, and as for the rest, you need not look at it. What I tried to do was to interest the readers of *The Outlook*—send them to the book.

I have hinted to Garvin that about a fortnight after publication would be the best time to shoot off that poor bolt. I hope you'll approve of this arrangement, which no doubt shall be carried out by the admirable G——.

I have written a good many thousands of words but haven't finished anything.

I am delighted and excited to hear of the play.

I am trying to put off the horrid dread of the future which oppresses me. I am dispirited by that feeling of mental exhaustion of which I cannot get rid at all now. I have learned to write *against* it—that's all. But you may imagine the effort of will—the sense of failure!

My prevision is accomplished. Only yesterday, talking with Jessie of your play, I said confidently, "Barker'll take it!" Lo and behold the thing has arrived! I feel quite warmed up by the news. As poor Hope's expression is: "You are a made man."

G—— notified me of the appearance of the article. He professes himself highly pleased with it, which naturally made me feel very uncomfortable. However as your letter does not seem to display a deadly animosity I hope to live it down in time. Seriously, my dearest fellow, my very great regard for that piece of work has stood in my way. I could have written 10,000 words on it. But I had to consider space. I took an unnatural attitude towards the book, for if I had followed my bent I would have required lots of room to spread my elbows in. My natural attitude would have been of course literary—and perhaps I would have found something not quite commonplace to say—a critical tribute not unworthy of you. But there was the risk of being misunderstood. So I simply endeavoured to send people to the book by a sort of allusive *compte rendu*—a mere "notice" in fact. How much it cost me to keep strictly to that is a secret between me and my Maker.

I have also heard that directly on its appearance the book began to be talked about in—journalistic circles! I confess that I felt slightly sick at that, till I reflected that the *quality* of your book was too high to be affected by false admirations. And take it from me, my dear Jack, that the *quality* of your work is very high—the

sort of thing that cannot in good faith be questioned but that cannot be conveniently expressed in a letter—and not even in talk, however intimate. Because that last is bound to swerve into considerations of subject and method fascinating to the limited nature of human literary minds; whereas that quality is something altogether more subtle, more remote, whose excellent and faithful unity is reflected rather than expressed in the book, yet is as absolutely, deeply and unavoidably present in it as the image in the mirror. And there are very few books only that have this quality. *Don Quixote*, for instance, is one of the few; and you may tell dear Ada that no book of Balzac had that; in which is perhaps the reason she has her knife into the poor man—a sentiment which (however shocking to me) does her infinite honour by its mental insight and intuitive delicacy of taste.

The above, developed, made as intelligible as can be in the way of feeling and conviction, should have been the fundamental theme of the article I would have liked to write on *The Man of Property*. But I have been wise with a worldly and journalistic wisdom. Perhaps it is only because I mistrusted myself—who knows? But here you have the shadow of what might have been written in all truth and justice. . . .

DEAREST JACK,—. . . I am delighted to find that P—the mercantile is making use of my review. It is quite a compliment. If he judges it good for his purpose then indeed for once I've done what I meant and tried to do.

I burn to see these "mirobolantes" reviews. Your consecration as a dangerous man by *The Spectator* fills me with a pure and ecstatic joy. I quite understand you're cheered. . . .

The subsequent fate of this paper is interesting. When, in 1921 Conrad was collecting the essays published under the title of *Notes on Life and Letters*, he completely overlooked this article; indeed, swore that he had never written any such thing. Upon being shown it he was amazed and horrified, and in a penitent letter declared that it should infallibly go into the next such volume that he published. This promise was posthumously fulfilled in the volume entitled *Last Essays* in 1926.

I have, however (wrote Conrad on June 8th, 1921), a matter—which makes me very unhappy which I must tell you of. You can't imagine my disgust with myself and my consternation when I discovered that the article I wrote on you (on the occasion of

*M. of P.*) has got left out of the *Life and Letters* vol. What can I do but confess that I had forgotten all about it? Indeed I had forgotten the "Henry James," "Books" and a lot of others. They had to put the texts under my eyes to convince me! When Pinker asked me about you lately, I said: "No, I never wrote anything. Galsworthy wrote an appreciation of my work which I have, but I never wrote about him." Of course they sent me a typed copy of the article in *The Outlook*—and as soon as I glanced at it, a lot of actual phrases rushed into my memory. My dear, this is not to be explained—except by a lamentable decay of mental faculties which I did not suppose to be advanced so far as that.

Dent printed 9000 copies of the vol. Another edition won't be needed for the next two years (if ever). But we are not too late for the Collected Edition, of which *Life and Letters* will be the 18th vol. I have sent a typed copy to America and another to Heinemann with the intimation that it *must* go in. For the moment I can do no more—except to bite my thumbs with vexation that this thing should have happened. Yet, truly, I am not very proud of what I wrote. Neither you nor the book get half your due in that article. Still, it was the best I could get at that time from the depths of my admiration.

## II

## THE SILVER BOX

BUT the publication of *The Man of Property* is but half the story of this *annus mirabilis* in Galsworthy's life. He had made his mark; he had stepped out of the ranks of the unnoted scribes into a position of real importance in the literature of the age. Henceforth he was a leader, a name to conjure with, a source of ideas in places where they thought and debated. In a word, he had achieved what every writer longs for. He was now to perform the same feat as a dramatist, but this time at the first attempt.

In the autumn of 1905 Edward Garnett had suggested to him that he should write a play for the wonderful Vedrenne-Barker management then in full swing. Wedded to the novel, with its greater freedom and technical elbow-room, he had returned a very decided refusal . . . which had not prevented him from setting to work, before his return to London at the end of January, 1906, on

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

*The Cigarette Box*, now known to fame as *The Silver Box*. By the middle of March—in a mere six weeks or so—the play was done, and in an even shorter space of time had been accepted by the management for whom it was intended. Edward Garnett was once more useful, as the following letter shows:

March 10, 1906.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Many thanks for sending back the play, and for the invaluable criticism.

I've adopted your verbal hints practically wholesale. I've brooded on your larger suggestions—I'm still brooding on them. What I shall ultimately do, I think, will be to rewrite the first part of Scene 4 including the detective's narration. Keep the rest of the scene intact to the end of the telephoning (which may or may not be too long but can easily be cut down in acting) at the end of which I make Roper say that he'll jump into a cab and come round. Then by lengthening B. and Mrs. B.'s dialogue I give a little time and bring Roper in on the lines you suggest. He goes out and I keep the child's crying, because a physical thrill to the audience at this point is worth any added Barthwick psychology. You know my theory (founded on personal experience) that the physical emotional thrill is all that really counts in a play.

As to the thesis—this I must keep, or start a fresh play which I'm not inclined to do. Æsthetically you're right, but I want to be played.

As to Mrs. Barthwick, you don't seem familiar with the type—a fairly and increasingly common one in the upper middle and upper class—the grey mare the better horse. The hard-mouthed woman. You see them by the dozen in Harrods Stores, and I could give you several instances from my personal acquaintance. They are uncompromising and have courage. Barthwick has no courage. Jack is a cross between the two. I would almost say they are now the typical type of woman. Ada agrees with me, knowing some herself. There are places no doubt where I've overdone it. I'll look to that. Constance agrees with you about Mrs. B. but then again I don't think she knows the type, which will be familiar enough to the London Stall audience.

Our love.—Yours ever,

J. G.

Upon the completion of the revision it was sent off to Granville-Barker, and was received in a manner which must have surpassed the author's wildest dreams. Arriving on a Saturday, it was read by Granville-Barker and Bernard Shaw on the Sunday, and accepted by Barker, with Shaw's approval, on the Monday. Thus, as early as April 7th, Galsworthy was able to write to his young friend Mottram:

Book successful—tell your Dad. Excellent reviews. My play is taken at the Court Theatre in the autumn. October, November, or December, 8 matinees: Evening bill if successful.

They are keen about it. It's called *The Silver Box*.

There was plenty to occupy him pleasantly during the inevitable six months of delay. He was corresponding with Granville-Barker about the play; he was helping Ralph Mottram with assiduous advice and unremitting encouragement in the matter of his poetry, a volume of which was shortly to be published by Alston Rivers in a series edited by Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford); his book was selling well; there were the joys of work on *The Country House* at Ilkley, at Manaton, and in London, and of travel in the Tyrol with his wife and mother; and, most precious and important of all, there was the dear and rare companionship of which he speaks so touchingly in the last of the varied batch of his letters which follow. The first is important:

[To H. Granville-Barker]

April 19, 06.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR BARKER,—(If you will forgive my dropping the Mr.)—When, as you told me the other night, you come to study *The Silver Box* with a view to casting, I want you to drop an eye over the following before you start.

The keynote of *Barthwick* is *want of courage*. He thinks himself full of *principle* and invariably *compromises* in the face of *facts*.

The keynote of *Mrs. Barthwick* is *want of imagination*. Her imagination is only once aroused, and that by a *personal* touch, viz. by the child's crying at the end of Act II. You are very likely right about Miss Haydon, but if she is cast for the part I should want to have a talk with her after she has read it but *before* she begins rehearsing. Mrs. Barthwick is not more than fifty and well preserved.



The keynote of Jack is inherent want of *principle* derived from Barthwick, and courage *by fits and starts* derived from Mrs. Barthwick. The keynote of *Jones* is *smouldering revolt*. The keynote of *Mrs. Jones* is *passivity* and she must not be played pathetically, only *be* pathetic from force of circumstances.

The prototype of the *magistrate* is not Mr. S. but Mr. L.—I muddled them up. I think Mr. Cremlin could play this.

The *solicitor* is a combination of easy-going asthmatic stolidity with a quick-glancing rapidity of perception and speech. He must speak with a refined action. My wife can do his wheeze to the life—I can't.

The Unknown will want an actress who plays with her head and can be trusted not to overplay. There are moments where she must contrive to be pathetic, without seeming to try. The *butler* (quite a young man) wants quiet sincerity. . . .

May 22, 06.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR BARKER,—I've been through the play. If you're still of the same opinion as to dropping the curtain on Marlow and Wheeler—Marlow's "I set my mind against it," I'm now inclined to agree with you. Raise it again on the Barthwicks at breakfast. I would cut the page out after "not counting knacker"—letting Barthwick break in there with "Jack not down yet?"

In Act II, Scene 2, I would cut about 2 pages out of the opening conversation with advantage.

Then, keeping the scene as it is till the telephoning, simply make Barthwick ring Roper up and ask him to come round. This'll cut 3 pages. Then go on practically as it is, except that Barthwick goes out, hearing Roper's cab, and talks to him outside, while Jack enters and has two or three sentences with his mother.

I wouldn't like to cut any more than these 7 pages all told till we come to rehearsal at all events.

If you agree and will send me back the play, I'll do this at once; or if there's no hurry I'll wait till you bring it home.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To R. H. Mottram]

Nov. 5, 06.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR RALPH,—. . . I've finished my new novel!<sup>1</sup> Garnett pronounces it the best thing I've done. I don't think I believe him. I want to, but, I'm not able.

<sup>1</sup> *The Country House*.

Keep *The Silver Box* as long as you like.  
 Thanks for my verses, very glad you like *Land and Sea*.  
 Send us a line.  
 Our love to you all.—Ever yours,

J. G.

Aug. 4th, 06.

CORTINA.

MY DEAR RALPH,—Your letter and the new poem to hand. It is a very charming thing, and the only criticism we make is that lines 9, 10, 11, 12 should come out bodily. You doubtless have Ada's letter by now about *Eclipse*, which I think one of the very best. This *Time and the Roses* also could go into the book if not too late. Have you begun to receive proofs yet or not? Publication will very likely, I should think, hang fire till September, or October. August is such a slack month.

What the deuce have you burnt? You must not burn your things yet without submitting them to someone. The word "burn" need not be taken too literally. *Ex gratia* I have still the first of the three drafts of the *Island Pharisees*, and am seriously thinking of publishing it some day as a different book—there is not a single sentence the same, only one or two characters, and about three episodes.

You ask me a poser about morals and Art, so I'll answer you in platitudes.

They are both part of the machinery of life, both equally valuable and only in opposition in the following sense:

The artist takes life as he finds it, observes, connotes and stores with all his feelers, then out of his store constructs (creates according to his temperament) with the *primary* object of stirring the emotional nerves of his audience, and thereby directly, *actively giving pleasure*.

The moralist observes life, generalizes, notes what is wrong and forms laws, rules, and conventions, which by binding and checking the use or over use of the emotional nerves (*i.e.* by negating individual pleasure) secondarily secures the pleasure of the greater number.

The process is in fact reversed.

The artist is active  
 The moralist negative } as producers of pleasure.

Obviously very few men are purely artists or purely moralists, perhaps none.

But all men are rather more one than the other. The antagonism only begins when personality comes into play, *i.e.*

A. (artist) is temperamentally opposed to M. (moralist) as a *man*, or they irritate each other, that's all, if they're both *extreme* types.

As to morals, what is moral to-day is immoral to-morrow, and that of course confuses things a bit. The artist there has the advantage in a manner of speaking because he is dealing with things that practically speaking do not change, *i.e.* the laws of nature, and dealing with them with the senses, which also do not change (or so slowly that the changes do not count).

To take, for instance, the very useful Shakespeare. He is of course a supreme artist, but some people would call him also a great moralist. To my mind that is making too free and general a use of the word moralist. A moralist is essentially a man of an epoch of morals—it may not be his own epoch, it may be the next, but it is *an* epoch. Shakespeare, however, is dateless.

Most writers have a large dash of the moralist, all satirists have. But the two qualities in a writer are not necessarily in the least in opposition except as a matter of technique, that is of holding the balance firm and true so that both sides are done full justice to.

Does Garnett talk of an artist enjoying life? I think he must mean as a spectator, as a person endowed with a great curiosity.

Conrad (a painter's writer) is perhaps the best specimen I can think of as a pure artist (there is practically nothing of the moralist in him) amongst moderns.

Turgenev was a greater artist than Conrad, but there's a dash of the moralist in him too, which comes out in the themes of his books.

Tolstoi, a large violent being, has the two qualities about equally, but, being large and violent, he resembles a see-saw which is never at equipoise, and don't they give him a bad time of it—Art and Morals!

Roughly speaking, the more a moralist is an artist the longer he will live. As to the converse, well, those Artists so great that they are cosmic and deal in Nature's morals (not man's), such as Shakespeare and Homer, survive; but most surviving books and authors have been a blend of Artist and Moralist. Perhaps you are inclined to use morals in the sense of *Nature's* morals; if so get out of the habit—it's a vague, bad use of the word—mores : customs, fashions—and Nature has no fashions, except cyclically, which we need not consider.

Excuse a very bad rigmarole written with a fountain pen out of doors.

No roses here—but very large mountains lying round like lions white and tawny.

I've been writing a good deal, but the last two days struck and walked all day.

Ada very fit, and walking like a four-year-old. Our love to you and your Mother, best respects to your Dad, and a warm greeting to her unknown whom we shall hope to know.

As to the first sentence in your letter I attribute it to the cider that you drink out of brown jugs.—Adieu, J. G.

Can't give you address, we leave here on Aug. 8 for don't know where. Will let you know later.

[To Edward Garnett]

HOTEL BALZAC,  
PARIS.

Aug. 25th, 1906.

DEAR EDWARD,—. . . Barker writes that they begin rehearsing on Sep. 3. He gives me the five principal characters:

Barthwick	.	.	.	.	James Hearn.
Mrs. B.	.	.	.	.	Miss Frances Ivor.
Jack	.	.	.	.	A. E. Matthews.
Jones	.	.	.	.	Norman McKinnel.
Mrs. Jones	.	.	.	.	Miss Irene Rooke.

The men are good, the women I don't know.

It is delightful that you who are dear to me should think as you do of her I love. The way you put it is perhaps true, but a phrase is dangerous where she is [concerned], for in that balance of hers, that essence of form, is perhaps the deepest of all morality. I think of her sometimes as a piece of rare silk, with a bloom on it as delicate as that on grapes, but which you can't rub off, and spun of filaments, each one of which shines, but so subtly and so permanently blended that they can never come apart in colour or form. She is rare, but she is not rare with that obvious kind of rareness which jumps to the eye, and which consists in a person having certain qualities too strongly, and being called original. Her rareness is far more rare—it is the rareness and scent of the *fine fleur*, the perfect blend, no extreme in it, no violence. She has the grace and savour of the Cortina peasant woman together with something in Reynolds's Countess of Albemarle (Nat. Gallery); both qualities are old. She goes back to Nature in being as it were the last word in civilization. She is complex,

but you cannot see the complexity because it is so beautifully put together. She is nymphlike in her soul; and as you know, Nymphs have an elusive permanence.

All this is worse than Germanic—it is literary, it is also ill-expressed, perhaps inexpressible. When you write your prose poem, however—eagerly awaited by us—all will be made plain.

In the meantime we send our love to you all three.—Yours,  
JACK.

After all, the play came on rather earlier than had been anticipated, and in September Galsworthy was tasting the peculiar delights reserved for the author at rehearsal:

[*To Edward Garnett*]

MY DEAR EDWARD,—. . . I've been at rehearsal all day. It will go, I think, but the charwoman is touch and go. The men are good, and so is the unknown lady, but Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Barthwick are dicky at present. I hope to do something with the former, and the latter will perhaps do something with herself.

On the whole, not quite so bad as I expected, but bad enough. None of one's personal conceptions quite realised—naturally. I met Shaw, who told me he'd read the play and thought it very fine. H'm!

. . . If you care to go on Thursday, I daresay I could take you down to rehearsal.

The play was produced at the Court Theatre on Tuesday, September 25th, and caused a strong and immediate sensation. The author's comments were characteristically modest:

To Edward Garnett: "I notice that two sayings you suggested to me in *The Silver Box* are those which receive the most regular laughter."

To Ralph Mottram: "The play seems to have struck a good many people . . . the odd thing is I can't tell in the least what it's like. I lost one of my senses during rehearsals, but whether it was the sense of smell or not I don't know. I can't judge, anyway."

And again: "It has been a very great *succès d'estime*, and the houses are quite good, but whether the ordinary public will come in I much doubt. It's being translated into German and Russian, and, I believe, (is) to be done into various other languages, and

very likely played in their countries. It's much more suited to continental than to English taste; for here we are rotted by a stage convention purely false and artificial. *The Lady of Fashion*, you will be rejoiced to hear, calls me "The Coming Man" at the top of a paragraph."

But what Galsworthy did not say, others said:

[From *W. H. Hudson*]

Sept. 28, [1906].

WINCHESTER.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—We were going to congratulate you on Tuesday after the play, but saw you shut in by such a vast throng of eager friends that we had to retire.

It was a pleasure next day to read the almost unanimous chorus of praise in the papers—I think we saw pretty well all of them.

Archer's was one of the best, but I didn't agree with him in what he said about your feeling towards your people in *The Man of Property*—those of the characters you did not love. Hope we shall see you on a Wednesday; here we are, still up close against the sky, and it may be too much for you to get that far.

I am still wandering "as in quest of something—something he cannot find, he knows not what," but the weather is very nice just now and the country very beautiful. I have to go back on Monday. I daresay you are in the Court just now—4.45 p.m.

With kind regards.—Yours,

W. H. HUDSON.

Oct. 11, [1906].

40 ST. LUKE'S ROAD.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for your letter of a day or two ago. . . . Well, no, I am not anxious to be praised, and as to one's not being a proper judge of one's own work, I'm not at all sure on that point. I fancy I can judge mine, and I'm pretty sure that if I had children I would be able to judge them too, and they would probably say in some lucid moment that I was a "just beast." And now about your play—you feel that I do not like it, but can't say why, and no wonder, since there is no foundation for it. As a fact I did like it very well. I had a very pleasant time indeed at the Court that afternoon and felt grateful both to you and the actors for it. It rather surprised me in speaking to two or three friends we met on coming out that they did not agree with us as to the best-acted part—if there was a best. *We* both thought that the part of the charwoman was

the queen of the piece. We concluded that we were not such good critics as the others—that the fact that poor Mrs. Jones was so very much like in her life—too refined and pretty and sweet-voiced personally—a poor young woman we have known and befriended since her childhood, had biassed us in her favour. Our poor soul is cursed with a husband too very like Jones, only more so, as he “does lift his hand” to her, and that very frequently.

But I found that some of the best dramatic critics took our view of this lady—beautiful acting. I hope I or we shall see you and Mrs. Galsworthy next week. I’m going to-morrow to Seaford to stay till Monday next. . . .

With kind regards.—Ever yours,

W. H. HUDSON.

[From E. V. Lucas]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Just a line to-night to congratulate you on such a beginning. When one starts so maturely, the future is more than commonly difficult to foresee. The economy of means is, on the technical side, immensely interesting. The total impression of the play is very serious; I almost resented any joke in it, and know, of course, that the audience were responsible for most of them. (I write staccato, being rather too busy for sustained argument.) A little of the satire seemed to me too obvious, but the people round me (the 4/- seats) liked that part best. At first I wondered if the charwoman ought not to have been given more individuality, but I see now that she was right. I am doubtful as to the propriety of bringing the girl into the Court and then making her silent, and one or two other points of conduct do not quite convince me; but it is a work of extraordinary interest and quiet power, and God knows what will happen—for it will send away hundreds of persons with the conviction that play-writing is as easy as reading a police report. Poor Barker—it will be his mission to tell them how mistaken they are. I can’t get over your and Mrs. Galsworthy’s rude tints of health!

Yours,

E. V. L.

Amongst others who wrote enthusiastically were Lillie Langtry, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, and Israel Zangwill.

Of nearly sixty Press notices, only a handful were unfavourable. *The Daily Chronicle*, after a résumé of the plot continued:

It is only right that the story should be given thus explicitly, just to show how good it means to be, and how it does not quite succeed. For if ever a play was earnest, clever in its way, desperately intent upon being close to life, and upon being unsensational, and realistic, and moral in its purpose, and intelligent, and something like the latest things from serious Paris, and altogether different from the ordinary, cheap, conventional melodrama, *The Silver Box* is that play.

But this was all. The rest of the Press was full of praise. There were, of course, criticisms; the three main ones being, firstly, that of faulty technique, the play, it was said, being so episodic as scarcely to be a play—secondly, that no magistrate would have held the scales as did Galsworthy's magistrate—thirdly, that the abrupt and inconclusive ending was unsatisfactory. Nine out of ten critics, however, found more to praise than to blame.

In sum (said *The Times*) we have nothing—or nothing that we choose to say—but praise for this play. Our stage realists (of the real psychology, not the real pump sort) are so rare, and so valuable, in the theatre, that we would not say a word to discourage a recruit to their little band so promising as Mr. John Galsworthy.

*The Sketch* devoted over a page, with illustrations, to *The Silver Box*, and the critic was quicker to appreciate its technical novelties than most of his colleagues:

Mr. Galsworthy is a novelist of some repute, but, so far as I am aware, this is his first effort upon the stage. I did not observe in it any faults worth mentioning, and if there are any, they are certainly not those usually apparent in a beginner. It is true he drops his curtain twice in the first act to mark the passage of time from night to early morning, and from early morning to the breakfast hour; and he divides his second act into two scenes. Modern technique has made it a kind of rule that each act shall in time and place be an undivided whole, and the test of the expert has been whether he can get all he wants on to the stage without violating probability; but the rule admits of exceptions, and Mr. Galsworthy has justified his daring in breaking it. . . . Mr. William Archer drew attention to a resemblance between it and Hauptmann's *Der Biberpels*, which was acted under the title of *The Thieves' Comedy*. It is only fair,



however, to Mr. Glasworthy to note that the only play of Hauptmann's he has seen is *Die Versunkene Glocke*, which has been acted under the title of *The Sunken Bell*. The only other modern German play he has seen is Sudermann's *Magda*, while he has witnessed none of the modern French dramatists' work, and *The Wild Duck* is the only Ibsen play he has seen acted.

An equally perceptive notice appeared in *The Bystander*:

It is not a cheerful play, but if you neglect to see it you will probably miss seeing a play which will continually be quoted when the new school of dramatists has been established. . . . If prophecy upon stage matters were not such an idle form of amusement, I would indulge in wild imaginings concerning the effect *The Silver Box* is likely to have upon the theatre of the future.

After being staged in America, with Ethel Barrymore in the part of Mrs. Jones, *The Silver Box* was given a run of evening performances, again at the Court Theatre (the former run had consisted only of eight matinée performances). On this occasion the Press notices were as numerous and as voluminous as before, and their tone as complimentary. *The Academy* notice was by far the most outstanding, and may suffice as an example:

"A man should know either everything or nothing—which do you know?" says Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. "I know nothing, Lady Bracknell," replies Mr. Alexander, after an instant's hesitation. . . . "Ignorance is a delicate exotic plant. Touch it and the bloom is gone." Mr. Galsworthy when he wrote *The Silver Box* seems to have had the incomparable advantage of knowing nothing. Nothing of the theatre, I mean. His knowledge of life and character and the springs of human action was extensive and profound, but of the contemporary stage, unless I am greatly mistaken, he was entirely ignorant. In fact it would not surprise me to learn that he had never seen any modern play at all except *The Voysey Inheritance*. The result was that he approached the writing of his own play without any hampering recollections of how the other fellows would have done it. He had certain characters whom he wished to represent in certain relations. He looked about for a series of situations which should allow those characters to reveal themselves to us, and just pitched them on to the stage without bothering about niceties of "construction." He divided

his first act into three scenes by dropping the curtain to indicate the flight of time. The critics shook their heads and murmured: "Very bad technique." When an English dramatic critic talks about technique, you may be tolerably certain he is going to talk nonsense. Again he dropped the curtain in the middle of Act II, accompanying it this time with a change of scene. "Worse and worse," murmured the critics. In the third Act the first ten or more minutes were devoted to the question whether two little girls, whom we had never heard of before and whose names we never know, should or should not be removed from the care of their father and handed over to that of a philanthropic Society. Only after this little matter had been disposed of were we permitted to resume the thread of the story and plunge once more into the adventures of the principal characters. "Dreadful!" said the critics. "This is not drama. It's photography. It ought to have been cut at rehearsal." But Mr. Galsworthy, Gallio-like, cared for none of these things. He tackled the problem of putting his characters on to the stage simply and straightforwardly, without preoccupation. He did not think it necessary to have three doors and a French window to every scene, one of them (in the third Act) leading to a bedroom, on the ground that stage rooms were like that. Nor did he think it necessary in the third Act to work up to the venerable situation in which the wife visits the other man's rooms at twelve o'clock at night and is discovered (or not discovered as the case may be) by the husband. Though if he had been a conscientious frequenter of the English theatre during the past twenty years he must have gained the impression that no other third Act was possible in a modern comedy. Instead of these things he showed us a stupid, self-indulgent young cub reeling home from a tipsy supper-party, an "out-of-work" accompanying him, equally tipsy, the "out-of-work's" battered patient wife at her "charing," the cub's feeble, pompous father and massive, self-complacent mother, the admirable upper-middle-class butler and no less admirable middle-class maid, the solicitor, the magistrate, the detective, the relieving officer, last but not least, an "unknown lady," surely the most masterly picture of that class ever drawn for the stage. And he showed them to us not in the preposterous room I have described above or the preposterous situation that was and still is the stock-in-trade of our unhappy drama, but in the ordinary hum-drum situations of life, at the breakfast-table, in the "out-of-work's" garret, in a police court. And the result

is an impression of reality, of truth to life, that must be seen to be believed. To call the means by which this impression of reality is arrived at bad technique is to talk balderdash. "Technique" is merely a trade name for the means the dramatist employs to make his scenes and his dialogue and his characters effective in presentation. Mr. Galsworthy's scenes and his dialogue and his characters are startlingly effective as means to this end, and his technique is therefore impeccable. It is not the technique of Scribe or M. Sardou (thank heaven!). Neither is it the technique of Ibsen. It is the technique of Mr. Galsworthy, who, probably by dint of not thinking about the matter at all, has evolved a method of his own for presenting life on the stage that is completely successful. Of course I do not mean that Mr. Galsworthy took no trouble with the construction of his play, that he threw it together anyhow. That would be absurd. No work of art could possibly be produced in that way with any chance of success for the contemporary stage. On the contrary, *The Silver Box* is obviously built up by the most delicate strokes and is the product of the most careful and meticulous workmanship. But when its author wrote it, he was thinking of life, not of the theatre, and though he never forgot that he was writing for performance, he never allowed himself to sacrifice truth to mere stage effect or to shirk the situation as it would happen in life for the situation that the old-fashioned playwright had found to be effective on the stage. Hence the extraordinary success of his play.

## CHAPTER V

1907: *DANAË, THE COUNTRY HOUSE, JOY*

*DANAË*, the first of the two projected pendants to *The Man of Property*, was duly begun. The first chapters were soon abandoned, and the rest formed the beginning of *The Country House*. It has now been published, and should be read by everyone interested in Galsworthy's technique. It resembles *The Civilised*, however, in more than its fate. It was a second effort to exploit material too varied for a single work, a second biting off of more than could conveniently or safely be chewed. No doubt Galsworthy could have covered the ground had he been content, as it were, to sketch instead of to etch; but for the deep and comprehensive treatment at which he aimed some sort of splitting up was inevitable. So, like the Cullinan diamond, this mass of material was in due course split up, and some very presentable jewels were the result.

From this point began the novel *The Country House* as we know it. Once, however, the change of scheme had been made, work progressed smoothly. Galsworthy has told the story in the preface which he wrote for *The Country House* in the Manaton Edition, and has added some illuminating comments on the scope and intention of that and others of his books which are worth recalling here:

The volume ultimately entitled *The Country House* started life under the label *Danaë*, and was designed to be the study of a vital woman unburdened with a moral sense. But lo! *Danaë* lost her name—she never had a good one—and shrank to the proportions of Helen Bellew. Mr. Pendyce's head, long as that of a horse, and his dog John, usurped the foreground, and Mrs. Pendyce became the heroine. I know not how this happened, but only that, when once Pendyce had taken the bit between his considerable teeth, the book ran away with me, and was more swiftly finished than any of my novels, being written in seven months of 1906. Horace Pendyce himself was a figure to the

composition of which at least three real persons contributed their quota, in all of whom was to be found the sterling crass unimaginative quality of the English country gentleman. Since the manor has become more and more just a week-end residence, the type has modified; perhaps, indeed, there is no such type now—or rather, its survivors are not of this generation. . . . The Reverend Hussell Barter, who is but a variant of the type, is dying harder than Mr. Pendyce, because less liberty and money keep him more strictly to his roost. Chance observation of a clergyman on a journey from Teignmouth to Exeter supplied a germ which, crossed with sundry others, produced this worthy cleric, who is not, I think, overdrawn. I have always been interested in breeding, whether of horses, dogs, or mankind. . . . So no one who has looked long and closely at “The Ambler” or “The Spaniel John” or at Horace and Margery Pendyce will be inclined to pooh-pooh entirely the importance of selection in the production even of the human being. But neither, if he have any philosophy in his composition, will he overlook the fact that to be “well-bred” is just a piece of good luck, by no means entitling to complacency.

In writing a preface one goes into the confessional. A temperamental dislike, not to say horror, of complacency, conscious or unconscious, undoubtedly played a part in the writing of *The Country House*, *The Patrician* and *The Freelands*, as indeed in the writing of *The Island Pharisees*, and to some extent of the Forsyte series, which all deal with sections of “Society.” To think that birth, property, position—general superiority in sum—is anything but a piece of good luck, is, of course, ridiculous. But to see this too keenly, too introspectively, is to risk making a pet of self-distrust (another kind of complacency), and becoming a Hamlet, like Shelton, Hilary Dallison, or Felix Freeland. Yet Hamletism is preferable to the blind spots in Antonia and her mother, in Horace Pendyce and the Reverend Hussell Barter, in Lady Casterley, Lady Valleys, and Milton, in John Freeland and the Mallorings. . . .

Sensitiveness to the blind spots of the upper classes used to bring this Author the reputation of a revolutionary, among those “weeklies” which champion the upper dog—a quaint conceit concerning one of the least political of men. The constant endeavour of his pen has merely been to show Society that it has had luck; and, if those who have had luck behaved as if they knew it, the chances of revolution would sink to zero. . . .

*The Country House* and its kindred novels, whether works of

art or no, can hardly be challenged for not being criticisms of life. They are tragi-comedies which, treating ironically of character and manners, make but a dubious appeal to Anglo-Saxons, who, though in speech the least expansive and most ironic in the world, are conservative and sentimental at heart, and little inclined to brook disturbance of cherished images.

There are several points in this passage to which we shall have occasion to refer again later on; meanwhile, *The Country House* appeared on March 2nd, 1907, and was received with almost universal praise. The individual and bracing flavour, the full doses of satire and irony were present in it as in its predecessor; but, in addition, the characters were, on the whole, more sympathetic—Mrs. Pendyce, indeed, being as charming a person as could be found anywhere. The natural result was that readers found it more immediately attractive than *The Man of Property*, which, no doubt, it is. It is probable that the opinion of to-day would agree in placing this book at the head of Galsworthy's non-Forsythe books, as he himself did; possible that it would rate *The Country House* above anything in the Cherrell trilogy. At any rate, there were many who saw in it an advance upon anything he had yet done.

*The Spectator* found that

evidences of a more conciliatory attitude towards the novel-reading public are distinctly noticeable in Mr. Galsworthy's new novel,

and *The Times* concurred:

One can see (it concluded) that he likes the people in *The Country House* better than he liked those in *The Man of Property*; and *The Country House* therefore, though less powerful, is more pleasant and also more true than *The Man of Property*. Everyone in it lives except Mrs. Bellew, and even she is a creditable attempt at an enchantress. But still Mr. Galsworthy has not produced a real hero. He has given us his Troilus. Let us hope that in his next novel he will give us his Hamlet.

(So he did, in Hilary Dallison; but perhaps that was not quite what *The Times* meant. It is curious to note, by the way, the number of critics who found that one character in *The Country House* did not come off; unfortunately, it was a different character with each critic.)

It was perhaps natural that the book should not appeal to H. G. Wells:

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I've read *The Country House* and I spent the greater part of last week-end going over it with Barker, who'd just read it too. I wish life were long enough to write down the effect of it to you. You know that we begin by assuming you're a considerable person and the book a notable novel, but after that I became unfavourable again. I think you are much better as a playwright than as a novelist because you paint into the corners so and have no illuminating omissions. And your range is narrow. You seem to look at things from the point of view of a very limited class indeed, and I miss your irony—I see where it comes in, but I don't feel it in any way—just as one misses domestic satire between the members of a family. Pendyce is good and the hard riding husband and so is the parson. George is a stick, and you don't seem quite to feel and get his woodenness. Mrs. Pendyce is curious. I see clearly a personality and that you are drawing it—but in all the trip to London her moods are somehow not *got*, and the Totteridge explanation of her is all nonsense. There are moments when she is ladylike—and you didn't mean that. The bad woman you've seen across a room.

But you know *The Silver Box* was real good.—Yours ever,  
H. G. WELLS.

Others were more favourably impressed :

[From W. H. Hudson]

March 3, [1907].

TOWER HOUSE,  
ST. LUKE'S ROAD.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Very many thanks for the book and its dedication—it makes me very proud. I received it on Friday and began reading it straight off, but it was too long to finish at a sitting so went on till Saturday morning. I would have liked it better if there had been a second volume of 300 close printed pages to have kept me over Sunday in a *Country House*.

Some day when the weather grows warmer and longer days give one more leisure I hope to read it again in slower fashion so as the better to enjoy your writing. The manner is very charming and it is your own; this is, like *The Man of Property*, a Galsworthy book, a curiously refreshingly harmonious piece of

work. Of course the character one is most attracted to is Mrs. Pendyce; the most lovable person you have given us so far, I think, and but for the loving way in which you have elaborated this character and the slight amount of disdain one detects in your description of the Rev. Hussell Barter, it could be said that you have looked with a very perfect impartiality on all the people (good in all and none all good) in your little world of a *Country House*. I have long known the Rev. H. B. I know him now in two or three pleasant Rectories—and find it easy to smile at his little weaknesses, as when he runs terrified away to escape a domestic upset. But I fancy you exhibit some slight hostility towards “the cloth” on that occasion—and still more when, with ten children to the good and another coming, he preaches a sermon on—well, our duty as good citizens with reference to this point. I think Mr. Barter’s portrait would have seemed truer to me if the writer had used the same passionless pencil with which he drew Mrs. Pendyce. . . . With congratulations to you for a book which will give the world something to talk about, I am, ever yours,

W. H. HUDSON.

[From E. V. Lucas]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have now read your new novel after much regretted postponements, and I am almost sorry, because I should like to come fresh to it again and now never can. Especially to the first chapter, which I think the best. I can conceive of other books having chapters like most of the others (not *all*, by any means), but your opening is unique. You stand quite alone there, I think, and I, for one, can’t have too much of it. I don’t think it on the whole so good as *The Man of Property*—not so remarkable—but the air is clearer, and I have no doubt it will sell better. You don’t convince me as regards more than one of the characters; you seem to have not quite come to grips either with George or Mrs. Bellew—indeed I am troubled about George a good deal—but I think Pendyce a great achievement—that is, Pendyce and Pendycitis together, and, after all, that is, I take it, your principal concern. Paramor shows a mellow flavour like good claret that is very attractive. But John—there is your true hero, as you of course know better than I. . . . What to say about Mrs. Pendyce I don’t quite know; she is so



exquisitely done, and yet I don't feel that her full dynamic value has been extracted.

There, don't mind these criticisms, or rather impressions. I am sure you would rather have them as I feel them done or I don't.

Yours always and very gratefully,

E. V. L.

And so (wrote R. A. Scott-James in the *Daily News*) ends a powerful story in which Mr. Galsworthy convinces by his eloquent restraint, by his willingness to let his characters develop in the simple, unobtrusive way of real life. The tragedy seems to die away, and in this very fact is some of the tragedy of the life he depicts. Into the humdrum routine of a circumvented way of life the new world breaks in, the passion flares up, but it sinks to rest, and we may imagine more humdrum days, the pitiful amenities, and aching, unsatisfied hearts.

Meanwhile, by January 15th, after a winter spent in London and at Littlehampton, Galsworthy had finished his second play. On February 10th he wrote: "I sent *Joy*, as I now call the other play, in on Saturday," adding, with justice, "By George, how staggeringly different it is to *The Silver Box*." That same decrease in acerbity which had been so gratefully received in the novel told heavily against the play, which, produced on September 24th, was almost universally pronounced a great disappointment. The author, we were told, had taken a theme which had the stuff of drama in it, but had signally failed to interest or to convince; the handling was amateurish and inexperienced, the story was no story, and the ending was no ending. The play, in a word, was not "parful." *The Daily Mail* may speak for twenty other papers:

*The Silver Box*, Mr. Galsworthy's first play, was splendid comedy—sincere, true as steel, admirably wrought, fearlessly unconventional. *Joy* is a child's play—a flimsy, emasculate, tea-party concoction.

Against this head-wind came faintly the whisper of *The Daily Chronicle*:

It is certainly a clever, earnest little comedy, with moments of quiet purpose. At the same time one fears no marvellous new thing was born into the world with the production of Mr. John Galsworthy's new play of *Joy* at the Savoy yesterday afternoon.

A. B. Walkley and E. F. Spence were the only critics who came out at all definitely in favour of the play. Theirs were certainly the most penetrating critiques it received, for they alone performed the feat of seeing what the author was driving at:

. . . So judged (wrote Walkley) Mr. John Galsworthy's *Joy* strikes us as a play of exceptional importance. For Mr. Galsworthy is one of the few playwrights whose temperament and method are dead against *le faux*.

. . . All these people loaf or skip (according to their ages) about the lawn, and talk about nothing in particular, until you wonder what is to be the subject of the play. And suddenly, while you are looking another way, that subject emerges, and begins to have, for you, an ever-increasing interest, while most of the people on the stage never so much as suspect its existence or, if they do, try to make things comfortable by hushing it up. . . . It is in this presentation of his main subject side by side or, as it were, in competition with its environment that we think we detect the aim of Mr. Galsworthy to be true to life, to put away *le faux* as the accursed thing.

However, after criticizing Maurice Lever as "a mere decently-dressed, soft-spoken nullity" and dealing with the detail of the play, he continued:

As was to be expected from Mr. Galsworthy, we are spared a conventional ending. . . . Mr. Galsworthy, then, has adhered closely to life, a rare feat in a dramatist, and thereby has helped to lay in *Joy* one of the foundation-stones of our future drama; but he has adhered too closely to life in presenting love as a mystery, not to say a mistake. . . . Such a subject has, no doubt, its curious psychological or psycho-pathological interest, but it is one to be properly thrashed out *in camera*.

Spence neatly summarized the new formula:

According to the new recipe, you conceive half-a-dozen characters as truly and vividly as you can; then you bring them into contact with one another, and see what sort of events come about from their clashing, and these events, properly ordered, form your plot.

*The Morning Post* also had perceived this, and expressed itself with naïveté:

But the characters are trespassers; they are developed in their

own interests and not in the interests of the story. . . . What one wants are [!] scenes between the mother and the daughter, the mother and the lover. There are a few such scenes, but they are short, and only doled out late in the play. These scenes, which the dramatist would delight in, Mr. Galsworthy postpones as much as he can. One comes to them tired.

Just so—and there lay the little difficulty. Reared on the drama of the late Victorian era—the sort that was neatly espaliered like so many peach-trees against the majestic brick wall of tradition and artifice—neither critics nor public could easily accommodate themselves to this new and disconcerting naturalistic stuff. To a generation accustomed to having its plays, like its parcels, neatly done up with string, the ending of *Joy* seemed so abrupt and inconclusive as to be no ending at all. We to-day, inured as we are to “slices of life,” “streams of consciousness,” and the like, may find such an attitude quaintly mediæval; it was none the less natural that most of the critics—including even Spence—should accuse the author of evading the issue. Galsworthy had, in fact, gone the wrong way about pleasing the more crusted intelligentsia of 1907. Think, after all, of the wasted opportunities! Mrs. Gwyn, and Lever, and Joy, and her young man already afforded between them a rich source of complications. Then Mr. Gwyn could have been haled back from his outpost of Empire into the play in time for the last act. There could thus have been a succession of succulent scenes between the lot of them, in any number of varying combinations; and then at last a well-earned curtain might have descended with a portentous thud upon a thoroughly artificial situation squeezed as dry as an orange.

True, Spence's objections to the ending were of a different order; but, in any case, to the vast majority this new technique was bound to appear irritatingly misty and inconclusive. On the other hand, to the advance guard, who had no objections of this nature, the play was disappointing in its subject. There was here none of the stark austerity and social conflict of *The Silver Box*; the whole thing was softer, gentler, less shocking to the susceptibilities in every way. So to the theatrical left wing, as well as to the right, the play was a disappointment.

I must add a word of thanks to you (wrote Masfield) for the great pleasure *Joy* gave to me on Friday. I thought it was a very

beautiful thing, a much deeper and finer play than even *The Silver Box*. . . . One of the few fine things done in our time.

Conrad too wrote twice:

I didn't write before because I was finishing something. That does not mean I didn't read the play at once. I've read it more than once the very first day, then many times since in whole and in part—and my admiration for the ineffable Colonel and the adorable Miss B. has done nothing but grow and grow. Impressions disengaged themselves from my reading, the first of them being that the ironic treatment is very complete. I contemplated it with the attention it seemed to me to deserve (and with some mistrust. But let that pass), and discovered that it was full of felicitous touches in a way that might almost be called continuous. My envy of your achievement was great thereat. The symmetrical arrangement of the four couples—the old couple—the young couple—the irregular couple—and the couple to be—with Miss B. fluttering around extorted my admiration too. And I don't know whether the crowning irony of presenting us the Joy and Dick idyll in that milieu was rigidly intended or not, but at any rate it is there—in the end as the Colonel's idyll, for no doubt he began, like Dick, with Mrs. Colonel, who no doubt would have been very much like Joy under the special circumstances.

Altogether the feeling of this piece of work being successfully done increases on examination. The objection arises only to vanish before the clever handling. And this is about the greatest proof of soundness—if not the only one—because a play that would give rise to no objections as it goes on would not be going on—would be non-existent, in fact. The delicacy of observation is greater than in the *S. B.*, or perhaps the sentiments observed are of more delicate kind. It matters not which, since the observer is equal to any fineness that comes in his way. And the whole action, though multiple, hangs together in a wonderful way—a result that I don't know whether to ascribe more to your skill or to your sincerity.

Upon the whole, turning the pages of that play, here and there, I suspect every time that there is more in it than I ever would be able to see perhaps. The scenes between mother and daughter—H'm! H'm! Phew! Exactly so! One wonders at the depth of passion in that tree-climbing young lady—till one realizes the insight of presentation—the illuminating power of youthful egoism and the strength of youthful resentment. And she is a

delightful goose (though geese don't perch on trees, I believe—unless wild) and all this is very good, very good. And I shouldn't wonder in the least if it were to fetch the public immensely.

The only weakness of the play as a whole (and I don't know that it is a weakness—or a defect) is a slight effect of wrangling. But I don't know that this is wrong or whether it is avoidable at all. All the people talk directly to the point, and the cryptic sub-acid interferences of Miss B. intensify this wrangling impression. The question arises whether a play could be written where everybody should be talking round the point? . . .

What you say of the reception of *Joy* confirms me in the dismal conviction that a work of art is always judged on other than artistic grounds in this imperfect world. I imagine how much your altruism is aware of your actors' disappointment. But actors have compensations of their own for such misadventures. I ask myself, however, whether you do not exaggerate the magnitude of the misadventure aforesaid.

And in any case it does not matter. Besides we cannot see yet what the *public* will do. It does not always endorse the verdict of the critics. I regret bitterly not having been in the house for the première. I sit here and fret and keep on exasperating myself thinking of your work and mine. No matter. Bad as it is to see one's work misunderstood, the murmurs against *Joy* shall be drowned in such a shout around *Strife* as this country has not heard for a hundred years or more. That is not only my conviction but my *feeling*—an absolutely overpowering feeling. You've got only to sit tight and watch your glory approaching.

Of all the criticisms I've seen only the D.T's. It is condemnation, of course—the condemnation of a man who is mainly disconcerted. He (they) expected you to write *The Silver Box* for ever and ever. Being disconcerted, he cannot see the higher artistic quality of *Joy*. It is a yelp of astonishment more than anything else. It is of course possible that *Joy* is less theatrical (in the proper sense) than *The S. B.* I can't tell, not having seen the performance. But it is possible. The good creatures would naturally resent that with all the force of their simple feelings. Not seeing the surface qualities they expected, they cried out—a chorus.

To tell you the real truth I had a suspicion that something of the kind might happen. I had it in Montpellier as I read the play. But I said nothing of it to you. I spoke about the play, which is good—and not about the critics, who are what they are. It

seemed to me clear that, the qualities of *The S. B.* being on the surface and the qualities of *Joy* being hidden deep in the interaction of delicate feelings, there was that risk to run. You have run it. It had to be.

I demur to your saying that it is good for one. It is neither good nor bad. In the phraseology of Mr. Vladimir I am inclined to ask "Why are you saying that?—from morality—or what?" Your activity having become as it were an ingredient of my mental life, I can judge with the intimacy of a kindred spirit and with the detachment of a separate individuality. It is just nothing to one—the one being you. The superficiality of blame can in no sense be more valuable than the superficiality of praise. You've had both—for indeed *The S. B.* had a sufficiency of the latter. But there is in your work the sort of merit which escapes the standards of current criticism with its formulas of thought and its formulas of expression.

Nevertheless that merit will always be felt present under the vain words babbling of success or failure. It is your possession—and the rest is just nothing.

In *Strife* that merit, that "virtue" of your gift, the hidden essence of your great talent reaches an extraordinary force of feeling and an amazing felicity of conception—a thing infinitely greater than mere felicity of expression. Of that last it can be said that it is just to the conception—and no more can be said. Thus nothing jars that obscure sense of the fitness of things we all carry in our breasts—and the whole drama develops its power over our emotions irresistibly and harmoniously, to a point where the shallower mind must receive the impression of depth and the stoniest heart the impression of pity. . . .

Galsworthy himself had two things to say: first to Professor Murray:

. . . Dear Miss — kiboshed the meaning of the play by inverting hopelessly my phrase "A woman and a girl—there's the tree of life between them." That by the way.

My feeling was and is this: A fourth Act showing Molly yielding to Joy or Joy yielding to Molly would be no end. The deep true ending of that situation comes once and for all at the moment that the mother and child find they are no longer first with one another. It would be no use patching it, for the patch would not close the wound, and a few months or years would see the child go to her predestined lover as the mother went before her.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

By a dramatist's licence (perhaps too violent) I have anticipated and leaped these months, to complete the picture.

And secondly to R. H. Mottram:

The case for *Joy* is quite well stated by Walkley in *The Times* of last Wednesday or Thursday. The case against has been quite well stated by almost every other paper. He is more right than they are. But the performance was not a good one, which was unlucky.

It's all a question of the epidermis.

Quite a pleasant thing getting a bath of cold criticism.

Practically every critic (subject to the usual contradictions) had praised the acting. . . .

## CHAPTER VI

### 1908-9: THE FIRST "CRUSADE": *A COMMENTARY, FRATERNITY, STRIFE*

IN an introduction to *Bleak House*, Galsworthy once wrote of Dickens:

He riddled Bumbledom as no one before or since has riddled it. He riddled departmental idiocies till the wind of a wider, sweeter world whistled through its holes and blew a gale inside.

When I was a boy, reading him with passion, I but vaguely glimpsed his glorious tourney; now that I know the world a little and have seen God's own Bumbles, I never tire of standing by the roadside with a very humble hat in hand, to see his gallant and great spirit ride past.

It was the salutation of a kindred spirit; for John Galsworthy, as passionately as Charles Dickens, hated "crookedness, custom, and fear." He had within him the true spirit of the Crusaders. There exists among his papers a list of some of the causes to which, at one time or another he gave active support, which reads as follows:

ABOLITION OF THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS.

SWEATED INDUSTRIES. MINIMUM WAGE.

LABOUR UNREST. LABOUR EXCHANGES.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

PONIES IN MINES.

DIVORCE LAW REFORM.

PRISON REFORM: (Closed Cell Confinement).

AEROPLANES IN WAR.

DOCKING OF HORSES' TAILS.

FOR LOVE OF BEASTS.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE REFORM.

PLUMAGE BILL.

CAGING OF WILD BIRDS.



## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

WORN-OUT HORSE TRAFFIC.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

VIVISECTION OF DOGS.

DENTAL EXPERIMENTS ON DOGS.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

SLUM CLEARANCE.

ZOOS.

CECIL HOUSES.

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE.

THE THREE YEAR AVERAGE INCOME TAX.

To all of these he gave his time, his personal enthusiasm and energy, and—very often—money. He has been called a propagandist; that is both perfectly true and utterly false. On a later page it will be shown how the artist in him had nothing to do with the propagandist; for the moment it is enough, by way of anticipation, to say that as a creative writer he was not concerned with propaganda. But, in the sense that he had an acute sense of all that is wrong with the world, he was a crusader ready to fight without intermission against all the ethical ugliness and spiritual squalor which disfigure life. In these activities—in his pamphlets, his speeches, his letters to the papers, his personal investigations, and his personal munificence, he satisfied his “propagandist” impulses. His art must remain immune from any disturbing influences; all else that he had was at the service of any noble cause.

The first of these “crusades” had its origin in what Dickens would surely have termed manifestations of Bumbledom. At the beginning of 1907 a letter of William Archer in favour of abolition of the Censorship of Plays had attracted some attention, but it was not till the censoring of Edward Garnett’s play *The Breaking Point* that there was any definite development. At this stage Garnett came to Galsworthy with the suggestion that a league of literary men and authors generally should be formed to protest against the Censorship. The matter was discussed, but nothing definite was done till the censoring of Granville-Barker’s play *Waste* in early October. Gilbert Murray, at Galsworthy’s instigation, induced J. M. Barrie to join in the agitation; the three formed themselves into a provisional Committee for the prosecution of the movement, working with the help of William Archer and Granville-Barker,

while Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir A. W. Pinero lent a measure of support. Meanwhile, Galsworthy had drafted a circular letter which was later signed by no less than seventy-one dramatic authors, among whom were Barrie, Conrad, Gilbert, Hardy, Henry James, and many other distinguished names. The Prime Minister promised Sir James Barrie to receive a deputation, which, after various postponements, was finally met by Mr. Herbert Gladstone in February of 1908. No answer being received from the Authorities, Granville-Barker suggested to Galsworthy that a Member of Parliament should be got to introduce a Bill. A Bill was duly drafted and sponsored, first by Charles Trevelyan, and later by Robert Harcourt. After undergoing various alterations it was introduced in the House of Commons towards the end of 1908.

In the following Spring Bernard Shaw's *Blanco Posnet* was censored on the eve of production, and Galsworthy's pamphlet, *A Justification of the Censorship of Plays*, appeared. Shortly after this the Prime Minister announced that the matter would be considered by a Committee of both Houses. Shaw's *Press Cuttings* was censored in July, and the Committee began to sit in August. Galsworthy was one of the witnesses, and his evidence follows:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I am a novelist, essayist, and dramatist, whose income does not depend on the writing of plays.

Three plays of mine (and no more) have been submitted to the Censor, and have been licensed by him without comment.

As one working in three different departments of the profession of letters, I wish to record before you my very strong feeling that the existence of an irresponsible Censorship heavily handicaps the drama. I do not wish to lay undue stress on the fact that I, in common with many men of letters, regard this arbitrary power, lodged in the hands of a single person, chosen we do not know why or how, to mutilate or bar our plays, in deference to we do not know what, as a standing insult to our good feeling, good taste, and sense of duty to the Public; but I lay every stress on what I think is the practical effect on us, as a body, of the continued existence of this Censorship. I think that it has deterred, and will ever increasingly deter men of letters who have something significant to say, and several forms of literary art at hand in which to say it, from choosing the dramatic form. It not only in some cases definitely deters them, but

works a more subtle mischief by adding one more to the limitations which disincline conscientious literary men to work for the stage. There is (I think) speaking generally no type of man who so dislikes tyrannical institutions as the man of letters. Looking back, it must be admitted that there are far fewer memorable names to be found in the dramatic than in any other department of literature. A Censorship which has—I would say inevitably—been devoted to the protection of the average standards of the moment, has, I think, always been looked on as smirching the dignity of the dramatic form. Artists who wish to do justice to their most original thoughts have felt that a drama-in-leading-strings was not an occupation for serious men, and have turned to other forms of expression. Fielding, when he attempted drama, was promptly suppressed; what Dickens felt on the subject is well known.

I think that the mere idea of this Censorship often deters fastidious minds who would in reality run little or no risk from its attentions, and that it rouses in the exuberant mind a perverse desire to run amok at it.

I think further that the greater resentment displayed against the Censorship is a mark that men of letters wish, more than they have ever wished before, to adopt drama as their chosen form of expression; and a mark that they are affronted by a bar to such freedom as they enjoy in the other branches of the calling of letters—a freedom which they can in no sense be charged with having abused to the danger of the Public, and which is granted to every other form of artist. Such feeling has now been roused in many men of letters against this office that I believe its continuance will have a disastrous effect on the development of the drama, at what I consider the most critical and important moment of its life in this country. At the bottom of this feeling there is the simple sense of injustice. I do not know how that sense of injustice can be allayed, or its effects avoided, except by removing the cause.

I have also to state that I have read the following plays, which have either been censored or in whose cases verbal or written intimation has been given by the Censor that they had better not be presented for license; *The Oedipus Rex* (Sophocles); *The Cenci* (Shelley); *Monna Vanna* (Maeterlinck); *Ghosts* (Ibsen); *Maternité* (Brieux); *The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont* (Brieux); *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (Shaw); *Waste* (Barker); *The Breaking Point* (Garnett); *Bethlehem* (Housman). I con-

sider that all these plays are essentially moral, and some of great dramatic and artistic merit, and I do not see why any single one of them should not have been presented here.

For this conclusion I give the following reasons: The First Night audience at a play is always a picked and hardened audience. The general Public is at once informed by the Press of the nature of a play. People do not go to plays without either reading or hearing what sort of play it is; and those persons who deliberately go to theatres from prurient motives would be most disagreeably disappointed by witnessing a performance of any of these plays.

I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In October the Committee presented their report in the form of a Blue Book. And that was all. It had been a gallant but a losing fight.

Years later Galsworthy wrote:

Dec. 17, 1931.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR MRS. DAWSON SCOTT,—The agitation in question began with the censoring of Granville-Barker's *Waste* and Edward Garnett's *Breaking Point*. Garnett stirred me up, and I went to Barrie, and with Gilbert Murray we induced all the leading authors to sign a protest written by myself. A Royal Commission was appointed which examined and made a detailed report, but of course nothing was done, except that the Censorship has been more sensible on the whole ever since.

It is impossible to approve of Censorship in any form in principle, but in practice the censorship of plays is from the author's point of view on the whole the least worrying form of control. The Common Informer and the Purity Society are much more formidable and difficult to deal with. A licence by the Censor frees author and manager from any anxiety. So, you see, I have become reconciled to the evil as the least violent form of interference. Therefore, if my opinion must be given, I should say leave the matter alone. For nothing anyway will come of a protest.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

We revert to the year 1907. About the middle of February the Galsworthys went to Lyme Regis, where *Strife* was begun, and so,

at the beginning of March, to Littlehampton, where work on the play continued. In April they spent a week at Westerham, and *Strife* was finished in the rough about the end of the month. Thus, six months before *Joy* was produced, the play which many people consider his best was ready in his portfolio. It was to have almost two years to wait before seeing the light of day, for two subsequent works preceded it before the public.

On returning from Westerham, Galsworthy wrote the sketch entitled *A Lost Dog*, which appeared in *The Nation* and resulted in his writing a series of similar pieces for the same periodical. In July he began *Fraternity* (then entitled *The Shadows*), but laid it aside during the summer holidays, which were spent in Devon and Cornwall—chiefly at Bude. After the distractions of *Joy* were over, the Galsworthys went to Manaton, where he resumed work on the novel, which continued on their return to London in November and during a stay of five weeks at Grasse in December and January. It was then again put aside for the completion and revision of the *Nation* sketches, which appeared in volume form with the title of *A Commentary* on a date not recorded, somewhere about May of 1908.

This volume was issued not by Messrs. Heinemann but by Mr. Grant Richards, a circumstance explained by the two following letters:

[From and to his Publishers]

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I have received the enclosed letter from Mr. Pinker—and hardly know how to answer it. The contract uses the word “book,” saying we are to have the offer of your next book, and that, to me, seems definite, but if I understand from you direct that you particularly wish to pass us over and wish this volume of sketches, in the first instance, offered to some one else, I shall be pleased to do it for you, though I can see nothing but disadvantage for you for your books to appear with different imprints.

Will you kindly let me know about this matter as soon as possible, as I do not wish to write to Mr. Pinker until I hear from you?

Yours very truly,

SYDNEY PAWLING.

DEAR MR. PAWLING,—Thank you for your letter enclosing one from Mr. Pinker. With regard to the question of the "offer of the next book," it was undoubtedly in my mind equivalent to the offer of my next novel (as I have already told Mr. Heinemann in reference to a book of plays that Duckworth and Co. will be publishing for me). I have thought carefully over the question of this book of sketches; and you must allow me to say that in my judgment it is not a book that your firm is likely to believe in very much, or to take much interest in. I consider that a personal, I would even say a temperamental interest in this little book on the part of the publisher is very essential to its success. It is for this reason that I think it would be better in other hands.

For my part, so long as your firm is willing to accord me such treatment as I think I should have, I wish to keep my novels in your hands; but my work falls now into three very distinct departments, and I feel that I shall be better served in keeping them apart.

With kind regards, I am yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

It should be added here that Galsworthy's relations with his publishers were always of the happiest, and that they stuck to him and he to them to the end of his life. C. S. Evans of Messrs. Heinemann's was in particular a close personal friend.

Among Galsworthy's papers is a note that *A Commentary* "was received with mixed feelings." In America the Press was favourable with hardly a whisper of dissent; in England the contradictions were flatter than ever.

A typical American review is this extract from the notice of *The Chicago Post*:

But Mr. Galsworthy is temperate, dreadfully temperate, in expression. He is grimly correct in his observation, and if he is not gay in his manner or cheery in theme we are forced to think that it is because he puts justice above property, courage above comfort, and truth above peace.

But it is not to be decided that Mr. Galsworthy is dreary. Conventional morality is flaccid, but not that eager and adventurous morality which is drawn from life itself, from observation of passions and necessities, our obligations to economize, our need for experience.

In England, where the satire naturally bit home more deeply, there were many protests. The chief criticisms were those of lack of imagination, kindness, and artistic detachment; of excessive one-sidedness, bitterness, and pessimism. But all onslaughts made upon the book pale before the foaming abuse of *The Academy*:

Mr. Galsworthy's book makes it quite plain that the Liberal mind is a sour, dour, superior affair, full of kinks and ill-disposed to mankind at large. . . . Mr. Galsworthy writes himself down as being utterly devoid of charity. Such lack, of course, is common among rabid Liberals, and Mr. Galsworthy has had to write to please them; for we will never believe that any man who trails a pen can mean in his heart what Mr. Galsworthy professes to mean. . . . This is the merest, shallowest, and most hackneyed kind of nonsense, written brainlessly, and without understanding, and full of the falsehood of extremity. . . .

To offer such speciousness to intelligent people with a view of bringing them over to your way of thinking is at once stupid and indiscreet. . . . We can imagine no class of human being who can read Mr. Galsworthy's commentaries with respect or satisfaction. They must irritate even the oblique and heartless Liberal. They amount in the main to so much gross and heretical pessimism, and from whatever point of view considered, they are not proper to be read. Furthermore they have not even the excuse of cleverness.

Such are the rarer flowers from this astonishing bouquet. As a notice, it has the disadvantage of telling us more about the writer of it than about the book it objurgates; but it does show that in one quarter, at any rate, Galsworthy had drawn blood. After this *The New Age*, which confined itself to such mild remarks as:

Personally I do not consider that either of Mr. Galsworthy's novels comes within the four-miles radius of the first rate,

and

All this is bad, and will assuredly debar Mr. Galsworthy from the immortality so kindly mapped out for him by mandarins, etc. I should say that Mr. Galsworthy will last about as long as Sargent, whose half-brother he is (in the arts)

seem comparatively sane. It proceeded, however, perhaps a trifle inconsistently:

Some of the sketches are exceedingly — dazzlingly brilliant,

while others are imitations of Mr. Galsworthy written by a kind of astral Andrew Lang. The best of them reveal a writer. And when I say a writer, I mean one who can *write*. I mean this for high praise. . . .

What Mr. Galsworthy has to do is to go out and buy some milk.

But other critics liked the book—among them, that of *The Daily Telegraph*, who remarked:

In all of them there is a buoyant, healthful note which Mr. Galsworthy knows to be the truth and the greatest fact in existence. . . . Mr. Galsworthy is never sordid. . . . This volume is full of it [courage]. It does one good, it braces and encourages. . . . No one need fear taking up this book—even the most comfortable and fashionable among us. It is not Socialism. It is life—life as seen by an observer of it. The pity of it is that we do not all see it in the same sympathetic, universal way.

Barrie was enthusiastic:

MY DEAR G.—I'll try to find faults in *A Commentary* by and by, but at present fresh from it I find it absolutely a thing of beauty. A man could not well stand more clearly revealed in a book. I have delighted in it, with no other anxieties. However there must be something wrong and I'll have a closer look.—Yours,

J. M. B.

So was Conrad:

30 May 1908,  
*Evening*.

SOMERIES,  
LUTON, BEDS.

DEAREST JACK,—The book arrived by the first post. I thought it would be much longer. You must have made a severe selection surely. *Lost Dog, Fashion, Facts* I had seen before. Of the others—but it is impossible to name any one of them before the others. Each goes right into one's vitals, and the effect of the whole is overwhelming in its terrible quietness and in its accusing force.

In its parallel arrangement the book might be described as an appalling indictment of the middle classes—a sufficiently small and precise definition to serve a practical purpose. But in the introspective silence which came over me after I closed the volume and sat through a solitary afternoon I felt that this might be the



Conscience of the Age overheard by John Galsworthy in its uneasy whisperings—and overheard worthily.

The “still small voice” of the impersonal conscience requires an interpreter—an exponent, it must draw warmth and strength from the humanity and courage of a personal conscience inspiring a resolute mind. For the Age, whatever its date, has no mind. It has many minds looking in many directions.

Pursuing my solitary train of thought with your book lying close at my elbow, I felt too that I would give all my volumes—the only thing of my own on earth—for the ownership of some of these pages so much your own. I wondered at such impartiality in the domain of pure sentiment, at the unfaltering mastery over expression in the service of such deep emotion. Your indignation itself remains undefaced by bitterness or arrogance. It looks at moral miseries with the eyes of compassion. And as, at the end of day, I heard footsteps and the voices that would be presently calling me away from the solitary communion with the spirit of the book my thoughts turned to the writer. At the end of that meditation, born from the first impact of that humanity so deeply felt, I was profoundly moved by the thought that the writer was worthy of the book.—Yours ever,  
J. CONRAD.

And again:

DEAREST JACK,—I hope you do not think that when I write to you about your work I mind the style or select my words. I haven't said half of what I've felt while reading *A Commentary* just because I did not look for words. It is very difficult to speak about a book of such sincere and deep humanity. I'm glad if you think I've read the book as you would wish it to be read, but rest assured that what I have said is mere nothing to what I have felt—these frothy skimmings from the boiling pot, if that homely image does not offend your ears. . . .

At the beginning of April Galsworthy had gone to Manaton, where he was working on *Fraternity* when *A Commentary* appeared and fluttered the pontifical dovescotes. After thirteen weeks of steady work he returned to London on June 20th and, at the end of July, proceeded to Trevone, in Cornwall, where the novel was finished. During this stay he also wrote the story *A Fisher of Men*, which appeared, first in *The English Review*, and later in the volume *A Motley*. In September he was back at Manaton, re-writing and

revising *Fraternity*, now at last so named. On December 16th the Galsworthys went to Costebelle, where, during a month's stay, J. G. wrote his *Justification of the Censorship*, the sketch *A Novelist's Allegory*, a poem called *Old Year*, *A Letter to John Bull from his Brother Jonathan*, and the first jottings of *The Inn of Tranquillity*.

About the middle of January they returned to London, detrainning (contrary to their usual custom) at Charing Cross instead of Victoria. It was an ill-omened departure from habit, for it came very near to resulting in serious consequences. Hailing a four-wheeler at the platform, the Galsworthys set off with their baggage through the narrow arch that leads into the station courtyard fronting the Strand. Just as they were squeezing through, there came to Mrs. Galsworthy's sharp ears the sound of rattling hooves. A fire-engine it could hardly be; it was clearly, therefore, a case of a stampede. With great presence of mind, she opened the door on her side of the cab, stepped out on to the narrow kerb, and methodically shut the door behind her. But her husband had not, as she supposed, done the same; and he was still in the cab when a pair of spanking bays, hauling after them a sumptuous private luggage-van, came crashing into it from the rear. Fortunately the pole, as it pierced through the back of the cab, struck not quite centrally. As a result, the whole outfit, including the passenger whose fate was of such moment, were alike projected with violence out into the courtyard, and thrown over on to their left sides against the cobbles of the courtyard. With a scream Mrs. Galsworthy darted forward; as she did so, amid the ruins of cab, luggage, horse, driver, and the general confusion thereon ensuing, there rose from the now horizontal window a serenely anadyomenous, faintly smiling figure, bland, unruffled, and happily quite unhurt. . . .

They made their way home, and that same afternoon came a telephone call of enquiry from Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford). So travel wars and the rumours of wars.

Conrad wrote with feeling:

17 Jan. '09.

DEAREST ADA,—It might have been a serious affair, this passage with the wild 'bus. A sort of shudder remains from reading Jack's letter with its pooh-poohing reference. I always feel (when I am there) that the bit of Strand in front of Charing Cross Station is about as near Eternity as any spot on earth. Well, since you've

escaped, there's nothing more to say—except a serious warning not to do it again.

The news Jack sends me is just what I wanted to hear—except of course the news of his cold. I suppose he will be off to Manchester tomorrow. His letter does not read as if you were going with him—but of course with the man's negligent episulatory style one never knows. I think his novels are decidedly better in that respect. Decidedly. What's your opinion? Strictly *entre nous*, be it understood.

As he omits to say how the Riviera profited *you* we can only hope that you have made a provision of sunshine to carry you through the dreary months—or the months which would have been dreary but for the promise of two plays and a book! I applaud with all my heart the conjunction of all these events. I feel somehow that it will work for good. Do you intend to see the Manchester first performance?

But it's *Strife!* *Strife!* We mustn't talk about it, yet with that and the book in full occupation of my thoughts I feel a premonition of a great triumphant taking possession of the land. After this confession—silence!

In answer to Jack's distant question I can only say that I've written 110,000 words in the last 12 months. But of course *Raz*: is not finished yet. It isn't very far off though—unless—unless a batch gets torn up suddenly in some moment of imperative inspiration. And that too may happen. Meantime I am scheming how to get away from this place to the little hole in Aldington which has been made ready for us—rather nicely, Ford says. We haven't seen it since it has been done up. It is the house on the opposite side of the road next to the cottage in which you saw our desolate tribe last September. Just at the foot of the hill—you know. . . .

There duly followed a visit to Manchester for rehearsals of *The Silver Box* and *Strife*—"which after having visited various intelligent managers was accepted by Charles Frohmann and produced at the Duke of York's theatre in March matinées." Also, in February he gave readings of *A Novelist's Allegory* at Hampstead and before the New College Essay Society at Oxford. The paper was published in *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

— Meanwhile, *Fraternity* appeared, on February 23rd. Conrad, this time, had been its author's principal confidant, and the ensuing letters make good reading.

[From *Joseph Conrad*]

*Saturday night*  
[August, 1908].

DEAREST JACK,—I won't return the MS. till Monday morning's post. In H. James' *Little Tour in France* . . . there occurs a simple sentence which came forcibly to my mind. He has been looking at some pictures in a provincial gallery—and he says: "All this is painted in a manner to bring tears into one's eyes." I don't quote literally . . . but that's just it! It brings tears into one's eyes literally by the way it is done. After finishing my reading I sat perfectly still I don't know for how long as a pilgrim may sit after a long and breathless ascent, on a commanding summit in view of the promised land.

There is in such a prospect after the sustained excitement of the road the reaction of serene wonder and the gift of much meditation. Various thoughts passed through my head. And they were many too. But they were not disturbing, for I was thinking in the mood of quiet assurance, of blessed certitude. On the high emotional altitude where your art had irresistibly placed me my heartbeats were indeed quickened, but my heart was at peace with itself. There was no discord in my thoughts, though some I admit had a questioning accent. I won't trouble you with them all. I did ask myself several things, one of them being whether we have not here a writer in direct descent of the great tradition of the English art of novel-writing—I mean the highest tradition.

As I have asked myself that question in perfect sincerity, you will understand easily that this one, resuming in its magnitude the whole interplay of mental impulses and hesitations in the face of emotional surrender, must remain unanswered. Sufficient that it came, not as a mere jingle of words, but as a dignified and austere witness to the power of your pages—that your work, so much of its time in its inception, conception and treatment, seems to carry a great national art one step forward on the historical road of self-expression.

After saying this much I must leave you. All discussion would seem idle. There it is! looking very, very big indeed—and all the pages and pages I could write about it wouldn't, in comparison, be worth more than a book of cigarette papers.

. . . All the same I would like a half-hour talk (but not with the pen) with you about your wonderful *Shadows*. Not that the book requires it—but still . . .

DEAREST JACK,—Whatever set me off wrongheadedly on my critical remarks, you do well—I repeat—not to be angry. My vehemence of expression was nothing else but the natural outcome—the other aspect—of my admiring enthusiasm.

I am delighted and excited by what you tell me of the reconstruction. I *do* want to see what you have done.

Coming to the immediate question: that of the title—*The Voice*. I feel a strong distaste for that kind of title—there is a whole crowd of unestimable works—*The Jungle*—*The Circle*—*The Column*—the—devil knows what—which seem to form a damnable category of more or less pretentious emptiness. I don't like the idea of your joining that style of nomenclature. Neither did I love *The Shadows*; but, supposing that your mind was made up, I held my peace.

In regard to your view of Mr. Stone don't forget that ironically as he is treated he is after all a heroic conception. He is a heroic figure by the force of his tremendous and inspired earnestness—my dear boy, he is wholly *tremendous*. Whatever he is he is more than a voice alone.

*The Voice* is not too solemn! It is *not enough*. It seems almost an impossible task to find an adequate title. If it is to be *The Voice* then it must be qualified in some way. I have been thinking for many hours. Nothing worthy of the book occurs to me. My mind is a desert ringing with Mr. Stone's voice—the voice of a great faith, also of a great love. There is, too, the public to consider. A writer like you must make himself accessible for the sake of *that* which he is working for. No, decidedly I am gone stupid, as Jackolo now and then “goes naughty.” But mine is a hopeless case, I fear.

Our dear love,

J. C.

*Wednesday.*

DEAREST JACK,—From one point of view I've nothing but admiration for the ending of *Shadows*. Its naturalness is appalling. Of course it can be attacked, but its quality comes out in the fact that the objections fade away as soon as one tries to formulate them to oneself. I will not touch on the æsthetic value of these last pages. That can not be questioned. The beauty of certain passages glows and sighs at one. The question if one could stand up before the sheer merit of expression would be rooted deep under the fair surface. Having said that much, I could go on writing several pages of pretty-pretty talk to you and it would not

be insincere either. But life is too short for that—not yours, but mine, I mean to say. And there is another consideration as well. It would not be worthy of you—and, well, of me too.

The social background of the story is too big for the personages in front and perhaps a little too remote. If the story had been the story of the loves of Martin and Thyme it would have been impossible to make those objections—or at any rate very difficult to make them. As it is, the background is connected with the action not by the developments of the action itself but more or less by analysis. That I think is a defect. But that observation, I am ready to admit, may spring not from the truth of things but from some defect of my understanding which causes me to be blind to subtler connections existing both in your mind and in your work. I may have missed many delicate indications. A book like this demands many auditions. It is anything but simple. Its suggestions are multiple—in which by the bye it does not resemble the work of Turgenev, whom the idle paragraphist proclaims your chosen master—and run in and out of each other.

Yes! It is a complicated book. It is possible to view it in innumerable ways, for it excites imagination at every step. But before all it is the book of a moralist.

For that is, my dear Jack, what you are—a humanitarian moralist. You are revealing yourself as a moralist in all the greatness of your talent.

This fact which you cannot help and which may lead you yet to become the Idol of the Public—if I may so express myself—arises as the greatest danger in the way of your art. It may prevent the concentration of effort in one simple direction—because your art will always be trying to assert itself against the impulse of your moral feelings. This may lead to a certain uncertainty of intention which may conceivably lead further to a vain harrowing of our feelings—tho' don't believe that it will ever lead you into the gratuitous atrocity of, say, Ivan Illyitch or the monstrous stupidity of such a thing as the Kreutzer Sonata, for instance; where an obvious degenerate, not worth looking at twice, totally unfitted not only for married life but for any sort of life, is presented as a sympathetic victim of some sort of sacred truth that is supposed to live within him. No, I am not afraid of that aberration for you. It is unthinkable.

Then—you may ask me—why talk about it at all?

Well, I have a certain subtlety of my own—and you may well believe that it is not for the fun of displaying it that I am writing

these pages. A moralist must present us with a gospel—he must give counsel, not to our reason or sentiment, but to our very soul. Do you feel in yourself the stature for that task? That you must meditate over with great seriousness—because, my dear Jack, because it is in you to be a great novelist.

It is impossible to read a book like that without asking oneself—what then? Are we to be sanitists or write cheques, or are we to let casual girls embrace our knees till our—what shall I call it?—refined desire is completely satisfied, our humanity at the same time not being imperative enough and not elementary enough, I may say, to knock her mercifully on the head afterwards? Or is this—I won't say tale—is this vision of life and things so admirably imagined, so felicitously and poetically presented, is it a mere declaration, not of the vanity of things (that would be a too optimistic view), but of the utter futility of existence? Pessimism can no further go.

This is the danger of the moralist who has not a faith, however crude, distorted or extravagant, to present to his audience.

And don't think that I am an exceptional reader. There will be thousands who will feel a sort of uneasiness. It will to them dwarf the greatness of the book. I am talking of simple people. The other kind will no doubt discover varied interpretations, not one of which will be worth having.

All the incertitude and all the danger arise from the predominance of Hilary. For the view can be taken that the book is a study of temperament. What is Hilary? He cannot be a type. He is a man of forty. A man of forty, unless he is a pathological case, must have a formed character, that sort of knowledge of his own weakness which (the knowledge I mean) is a sort of strength, and also some sense of moral independence and perhaps—surely it is not too much to ask—a certain power of resistance. But H. has no individuality as above defined, he is refined into a special monster. I don't think, my dearest Jack, that in the glow of inspired composition (I am speaking with the utmost seriousness, I am under the charm of it) you have realized the harrowing atrocity of his conduct. You have refined and spiritualized that poor wretch into a remote resemblance to those lunatics—there are such—who try to cut off locks of women's hair in the crowds. He is a degenerate who is completely satisfied with the last scene with the girl, and therefore with incredible villainy and a total absence of moral sense will act as you make him act. The strain on the reader is tremendous, and

the whole thing borders on the intolerable. The talk of the men drinking coffee in the Club—their supposed advice to him—is a positive relief—a whiff of fresh air by comparison.<sup>1</sup>

What I say above is the only explanation that can stand in good psychology and the nature of men. Morbid psychology, be it always understood, which is a perfectly legitimate subject for an artist's genius. But not for a moralist. You, my dear Jack, seeing the evil, the great and insensate evil of the class convention bred through generations into the bone of Society, ask us to believe that the mainspring, the motive, of that most base abandonment (all that is *masterly* in execution) is the feeling of class—and therein you—as happens to moralists—betray the very truth of things. For, considering the atrocious character of his conduct, the motive is incredible. It is *not* the motive, whatever your art may make us believe at first. If it had that strength, the strength to annihilate the man's pity and conscience, it would have been so great, so immense in its power as to have stopped him long before—*effectually* stopped him—which it had not done. Ergo: it was not strong enough then. In commonest humanity it cannot be strong enough at the end. One would behave with more compassion to an insect. Therefore it is some other motive—or the desire is weakened, non-existent because of the last scene. A pathological case of spiritual sensualism.

I felt bound to say all that. The night passes over my head, but my mental absorption in your work abides with me. One more point I must touch, for we are craftsmen as well as seers, labouring in the flesh as well as in the spirit.

The end by the disposition of episodes resembles too much the termination of Hilary's biography, as it were. And that dwarfs it somehow in its intention—reduces it too much to the point of view of the study of a temperament. To mask that aspect, which in my soul and conscience I believe hurtful to the effect of the book, I venture to lay before you a suggestion, and beg you to consider it impartially.

It amounts to nothing more radical than a transposition. My idea is like this. After the last scene of Hilary with the girl stop short and put in the whole block of Hughes' return home, to break the continuity, the "all Hilary" feeling. Then pick up Hilary again (perhaps even so far as the point where he returns home and talks with his wife) and so on, ending with the word

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the then ending of the book, which was re-written, though not in relation to Hilary.



of "Brother" as it stands now. I don't know if I express myself clearly. The night is over (I am a slow writer) and I feel tired, but you will have seized my idea—for what it is worth.

It was like having seen you two in a dream, a fugitive, evanescent impression of Ada and Jack looking extremely well and animated. A good impression, but we could have done with something more. Did you get wet at all or a little or very much? It was a most inconsiderate thunderstorm.

Drop us a line before you leave London. Our dear love.  
Yours.— J. CONRAD.

*P.S.* (Morning) I've slept four hours and have been walking one hour, thinking and interrogating myself. My feeling is the same. I won't read over what I have written; I am perfectly satisfied as to my honesty, and I do not wish to look on the confused expression of that honesty. Moreover, one may be honest and foolish. But folly, if it only be really honest, is bound to contain a grain of wisdom. And you cannot be angry with me if I am concerned with something that is in you, something greater than the book itself. It is also possible that I am blind, deaf and dumb, that I can neither see you clearly, nor hear you distinctly, nor follow you closely. And if so nothing that I can say or leave unsaid matters in the least.

*Note:* There is the difficulty of the girl saying *she had* seen Hughes. But the end will be attained (to explain her coming) if she says that Hughes has come out of prison. Anyway that can be managed somehow.

*Friday.*

DEAREST JACK,—Here I am once more. I have laid aside my MS. (a beggarly six pages) for a last word, which in effect is no other than the preceding words.

I don't know what you have made of my 16 pages sent off yesterday with the typescript of *Shadows*. One thing must have been obvious to you, and that is that I have been deeply moved by the book. If I could believe that there is work in me which could move you as deeply I would be less at variance with life.

It all can be reduced to saying that for me Hilary is not a sufficiently big and human figure to stand in the forefront of the great question, the enormous interrogation point which for me symbolizes the book. You have robbed him not only of his flesh (by a careful analysis) but also of his bones. With all the

space he occupies, he is conceived—or carried out—in a minor key throughout. He is almost angelic—and if the downfall of an angel, happening accidentally upon the affairs of this earth, is a foregone conclusion, it is not a sight to move men either to repentance or to reflexion. That a pure spirit (pure: that is, inhuman) thrown amongst impure conditions will end in some base betrayal of himself may be taken as pretty certain—but it is not this thesis that you wanted to illustrate. The man you set up is an incapable—impotent. Of the two incapables that come to one's mind—the loquacious and the nervous—Rudin and Nejdánov—that cannot be said in the absolute sense. They were both necessary—to society and even to the state—at any rate to the community. They had at least some intention. But in Hilary there is nothing to be discovered. One asks oneself what that unfortunate creature was afraid of losing. He is shown as having nothing in his possession. I don't speak here of the "captaincy of his soul" (which is a high-falutin way of suggesting a bagman's aspiration), but he has no hold on anything in the world. This, under the tenderness of your presentation, notwithstanding the art you lavish upon him (and because no doubt of your most amazing insight) becomes apparent very soon. It is complete decadence, exposed as never before perhaps. But that is not your object either as moralist or as novelist—is it? It's another evil you are aiming at—or I have missed the theme of the book, which I don't think I have done.

All the way along you show him as absolutely betraying his clan in the whole course of his inner life, of his intimate relations—in thoughts, in half speeches, in his silences. Why? For what object? (except as a secret gratification) is undisclosed to us. He is so. There is nothing positive about him. He is perfectly faithless, he is so from the beginning. He ends by betraying, by an unparalleled atrocity of this same impotence, not the girl herself but the hope, the supreme hope, he himself had put into her heart. This is perfectly devilish (and the devil is a sort of "pure" spirit too—only I understand he has some pride which makes him fit in a way to walk this imperfect earth) and is, I take it, an ultimate instance of the evil of class—the moral evil of the clan feeling. But by that time we can no longer believe in the instance. We feel—or I feel—that clan is just the mask of impotence, and your attack misses its mark.

No, my dear Jack a pure spirit such as your wonderful Hilary (he is *wonderful*) ends always by sitting down in the mud—for

indeed what does it matter to a pure spirit where he sits?—and he will sit snivelling too, in nine cases out of ten, because pure spirits have no use for simple human dignity, which is made up of good and evil faced openly, grasped with full knowledge. But then, don't you see, what happens to Hilary does not matter. And that, not only in this book but looking into the future, seems to me like the danger lying in wait for your art.

If the thesis of the book is as I understand it, you should have presented to us a man really belonging to the class and with a noble instinct trying to assert his manhood against the heart-withering, brain-muddling convention—and then—had you so willed—knocked him down. For obviously the time for the Bible in the bedrooms of small country inns to be replaced by Mr. Stone's Great Book has not come yet.

But enough. At last enough.

I have been telling you things, dearest Jack, which you won't hear from anyone—either from critics or from *littérateurs*. This is talk between you and me, brother. Not that I suppose for a moment you care if I shouted it from house-tops, but because words can run between you and me which are not for everybody's hearing. Beware of Sheltonism, you understand me? I love Shelton with an exceeding love—but beware of him—I mean of that side of him which is purely and exclusively Sheltonian. No—don't abandon Shelton; he's your creation, your embodied conscience, your unrestful spirit going about on the earth. Hold him, stick to him—but don't let him write your novels. And if that would be like excising some part of your very being—well, you will suffer, no doubt—but you can't pay too high a price for the greatness of inspiration, for that voice which is in you.

Our dear love to you both.—Yours ever, J. CONRAD.

*Sunday.*

DEAREST JACK,—I sit rebuked with your letter before me. It is the fate of all men, who count, to be misunderstood, and of writers most of all. But it is not an ignoble fate and you do well not to be angry. I can't take back anything I've said; and I would not do it if I could. Let it all stand between you and me as a visible sign of my almost fierce affection for your work—that higher expression of your personality—of my jealous concern, and therefore unreasonable concern, for its fate amongst the minds of men. I should not like it to be touched by the most remote shadow of doubt, and thus I do see danger where

probably the danger does not exist. It's clear I haven't read the book sufficiently—I felt that as I wrote, and a written word has a certain brutality which is softened in the living speech between man and man. I wish we had talked!

No dearest Jack, Hilary is never *bad*—neither first nor last. Hilary is simply wonderful whichever way one looks at him. He is not bad. He is good, I repeat, in a wonderful manner—altogether unique and your very own. What perhaps could make him better would be some slight inconsistency of speech or action—a few lines—just for once; or rather what would make him altogether admirable as an artistic achievement would be some slight inconsistency in your *conception* of him—a thing that would not (that need not) be expressed at all but somehow *felt*. You know, that sort of inconsistency that one is aware of in Bazarov himself—say, somewhere, a hint of "firmness."

I am afraid I am growing stupid, but I trust in your long familiarity with the falterings of my mind. You will guess what I would say. That thing I am wishing for in my dumb way would give him more "relief"—in the plastic sense.

And since you take what I say in good part I will take the liberty (it is a liberty) to call your attention once more to my suggestion about the re-arrangement of the end. Hilary gets in front of the larger tragedy—of the great suggestive background. By bringing forward the other ruined man the unlucky biographical effect is destroyed at once. The end becomes more spacious—I mean more visibly so. Have you time and inclination for the experiment? I think it would be worth making from an artistic point of view. The absolute value of the book nothing that you can do or leave undone can now affect. It is there—quite triumphant—profoundly moving. I prophesy an impressive success. . . .

Ever yours,

CONRAD.

*P.S.*—I have read and re-read every word, giving due weight to every shade of your meaning, and I still think that the idealising for moral purposes of a man capable of such a spiritual crime is too Tolstoyan to be approved by a plain man without tears and sensibility like myself.

Again reviews were abundant; and again the screams of outraged complacency rent the air. This time it was *The Saturday Review* which yelled the loudest:

In the guise of a novel (it began) Mr. Galsworthy has produced

a very dangerous and revolutionary book. *Fraternity* is nothing more nor less than an insidious and embittered attack on our social system. It is calculated to bring the official governing class into contempt and to import prejudice into the consideration of many important problems. The author has in fact violated all canons of art in making his story the medium for political propaganda. . . . His book is the more dangerous because it is written with an air of self-effacement and detachment.

After unmasking this hollow pretence, the review proceeded:

His book, in fact, in its unrelieved gloom comes perilously near caricature. He turns and twists and writhes around his subject, and even if he does not scream it is impossible not to be always conscious of his pain. Moreover, he has introduced into his novel several unnecessarily unsavoury incidents and descriptions. . . . Some of his similes and allusions are gratuitously coarse and indelicate. The book is quite unworthy of the author of *The Country House* and *The Man of Property*. It is closely written and laborious—entirely lacking in spontaneity. It is a book that gets upon the nerves.

Certainly the writer made a good attempt to prove his last statement.

*The Times* was dubious but fair-minded; and it was in the sum a forlorn crusade that was led by the book's opponents. Both in England and America the novel was received with praise and respect. There were not wanting critics who considered it in some sense a failure; but almost every one of the countless notices praised it more or less warmly. *The Evening Standard* was one of the warmest appreciators:

Of course, as a novel it is magnificent. . . . The extraordinarily tender undercurrent that with stealthy touches brings beast and man, scholar and ruffian, woman and female, tree and bird, into a communion that is also oneness is the thing that saves the book from being to the sensitive as unbearable to read as it is brilliantly written and impossible to leave half-read.

Galsworthy's own description of the Press reception of *Fraternity* as recorded in a notebook which is the source for the present chapter, runs:

*Fraternity* . . . met with a curious reception, both highly

THE FIRST "CRUSADE": A COMMENTARY, FRATERNITY, STRIFE

appreciative or snubby, according to the social temper of the journals reviewing, *The Saturday Review* calling it a revolutionary work, and *The New Age* finding it dull.

No wonder the first of those two notices remained in his mind! On the whole, however, the ayes had it.

[From Francis Hackett]

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST,  
OFFICE OF THE LITERARY CRITIC.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the first page of the first issue of a book supplement I am editing. I have reviewed many books, but never before have sent one to an author. In this case, however, I had a personal pleasure in devoting this page to an account of *Fraternity*.

You have a good many readers in Chicago, and many admirers who would perhaps hesitate to send word overseas, but who talk your books over, and delight in them.

I wish I could express fully my pleasure in your work. I think it is magnificent work, especially in its sense of form, its integrity. I like, too, its individual version of life, which must owe much to experience, but an experience transmuted by art and by the life of that imagination which is not frequent in English fiction. English writers so seldom tell what they *think*, or aspire to, or proudly, shamefully feel. They treat their imaginations as a good governess would treat a child. But thank God there are now English writers who treat their imaginations, or rather accept their imaginations, as a gift above all others, even if it does lead to discriminations not heard in the gunroom, and not acceptable to those fine, kind people whose communication in life, on account of class and breeding, is all elliptic, masonic and, for class protection's sake, secret and uncandid to the world outside the cult. England is so lacking in social candour, in this sense, that its art is open too much to the *enfant terrible* of the George Moore type. But there is a candour, not without discrimination, as you have shown—and as we have enjoyed.

With my most sincere thanks, I remain, yours sincerely,

FRANCIS HACKETT.

[From *Cunninghame Graham*.]

HOTEL BEAU SITE,  
ROME.

March 10th, 1909.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have read your remarkable book. It is fine. How well you bring out this:

Hilary, Stephen, Martin, and the men in the slums can only talk. The cultivated Hilary, the acute Stephen, and the scientific Martin (also Hughes) are alike negative. Our civilization has made them so.

Martin's brutality, Stephen's acuteness and Hilary's art, are all talk, none of the three can act, or has the least intention of acting. It is all pose.

Per contra, the women can all act.

*Dunque*, civilization is ruin to a man (except for art), and gives a woman all she wants.

The scene at the last with the girl and Hilary is immense.

Mr. Stone is excellent. I know him. . . .

One is sorry for the girl amongst such a set of eunuchs.

That is *your* art, to make us feel for her.

A good touch too, when she puts the notes in her stays.

I congratulate you once more, and *heartily*.

I think I should have killed that damned "moonlight" dog.

You are severe on the world, but rightly so.

*Todas i mis felicitaciones.*

And believe me,—Yours sincerely,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

The author's own rating of his book at the time was given in a letter to his friend J. W. Hills:

I think I put *Fraternity* just a trifle above *The Man of Property*. I'm not sure I don't agree with you in putting *The Island Pharisees* above *The Country House*. The latter has more perfection of technique and form, but less heart and depth than any of the other three.

(But in time his judgment altered completely.) We may leave *Fraternity* with the following summing-up by its author:

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have been trying to find time to answer your long and interesting letter; but have not, even now, succeeded very well.

You ask for some glimpse of a road leading away definitely from the morass of un-fraternity which my book discloses as quaking under our feet. There is no definite road. There's only a feeling in the heart. Everyone knows what that feeling is or ought to be—it's the commonplace of Christianity, which religion, if dead (and I think rightly dead) in its dogmas, is living enough (perhaps never more so) in its essence.

The more *definitely* constructive a novelist becomes in all matters of social import, the less convincing he is bound to be. What does the poet say:

There are fifty-seven ways  
Of writing tribal lays  
And every blessed one of them is right!

or wrong. The only thing that matters, and the only thing that remains, is the spirit underlying them. My method is to suggest that the spirit of understanding and sympathy ought to be there by pointing out that it is not. I think that by this method one gets less on the nerves of one's reader. Moreover it's temperamental—to preach directly I am not able—however confirmed a moralist I may be by deduction.

Reading over your letter, it seems to me that you have not quite appreciated the satiric element in the book. Your criticisms suggest that you did not quite see that I was trying to lay certain deficiencies in certain modern types bare; for you pitch on the very qualities that were my concern as though they were unconscious blemishes in would-be fine characters.

There have been spasms of fraternity in the world, more acute than we have with us now, and dating from before the time of Christ; but I think that there has probably been no time in which the notion of fraternity has been more general and diffused than now, in spite of all the signs to the contrary.

If you read *The Man of Property* or *The Island Pharisees*, or even *The Country House* you will see that I always pursue the negative method; and though I'm continually charged with not showing the way to heaven, I believe that I do set up a process in peoples' spirits which makes them rather more alive to the Pharisaism, sense of property, intolerance, and humbug which stand in the way of sympathy between man and man.

Please accept my hearty thanks for your letter, and believe me,—  
Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.



Many years later, Galsworthy wrote as it were in perspective of these two books:

In those two books, *A Commentary* and *Fraternity*, I sealed myself into communion with the world of dark and broken waters running beneath the bridges of great towns, of shadows passing up and down the alleyways and enjoying such life as God has given them. The critic who wrote of *Fraternity* in the year 1909, and who this year reiterated the saying: "the poor we have always with us" represented a certain black-coated view of life, and surely will never change it. I have had my glimpse of another world and tasted the liquors brewed in its dark corners. I would I were still capable of seeing and of drinking; but it seems quite against Nature that the imaginative writer can feel and see, for long, from the same standpoint. As we get older, lazier, and more hampered by our own lives, we also get increasingly out of touch with the distressful. We have a phrase in England: "You can see him coming round the corner." There is no phrase so discouraging. Spontaneous, instant sympathy we all need; But the novelist soon loses the power of expressing his instant sympathies. The moment his name is known, the ink he uses becomes thick and clotted. I regret more than anything that I am barred—by temperament, habits of life, possessions—from the complete flow of sympathy.

Meanwhile the time was approaching when *Strife* should at last see the footlights. During the previous spring it had been sent to Garnett:

Could you read and let me have it back in haste? I want to give next week to its very serious attention, and would like your verdict before I begin.

This was on May 9th; Garnett evidently rose to the occasion, for a week later Galsworthy wrote to him:

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Warm thanks for your letter and criticisms; as usual they are very valuable and mostly tally with my own feelings. Especially the end; I had, before sending you the play, decided to rewrite that, bringing in the men and Williams with Anthony sitting there; and it's now much better. I don't actually, now, give Anthony a *physical* break-down at all; he simply remains deliberately silent and out of the battle. I'm now going to begin revision from the beginning, and treat the melodramatic element severely.

How's your play?

We came back to town on Saturday. Do keep us next *Wednesday week*, June 29th, if you can.

I dined at the House of Commons on Tuesday with Masterman, and met Winston Churchill, Sidney Buxton, C. Roden Buxton, the Trevelyan, Nevinston, R. Lehmann, Jules Shaw, Ponsonby and Ld. R. Cecil—it was rather an interesting evening; very political of course. I liked Churchill better than I expected. . . .

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Many thanks . . . for your letter, criticism, and appreciation. I shall see the pencilled suggestions when I get home, which won't be, I think, till Nov. 6th, in time for the Square Club dinner, when I hope to see you. As to the two major points: I'm against the "stroke" for Anthony on the whole, because it makes two physical collapses in one play.

I'm also against turning the end of Act II the way you suggest. But I'm grateful for the suggestion, because it reveals a weakness. It ought to be made more patent to the audience after Williams<sup>1</sup> goes out that the news of Mrs. Williams' death, being the crystallization of all the sufferings and fears that each man and his family have been through, acts like a red rag to them. They (after the first moment's hush of sympathy with Williams) feel sympathy with the dead woman, and all their resentment at Williams' leadership, which has led their naturally sluggish and mediocre tempers to fight too long, blazes up with the fresh fuel of this fact, and the application which each man makes of the fact to himself and his own family. That's the psychology of the crowd, and it ought to be better brought out. Apart from that your suggestion also kiboshes the symmetry of the play, which is that Williams retains his power as Anthony does in the 3rd Act, until the fact of Mrs. Williams' death sweeps all away. Thirdly, it destroys the possibility of bringing Williams on in Act III with the belief that he still represents the men.

At long last *Strife* was duly produced and, as the notebook records, was "received with acclamation." Any disappointment felt on either side over *Joy* was now forgotten in the applause which greeted the new play at its performance at the Duke of York's Theatre on March 9th, 1909. Originally billed for a series of six matinées under the auspices of Charles Frohmann, it aroused so much interest that it was given an evening run at the Haymarket and

<sup>1</sup> *Williams* was altered to *Roberts* because there was actually a man of the former name prominent in unemployment disturbances at the time.

Adelphi theatres, terminated only by previous engagements of many members of the cast.

Not often (said *The Globe*) have we witnessed more genuine enthusiasm in a theatre than was accorded to Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife*.

It is very difficult to write praise; very easy to find fault. As I have nothing but praise for Mr. Galsworthy's new play *Strife*, I find it difficult to say calmly what I think of it. Perhaps the best thing I can say is that I feel proud to think that it was written by an Englishman, and acted by English men and women.

Thus *Punch*, in a critique headed: "A Great Play," and the austerer sheets endorsed the verdict. William Archer gave the play nearly a page and a half in *The Nation*; his notice was headed: "Mr. Galsworthy arrives," and, as he put it, "the essence of the matter is, of course, 'Bravissimo, Mr. Galsworthy.'"

*The Times* was emphatic:

If we are not mistaken, when an artist of Mr. Galsworthy's high endeavour, mental equipment, and technical skill writes a play like *Strife*, he has done much more than write a play; he has rendered a public service.

Such notices may be taken as an extremely condensed indication of the general tone of the critics, though *The Daily Graphic*, after recording its enthusiastic reception, termed it: "more an argument rather than an entertainment, and not everybody's money." (We may hope that neither was the remark everybody's grammar.) Only *The Clarion* was hostile, condemning the play because it was not frank Socialist propaganda.

Conrad had an interesting suggestion to make:

March 29th, 1909.

DEAREST JACK,—What comes out uppermost is the intellectual honesty of your play. That quality—nay, that great and rare virtue—shines tenfold when set out in the artistic simplicity of your method. There is none of that subtleness akin to decay in your conception of human problems. We have there human beings in their littleness and their heroism presented to us in a work of art with no didactic purpose but with a moral intention.

Probably you care but little for the fruit of my meditations; but I have been trying to understand, to penetrate the secret of the play's power and gauge the depth of its appeal. For this

calm work of sifting the effects I had to descend to the underside of my direct feelings which, you do understand, were deeply engaged. I have tasted in that theatre moments of profound, unquestionable satisfaction. To get at its sources I had, so to speak, to part from your personality, which holds so much of my life-stock of affection. I think I succeeded in getting sufficiently far away, only of course to come back to it with the conviction that you are a good servant to the State.

If your personality is to loom large in the mental and emotional history of your time—as I believe it must—the notion of a play dealing with the dramatically intimate side of the country's domestic political life suggests itself to complete a trilogy of which the first two expressions are *The Silver Box* and *Strife*. Thus the three great divisions of the social aspect of our days would be indicated. That party parliamentarism contains in its qualities and imperfections a drama of conscience capable of being expressed by poignant and interesting action, I have no doubt. The intellectual honesty, the great and simple method are yours. Then why not try? To strike a blow at the tragicomic charlatanism inherent in the conduct of human affairs is a task worthy of your art. I hope you don't think I am meddling. I am not accustomed to keep anything back from you.

Ever yours,

J. CONRAD.

[From W. H. Hudson]

March 19.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have only now seen your play for the first time and must send a line to congratulate you on so fine a piece of work.

You have certainly succeeded in doing a thing which we are accustomed to hear said impossible—to put reality on the stage and yet make a good play of it. If one saw many plays like *Strife* I fancy those of the usual kind would lose their hold on us.

It was a great disappointment to me not to see the first performance. I got two tickets for the dress circle—very good seats—but was ill when the day came, so Mrs. Hudson went with a friend, and I waited till to-day and went with Lady Brooke (the Ranee)—it was her second visit. I had the great pleasure of seeing Mrs. Granville-Barker in her room after the play. Mrs. Asquith and other people were there. Mrs. Barker makes a splendid Madge—does she not? I hope Mrs. Galsworthy is quite well now—we are always expecting to see you on Wednesday afternoons, but I daresay it has been a pretty full time for you

of late. And it will be full still now you are to be in the evening bill at the Haymarket. It was a very full house to-day, and I suppose it is so always.

With our best regards.—Yours ever, W. H. HUDSON.

*The Manchester Courier* and other papers complained of the too great impartiality of the author, while others praised the fairness of his treatment of the issue. So began a difference of opinion which was to last till Galsworthy's death. Throughout the remainder of his career he was argued over—as cynically impartial and indifferent, bloodless and inhuman; as a relentless, insidious special pleader, sentimental, narrow, and biased; as a great artist, with the breadth and depth of vision that only the great can attain; as an honest but not very clear-sighted purveyor of fictions of the second class. Now, all these very diverse beings he cannot have been: that much is clear. Whether he was any of them is another question. Time will tell; one can but back one's judgment. Meanwhile, there is one most important point to be dealt with, which is directly connected with what has just been said.

It was chiefly in the early days of his success that Galsworthy was regarded in certain circles as inhumanly impartial and detached; at the end, his critics had veered round, and the prevalent cry was that he was biased, sentimental, and a propagandist. Even his friend, Mr. Hermon Ould, in his recent book on Galsworthy, calls him a propagandist. Now, as to the first two strictures, be they just or unjust, it must be admitted that a writer may be both biased and sentimental without knowing it; but with regard to what was in his mind when he wrote such and such a play or novel, he is obviously not only the best but the sole authority. That much may be and has been learnt from Galsworthy's work is true; but that does not necessarily make him a propagandist. The point, in fact, turns essentially on the intention with which he wrote. If he wrote tracts and sermons sugared with fiction like so many pills, with a direct practical object in view—such as one often has when administering a pill—then he was in fact a propagandist. But if it be shown that this was not his attitude, then the accusation of propagandism falls to the ground once and for all.

As it happens, this can be demonstrated.

A pamphlet on Galsworthy's plays was once prepared by the present writer; it was twice gone through and revised by Galsworthy

himself, and in its final form contains many phrases, and indeed whole sentences, which are Galsworthy's own. It was privately printed, and only a handful of copies ever left its compiler's desk; it may therefore without fear of redundancy be quoted from here. And it is categorical on this very point. It is not merely that this matter of propagandism has been so much discussed and written about as to acquire importance from the sheer volume of ink expended on it; obviously, the question is one which must have its effect on any judgment of Galsworthy both as artist and as man. And, like any writer, he is clearly entitled to ask that his critics, in forming their attitudes, should be correct about what is after all a point of fact.

Before ever the pamphlet came about, he had done his best to make matters clear in the preface to the plays in the Manaton Edition of his works:

I do not know (he ended) if it is a discovery of mine that Society stands to the modern individual as the gods and other elemental forces stood to the individual Greek; but one has seen it hinted at so often that one inclines to think it must be. In any case it can be understood how a dramatist, strongly and pitifully impressed by the circling pressure of modern environments, predisposed to the naturalistic method, and with something in him of the satirist, will neither create characters seven or even six feet high, nor write plays detached from the movements and problems of his times. He is not conscious, however, of any desire to solve these problems in his plays, or to effect direct reforms. His only ambition in drama, as in his other work, is to present truth as he sees it, and, gripping with it his readers or his audience, to produce in them a sort of mental and moral ferment, whereby vision may be enlarged, imagination livened, and understanding promoted.

It is a quaint reflection that earlier works, such as *A Commentary*, were rebuked by the critics precisely because they offered no remedies for the state of things they exposed. Every writer, it may be imagined, is praised or blamed for mutually exclusive traits: so was Galsworthy blamed at one time for being a propagandist, and at another for not being one.

In the pamphlet, however, we get a still more definite statement, partly in his own words:

In the first place, they are not "Problem Plays." What this expression means is doubtful, but probably it is applied more

or less loosely to plays dealing with situations and phases of actual life where reform is both needful and possible. Mr. Galsworthy is often regarded as a propagandist (in some quarters peculiarly qualified by the word "unscrupulous"), as a preacher of social sermons. But that, in any popular acceptance of these terms, is not in the least his function as he himself sees it. A situation takes shape in his mind; its dramatic possibilities force themselves upon his imagination; and his treatment of that central situation *is to him just an effort to light up its essential features and its secret places*, and reveal it to spectators under an aspect which has never presented itself to them—to show them, in a word, something they have not seen before, since his vision and his temperament is his own, and not theirs. But—and here the popular conception falls to the ground—he is not concerned with *results*; he does not ask for existing legislation to be repealed, for fresh legislation to be instigated, he does not even suggest or demand an answer to the questions so disquietingly inherent in his subjects. No; *Life as it is lived* is the stuff of drama, and of that stuff his dramas are made. Nor will the judicious reader be sceptical because in the only instance where Mr. Galsworthy by his own confession *was* propagandist (over the question of solitary confinement, in *Justice*) he met with practical success. For the rest he holds that—for all the reiterated assertions of his indiscriminate softness of heart—the only difference between him and his spectators is not that he has more capacity to feel sympathy but that he has more imagination. Logically enough, then, his plays are an effort to widen people's understanding of life generally, to awaken their imagination, and through that, perhaps, their hearts. But he would not himself admit that they are consciously even that when he is writing them. They are only to him an exposition of what he sees in the dramatic situation that has forced itself on his creative attention. He is essentially a believer in the attitude: "There it is, take it or leave it." (And I am not sure that he wouldn't add: "And be damned to you.")

I've been through it (wrote Galsworthy to the present writer) and made a few remarks. If you think you dare leave the last words it might be as well, for really it is very much my feeling in all my work. I am sick, too, of a thoroughly false label.

But a postscript added: "Maturer reflection says: 'Better not.'" So that last sentence appeared only in two special copies. It is here restored to its place; may it prove decisive!

## CHAPTER VII

### 1909-10: THE SECOND "CRUSADE": *JUSTICE*

1909 was a productive year for Galsworthy, as the following account will show. He was working quickly and variedly—indeed, ideas were coming to him faster than he could work them out. After the appearance of *Fraternity* and *Strife*, he set to work immediately on *The Eldest Son*, which he had revised and completed at his beloved Manaton by May. Thus quickly produced, it was as quickly accepted for Charles Frohmann's Repertory theatre. But this was only a beginning. Before May was out he had written *The Little Dream* (first called *The Dream*) and put the finishing touches to the short dramatic skit *The Winter Garden*. He then started work on *The Mob*, though this was soon temporarily discontinued. To this period belongs also the paper *Some Platitudes Concerning the Drama*, published in *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Atlantic Monthly* (in November he found time to read it before the Sesame Club).

This was not bad for the work of some five months, but there was plenty yet to come. At the beginning of July he began *The Patricians* (as it was first named), of which the first two chapters were soon written. Three weeks in London were succeeded by three more at Ilkley, which saw the completion of the first two Acts of *Justice*. The Third Act followed during the next week, at Scarborough. On his return to London, work was to some extent interrupted while he went to Nottingham for the provincial production of *Strife*. (The play was almost universally praised by the Press, but financially the tour was quite unsuccessful.) The rest of the year till December was spent almost entirely at Manaton at work on the novel, with certain breaks. The first of these was a visit to Cologne on the occasion of the German production of *Strife*. Unfortunately, so its author recorded, it did not translate to advantage—some spirit seemed to have leaked out of it. The next break was



a visit to London, where he inspected conditions among the sweated workers in the East End, embodying his impressions in the sketch *The Workers*. Finally, in early November and December he twice visited Manchester, where *Strife* was most successfully produced by Miss Horniman at the Gaiety Theatre. The contrast between this experience and the preceding one may be gauged from the fact that the royalties from three weeks at Manchester amounted to seven times those from the entire provincial tour of eleven weeks—that is to say, were proportionately just under twenty-six times as great! Miss Horniman thus described the first night's enthusiasm:

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I told the audience to-night in a most incoherent fashion that I am a very proud woman and that I thought that they ought to be proud too and that I should write and tell you so, and they shouted that I was right.

Everybody was talking afterwards in an excited way about a "grand performance" and how the work was splendid and how great the actors were. No one discussed the play—they simply accepted it, took it in; and it will make them think. You and I both owe a great deal to Mr. Payne—he has put your thoughts and words before the people, and he is the artistic power working out my old determination to make a *real* theatre. I am most glad that you are an Englishman. This is rather incoherent, but that does not matter, does it? . . .

Thank you very much for taking an interest in Basil Dean; he is really grateful to you.

. . . Please go on and on and on.—Yours sincerely,

A. E. F. HORNIMAN.

December and January were spent between London and Littlehampton, and to this period belong five papers: *Gentles*, *Let Us Rest*, *A Portrait*, *The Choice*, *Delight*, and *Once More*. All these eventually appeared in the volume *A Motley*, except the first, which, dealing with the question of Women's Suffrage, was published separately as a pamphlet. In addition to this fresh work, Galsworthy also revised all the older pieces which made up the rest of *A Motley*.

As if all this were not enough, he had found time to revise *Villa Rubein* and the four stories of *A Man of Devon* extremely drastically.

The following letter to Edward Garnett, besides dealing with this subject, gives light on the speed with which *Justice* was completed:

. . . You know that Duckworth is publishing *Villa Rubein* and the four stories of *A Man of Devon* on Oct. 22. I have revised most drastically, and however young they be they are very direct limpid narratives now. I'm glad to have done the work on them. I'll send you my little mountain play (allegory) to look at. Am writing a new four Acter—have three Acts done in the rough—shall rough out the fourth, and then go back to a novel I began in the Spring. What are you doing? We heard you had a good time in Ireland. I spent last Friday and Saturday in Lewes Prison interviewing convicts undergoing solitary confinement—saw 49 in all—and thoroughly confirmed my impressions that it is a barbarous thing. The night before we left town we had Masterman to dinner, and he is fixing a meeting with Gladstone for me. Something must and shall be done. . . .

(These Prison visits are most important in connection with *Justice*, and also form part of his second "Crusade." Their story will be told in a moment.)

Seventeen days later, on September 29th, Galsworthy was able to write to Ralph Mottram: "I've just finished the rough of a four-act play, and hope now for grace to go back to my novel"; and on December 2nd: "My new play is finished (not *The Eldest Son*—another) and will be played towards the end of February, I believe. It's a tragedy—very modern."

Thus, in just about a year, Galsworthy had written three entire plays—two of them full-length—and parts of two others, a considerable portion of a novel, six stories, re-written two whole volumes drastically, and prepared a third for publication.

So much for his remarkable creative productivity during 1909. But even that was not all that occupied his time, for he was actively busy with his successful attempt to get the period of solitary confinement in English prisons reduced, if not abolished. Of this "Crusade" *Justice*, which we must now consider, was a part.

For the beginning of the story we must hark back once more to 1907. In September of that year Galsworthy had been over Dartmoor Prison; the reader will find his painful feelings poignantly expressed in the two sketches: *The House of Silence* and *Order*, which form part of *A Commentary*. Not being the man to let matters

rest at that, he began seriously to study the question of solitary confinement. By the beginning of 1909 he was in correspondence with Henry Salt, of the Humanitarian League, and Mr. Ives, the authority on prisons, as well as reading extensively on the subject, with an Open Letter to the Home Secretary already in mind. In February this letter was written, and was published in two instalments in *The Nation* during May.

In political circles, too, he was lobbying energetically:

[*To H. W. Nevinson*]

Grateful thanks to you for your splendid leader on "Solitary" confinement. I hope to God something will be done. I am even thinking of going to the Harmsworth Press on the subject.

Haldane agrees and has spoken to Herbert Samuel (Gladstone being ill in bed). And if, in the course of things, you could speak to, or cause Spender to be spoken to, I would be doubly grateful. I don't know him at all.

Meanwhile, he went over Pentonville Prison, and waited to see what the result of his efforts would be. In June he wrote to Henry Salt that he was still expecting, daily, to hear what the Home Secretary was doing, if anything, and added: "I mean in any case to keep on at the subject of Solitary Confinement until something is done." However, the result of the Open Letter was to establish relations with Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise; of this the outcome were visits to Chelmsford and Lewes Gaols in July, and two days spent in Lewes Gaol in early September, during which sixty convicts were interviewed. He also maintained a correspondence with, and sent a Minute on Solitary Confinement to Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise and the Home Secretary—the result (as in all his crusades, such as that for Humane Slaughtery) of practical knowledge, which he never shrank from acquiring, however painful or revolting.

Then came the announcement of his success; for at a personal interview on September 7th, Mr. Gladstone told Galsworthy of the intention of the authorities to reduce the terms of solitary confinement materially. Hitherto they had been nine months for recidivists, six months for intermediaries and three months for the star class; for these was to be substituted a uniform term of three months for all classes.<sup>1</sup> The Home Secretary added further that he

<sup>1</sup> After the production of *Justice* a further reduction was made, as will be seen.

intended, the enforcement of certain special regulations to ensure, or attempt to ensure, the innocuousness of the treatment. Though not everything, this was much, and Galsworthy might well have congratulated himself. As he wrote to Edward Garnett: "It is a big step in the right direction, but it should be, and will, I hope, before long, be done away with altogether."

It might have seemed that the campaign was over, the victory attained, the affair wound up. Not so; Galsworthy had still a shot in his locker, and that the most powerful and effective of all. This was, of course, the play *Justice*, in favour of which the less effective and sensational *The Eldest Son* had been put aside by the Frohmann management, and which was now all ready to be fired.

[*From Sir James Barrie*]

Nov. 16 [1909].

MY DEAR G.,—So far as I can judge *Justice* is a very fine thing. I put it far before *The Eldest Son*, and I think the best you could do for the Repertory Theatre would be to get it ready quickly so that it should be the first of four pieces done there. To be one of the first productions, as I understand, it should be ready for rehearsal by the beginning of January, as the idea is to have three productions in the first fortnight. I'll pass it on now to Barker. I think the best that is in you comes out more warm and alive than ever before.

May you go on growing; this is my very affectionate wish.

I hope Mrs. Galsworthy is better again.—Yours ever,

J. M. B.

The cell scene and the final curtain are the two culminating moments of the play; the following letters, therefore, are of singular interest, especially to those who have seen it:

[*To Professor Murray*]

MY DEAR MURRAY,—Your card and letter were a great joy and comfort to me. As to Cokeson, he will have to be watched in the playing. He's not, I think, really overdrawn. I agree about the second: "I like it hot" and have taken it out; and also have put in a couple of religious touches. I rather mean him to be "religious" by habit, and the emotion to shake the "Gentle Jesus" out of him—as a piece of real feeling.

Now about the end. I originally conceived a re-arrest only; then it seemed to me that only by going beyond the re-arrest to the pure emotion of something elemental could the full value be extracted. You have put my feeling exactly in your letter. It seems to me that you want to make the spectator feel: Thank God! he's dead—and *beyond* that awful process going on for ever; out of the hands of men. Only by giving him back to Nature can you get the full criticism on human conduct.

Barker is very anxious for me to cut the death and end on the re-arrest. For the satisfaction of my conscience I've written that end too. It's certainly very terrible; but there is no *discharge* of feeling, which seems to me demanded by the desperate grim ends of the first three Acts.

I've also tightened up the end you've seen. I want you to read them both, and write to me again. It's a spiritual point.

I am not altogether at one with Barker on dramatic matters, and something in me is unsatisfied by the re-arrest only. On the other hand he says the other end is out of tone with the rest of the play.

Personally I don't feel that, and I gather that you do not. Still, do write me again after reading the *two* ends. . . ."

[From Professor Murray]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for the two new endings. I find my feeling quite clear and strong, in favour of A, and in some important details I like A<sub>1</sub> (the one I first had) better than A<sub>2</sub>. But of that presently.

B is quite a good end, but it just doesn't lift the play out of the region of human muddle and misery into the great eternal things. As I read the play again and again I feel it quite magnificent, and one element of the magnificence is that, like Tolstoy, it takes you right through the region of prisons, etc., to the region where there are no prisons—only Love and God and the great elemental things. I feel after the first three Acts that I *must* get into the presence of God. The relief one feels at Falder's death is not the unreal relief of a "happy ending." It is perfectly true to life, for one thing. And it is our *artistic* relief, for another. The other leaves one's heart swollen and bitter. I wouldn't lose "My dear, my pretty," for anything; nor could I bear to end on any other words than "Gentle Jesus." I think that line is real genius—both those lines.

As for B I mark it B all through. It is quite good, and very

harrowing, and "Ay, ay, there's a dear woman" is a very good line indeed—as good as it could be without lifting the play to the plane where I want it to be. But both it and the banging door are a little stagey really, by the side of "Gentle Jesus."

Then there is this—though here I don't feel at all sure. The new arrest is after all on the face of it a trifling affair. For us to feel how terrible it is I think it is necessary that Falder should feel it. (That is why I like a speech of Wister's that you cut in A2.) If the re-arrest is to be your climax I am not sure that this is enough. He may have forfeited his ticket-of-leave, but with so many people interested in him probably the false references would not have been pressed, it would only have been a question of a few months. I say this merely to suggest that (1) I do not feel clear that this re-arrest carries in itself the feeling that all F.'s life will be a series of re-arrests. (It does, of course, if he kills himself.) (2) The clang of the door, though no doubt effective, is after all only a theatrical dodge for suggesting prison doors.

The death ending is only "out of tone" in the sense that death itself has (often) a majesty and a rending of veils in it which are out of tone with ordinary life. . . . Your play is not a Blue Book—or tract; it is a tragedy. And to cut the death because it is not relevant to the Prison System would be to treat it as a tract. Remember that H. G. B. has a curious dislike for great and direct passion, and for elemental things, as his friends no doubt tell him *ad nauseam*. Also remember this: That our modern dramatic movement, with all its great qualities, has had this one great lack. It has, on the whole, not reached—it has not really attempted the great motives or the sublime kinds of tragedy. I should not wonder if nearly all our Court Theatre set blamed you for Falder's death and "Gentle Jesus," but I should feel clear that they were wrong—they were in the bonds of their own orthodoxy.

(I have read it to the Wheelers and Miss Harrison, and a Miss Raleigh. (Sister of Walter.) Miss H. at first said the death was "out of tone" though she herself liked it immensely. Mrs. Wheeler was enthusiastic about the death. All of them, like my people at home, are tremendously impressed by the play. More, I think, than I have ever seen them by another play.)

Excuse verbosity—I think by B you gain nothing, and you lose something very valuable indeed. . . .

[*To Professor Murray*]

MY DEAR MURRAY,—Once more I was refreshed and reinforced by your splendid letter. The end with the death (Wister's speech put back, and ending on the words: "Gentle Jesus," is now absolutely fixed on; and H. G. B. has succumbed to it with a good grace. I'm convinced it is right. It is very good news to hear that the play is approved of by so many sympathetic souls. Heseltine is coming to dinner here next Thursday—I shall hear his impressions. I want to ask you whether you think Edith Olyve at all desirable as Ruth, or would she be too classical and exotic? I've only seen her in the Hippolytus and Medea. Falder lies between du Maurier, Eadie, and a man called Wontner—which would you say? Cokeson will be Gwenn . . . Frome, Bryant. James How, Valentine. H. G. B. thinks it an easy play to cast.

Nobody seems to know yet anything about the order of the plays.

Is there any chance of seeing you here before term commences?

Our heartiest wishes to you all for the New Year.—Always yours,  
J. G.

[*To Mrs. (later Lady) Scott*]

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,—I await the awful result with serenity. I am waiting for a far more tremendous issue—the decision in closed-cell confinement.

What you say cheers me, but I shall not believe till I hear with my own ears and see with my own eyes that this horror has been done away with. No one who hasn't seen and through seeing felt with those poor creatures, can tell what incalculable misery it will remove—if it really come to pass. Herbert Gladstone will deserve honour in the land if he does really bring it about. It makes me sick to think of the money, time, and talk wasted on things that are six of one and half a dozen of the other, when there's real solid unnecessary misery inflicted wholesale, year in and year out, for want of a little imagination.

We will come and see the mask after the 18th. How is the South Pole?—Most sincerely yours,  
J. G.

Had nothing else come of it, *Justice* would, by this alone, have been successful.

On February 21st, 1910, *Justice* was produced at the Duke of

York's Theatre as the opening play of Frohmann's season; by an unusual arrangement, it was also simultaneously produced at the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. In London the part of Falder was brilliantly created by the late Dennis Eadie, while at Glasgow Milton Rosmer (who was later to create Stephen More in *The Mob*) played the part. The London first night was quite sensational, as the following account from *The Pall Mall Gazette* shows:

Two remarkable demonstrations occurred last night in the Gallery at the opening of Mr. Frohmann's repertory season at the Duke of York's.

As the audience in the reserved parts of the house were beginning to take their seats, such strange shouts filled the theatre as: "Don't pay for programmes," and "Is this Justice?" Mr. Frohmann, in the opinion of the Gallery first-nighters, had made the tactical mistake of charging for programmes, in spite of the fact that it was a first night, when custom prescribed that they should be free.

After a few minutes' hot debate the Gallery carried their point, and the toll on the programmes was removed. Thereafter they settled down to "cheer Shaw" as he took his seat in a private box, and to divide their attention between anticipations of the Shaw play on Wednesday and recollections of the production of *Elektra*.

As for *Justice*, they liked it so much that, at the end of the play, when they called for the author and Mr. Galsworthy did not appear, they refused to leave the theatre. First the safety curtain was lowered, then the band left, next the lights were lowered, and finally the house was plunged in darkness, but still the Gallery stayed on, shouting: "We want Galsworthy," "We mean to have him," and "We won't go home till we get him."

At last it became a duel between the Gallery and the management. The Gallery refused to leave, the management declined to respond. Some of the audience in the stalls and circle stayed on to see how the battle would end.

Commissionaires tried in vain to induce the enthusiasts to leave. These efforts at persuasion only made them chant the louder: "We want Galsworthy."

A lady, securing a moment's silence half an hour before midnight, asked if there was anyone left in the house to say whether Mr. Galsworthy was present. In the end, after more "calls," in which "Frohmann" and "Barker" were now named with



"Galsworthy," the Gallery won again. They brought on Mr. Granville-Barker, only, however, to say that they were all very tired, that the author was not in the house, and that he hoped they would now go home.

Complaining that there should have been someone to acknowledge their appeals, they took Mr. Barker's advice, and left the theatre, expressing the hope that for the Shaw play Mr. Frohmann will manage things better for them.

The impression made upon audience and critics alike—especially by the cell scene—was enormous; and though more than one critic found it inferior to *Strife* and complained of its photographic drabness, even these admitted its great merits. *The Evening Standard* devoted a leading article to it, in addition to the usual notice, and *The Pall Mall Gazette* supplemented its notice by a special interview in which Galsworthy expounded his attitude in writing the play. *The Westminster Gazette* and William Archer in *The Nation* soundly trounced the "photographic" brigade:

As to photography (said the former) we would gladly own the patent for a camera that would select from among the myriad details of a scene as Mr. Glasworthy's art does. It is superbly unphotographic.

Photography (wrote Archer) is the blessed word in which those of us who are perturbed and harassed by Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice* are recommended to take refuge. The air was buzzing with it at the Duke of York's on Monday evening, and the buzz was duly prolonged in the morning papers. Quite seriously, I am at a loss to know what these critics want. . . . In speaking of the lens of his mind, I may seem to admit the photographic impeachment. Well, let us admit it; let us suppose it just and helpful to say that Mr. Galsworthy goes to work, not with a palette and brushes, but with a camera. If so, what an extraordinary camera it is! A camera that selects the significant and leaves out the irrelevant and insignificant trait. A camera that seizes upon those moments in a story which, while absorbingly dramatic in the present, throw light most vividly and naturally upon the past. A camera which, though its lens remains absolutely true, steady, and in focus, is yet, by some strange paradox, quivering with indignation, and thrilling with a passion of humanity. A camera—I am sorry if the metaphor is getting into difficulties—it really is not my fault—which, even in its wrath,

is just, even in its pity, stern. A camera which, without a note of didactics or of declamation, yet speaks trumpet-tongued against stupidity, callousness, and cant. A camera which might easily be mistaken for a searchlight, and has all the characteristics of a bombshell. Truly a remarkable camera, this, and one not commonly quoted in the photographic market.

All the same, though few critics found the play perfect, few also had aught but high praise to give it. Not many plays have been so seriously and respectfully taken by the critics in general. We may sum up with a few words from *The Times*:

Yes, it is a tragedy, a tragedy on the realistic plane, told absolutely without comment or "literary" decoration of any kind, told so as to let the facts speak for themselves. It won't do to reject art of this kind as "photography"; for the plain truth is there is artistic selection, compression, arrangement in every line of it. Nor will it do to question the legitimacy of mere effects of horror, such as those of the third act. For the canons of classic tragedy are not applicable here. *Justice* must be judged on its merits. Does it make its point good? Does it speak the truth and communicate the author's emotions to the audience? And the answer, we think, is unmistakable: It does.

There were other interesting letters, both received and written by him:

[*From John Masefield*]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for your kind letter. We went to see *Justice* last night. We did not see the last Act, as I was afraid of Con getting over-tired with the excitement of the theatre and the lateness. But we saw the first three; and I am writing now, before breakfast (in the manner of the poet Southey) to praise you for so intense a piece of truth. It may have a great, perhaps an immense, result upon our national attitude to crime. Good God, it is a revelation. I've lain awake practically the whole night thinking of that poor boy in the cell, going round the wall with his finger. That was tremendous. It shook everybody there.

I do think it is splendid of you to hold up this clear glass of yours to the ghastly things in life. I would to God I'd your sight and your hate and your truth.

Kindest regards to your wife,  
And with all good wishes and congratulations and praise from  
us both.—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

You must let me read the last Act some time.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Thank you so much for sending me  
your play. It was very kind of you. I am glad to have it; it is  
a fine poignant thing; a heart-breaking last Act. I don't think  
I could have borne to see it; it is fine, fine. It ought to remake  
the world's attitude to crime.

With kindest regards from us both to you both.—Yours always  
very sincerely,

Hasta Mañana.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[*From Morley Roberts*]

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—You may have forgotten that we  
ever met, but if I had done so *Justice* would have brought you  
back to my mind. You are, no doubt, nearly tired of hearing  
about it, but I only saw it on Saturday. I thought it a fine, indeed  
a splendid bit of work, incisive, true, bitter, exact in intention  
and execution, and bitterly, beautifully, savagely ironic. You  
are the only living writer I envy. I've always wanted to do this  
kind of work, but, so far, whenever I try to do a play my romantic  
side gets uppermost and the actual life I loathe goes away from  
me. It's perhaps due to my mixed English and Celtic blood  
that my thoughts are "realistic," my deeds "romantic," "so to  
speak it."

This play of yours might easily be the starting point of a new  
prison reform. It's badly needed. I've been over gaols myself  
and seen some horrors and know of others.

With best wishes for you and your work.—Yours very sincerely,  
MORLEY ROBERTS.

I've not said a tenth I could have said about the play, nothing  
of the pathos, for instance. I was there with two actresses. We  
all cried and couldn't speak to each other.

(Incidentally, it is pleasant to add that an enduring friendship  
developed between the two writers.)

THE SECOND "CRUSADE": *JUSTICE*

[*From Maurice Baring*]

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I hear you are having luncheon here, at my Aunt's house, and I can't resist leaving a line for you to say how much I was moved by your noble Tragedy which I saw last night. I feel more strongly about our penal system than about anything else, and I think you have done a big and far-reaching thing in throwing this human and artistic searchlight on it.—Yours sincerely,

MAURICE BARING.

[*From Lady Northcliffe*]

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—Northcliffe has been made to rest for a few weeks, and I only saw him for the first time yesterday for a few moments. He asked me to write and tell you how immensely struck he was by your play *Justice*, the accounts of which he read in the newspapers.

As you well know, your theme has always been one of those nearest his heart, and he asks me to tell you that the moment he is allowed to work again he intends to give great prominence to the subject in all his papers.

He trusts—and indeed so do I—that the play will run, so that he may have a chance of seeing it.

I saw the production on Monday and cannot tell you how interested and touched I was. . . .—Yours sincerely,

MARY NORTHCLIFFE.

(Lord Northcliffe was as good as his word. In late May, 1910, he and Galsworthy together went over the Moabit Prison in Berlin. There they saw two prisoners serving life-sentences, one of whom was the inspiration of the sketch *The Prisoner* in *A Motley*; and one of the two was released through their joint efforts.)

[*From and to H. G. Wells*]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I was sorry not to get you the other day. I'd been thinking a lot about *Justice*, and these other plays that are following seem likely to overlay the things one has thought.

It seems to me that *Justice*, so far as the question of art goes, just establishes and vindicates you. (I didn't see *Strife*.) I've always opposed myself to your very austere method hitherto. I've not liked a sort of cold hardness in much of your work, but since it leads you at last to the quite tremendous force of the play—well, I give in.

What keeps my mind busy about *Justice* is the riddle of the evil of all this cruelty of order. I've sat on the Bench at Folkestone and last year I went over Wormwood Scrubs—I remember too blundering years ago upon the condemned cells at Exeter one bright summer afternoon—and I've felt all your play so finally and essentially conveys. But it isn't a system that is wrong. Another system will give kindred cruelties. If people abolish solitary confinement, for example, some new horror will creep into the substituted treatment. We've got to go further back into the sources of law and control.

Do you get Press cuttings? I was struck by a little thing in *Punch*, about your house being burgled. I've cut it out and stuck it into my copy of *Justice*, because that incredibly base denseness of spirit seems to me to lie very near the heart of the problem.—Yrs. ever,  
H. G.

MY DEAR WELLS,—Many thanks for your letter. It would have been nice to have had a talk. Being very different and serving the same mistress, we were and are bound to have big reservations about each other's work; but what's more interesting is the question of the sources of law and control. You may go back as far as you like, but you will do little to alter them, for they are the national character—all you can do is to harry them and keep them from crystallizing too much.

I had a very interesting letter from an Italian pointing out that there were distinct advantages about the British temperament and methods of transacting justice, etc. I fully believe it.

All a writer can do is to hang on to the edge of the national tablecloth as it disappears over the edge of the table and try and keep it from altogether sagging to one side or the other.

I didn't mind that little joke in *Punch*, but I thought the critique of the play displayed a little spirit.

Good luck to you.—Yours always,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

Nov. 6, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. There was no need to assure me that I need not fear; I had perceived that from your first letter and paper on G. B. S.

I read the cutting with interest. There was more perhaps in Mr. Iden Payne's remark about the quality of Art being judged from the effect it produces than in anything else that was reported. All forms of art that are at all new—new not so much by reason of the form as by reason of a new combination of that form with a different sort of mind behind it—is liable to all sorts of academic jibes and floutings—only time judges of such. One thing, however, seems to have eluded the consciousness of the assembly, and it's so fundamental that I mention it. The play is nothing if not a picture of *Blind Justice*. We know it was blind in the days of the Greeks and Romans; there is, I think, no reason to suppose that it will not be blind in the year 4010—for the quality of blindness is dependent on the most permanent trait of human nature—the lack of the power to see anything but that which lies before its nose. For that reason—at the risk of being sanguine—I would say there is nothing inherently impossible to prevent my play being alive then; for though machinery may change the underlying truth will not. And will those critics tell me how it is that Germans and Italians, whose machinery of Justice is totally different, are amongst those most impressed by the play? By the same post I received a review of the play when it was produced in Glasgow which I had not before seen. I enclose it—for it brings out that particular point. Please ask me anything you like.—Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

And now for Galsworthy's own impression of the reception of his play, and the outcome of the "crusade."

*Justice*, runs the notebook, made a great sensation, especially in Parliamentary and official circles. Winston Churchill, the new Home Secretary, and Ruggles-Brise, head of the Prison Commission, both witnessed it, the first with sympathy, the second with a sinking sensation. His eyes were observed to start out of his head, according to an eyewitness. Reinforcing the previous efforts, the net result was that solitary confinement was reduced to three months for recidivists, and to one month only for intermediates and star class. Churchill also made other

much-needed reforms, an outline of which he communicated to J. G. at a personal interview in July 1910, three or four days before he announced the reforms in Parliament. J. G. wrote a letter to *The Times*, and *Daily Mail*, supporting these reforms, which included modification of the ticket-of-leave system, lectures and concerts for convicts, and certain suggested improvements for dealing with boy offenders and imprisonment for debt (the latter two, were not, however, properly carried out). These practical results (more or less) of the play were considerably more than the author ever expected, and they had a good deal the effect of obscuring the main artistic conception of the play, which was intended as a picture of the true proportions between offence and punishment, as compared with the proportion that so usually prevails—in other words, the making of a blind figure called "*Justice*."

[To Mr. Casson]

DEAR MR. CASSON,—. . . If I tried to sweep up after those who can obviously not accept *Justice*, I should have my work cut out for me. I can only say that allowing for the necessities of the stage—the vividness and concentration which the stage demands—the play is an *essentially* true presentment of what happens in many cases. It was at all events written with the utmost sincerity, and naught set down in malice. It was conceived and written as the presentment of the spirit of the whole process—and no single part of the play can justly be isolated and criticized without having regard to the sentence: "*Justice is a machine.*"

With regard to solitary or separate confinement—what I have read, and heard with my own ears, and what I feel, as an imaginative man, makes me certain that I have not laid too much stress on what has in countless cases been the horror to nervous prisoners of this form of punishment.

Perhaps Miss Fogerty would like to see this letter.

With our kind regards to you both.—I am, sincerely yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY,—Last week my cousin and I had the mixed pleasure of witnessing your play, *Justice*. We have also been depressed by some of your novels, and this evening a discussion has arisen as to your motive in writing. I hold that in

THE SECOND "CRUSADE": *JUSTICE*

presenting these problems you hope that if not you yourself, some other at least may find their solution.

My cousin, on the other hand, maintains that to you life must inevitably be as you describe it, and that you have no hope of a solution, but rather a half-humorous acquiescence in the facts of life—in short, that you are only saved from suicide by a sense of humour and proportion.

In case you are good enough to answer this—we do hope you will—I enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

*April 1, 1910.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your doubts as to my object in writing pay such a compliment to my artistic powers that I answer you with a sense of humility and delight. For this object is, I fear, only that of expressing my philosophy, and my philosophy is merely a belief that if we all understood and tolerated each other a little more than we do the world would be a happier place to live in.

All human problems, certainly all those I raise, will—I think you will find—turn out to be more soluble by an increase (in this country at all events) of sympathy and understanding. To say this over and over again would, I fear, be intolerable to readers. I therefore paint pictures of certain phases of life as they appear to one who has got this philosophy badly, in the hope that one here or there may possibly see my meaning. I fear that I may be too sanguine. If you ever read *The English Review* you will see in the last number an article on Humanism, which appears to be to the point.

Seriously, the solution has always seemed to me so primitive and obvious that I have always had a delicacy about expressing it in so many words. But now I have done it in answer to your charming letter.—Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*[To and from various unrecorded Correspondents]*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am most grateful for your friendly letter. Distrusting my own knowledge (though I was "called" and used to know a little), I put my second Act before a lawyer with great knowledge; unfortunately he omitted to call my attention to those points. I shall go down this very morning and remedy



the first and third of your points. The second—the non-recommendation to mercy by the Jury—I shall not touch; because it was by no means my intention to suggest that the administrators of our Justice were in any respect whatever inferior in insight or honesty to the rest of us.

In judging the second Act of my play two things, I think, must be borne in mind: (1) That you watch it in the light of the first Act—you are already, as it were, suspended over the Court and not sitting in it. You do not come to that trial as men in fact do, as a matter of everyday business, prepared to see in each offender a man who has committed a definite offence. You come in the spirit of a man who has already begun to see the whole process from the start; and (2) that all through the trial this spirit of the whole process is still being forced on you, as it is not forced on those who take part in an ordinary criminal trial.

In a word—I would humbly say that this is the claim my play has to rise above photography; you are seeing throughout the parts in relation to the whole.

The play was in no sense conceived as an attack on any department of the administration of justice, but as a picture of the whole as it presents itself to a certain temperament.

With renewed and warm thanks for your letter.—I am very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Mrs. Montague Crackanthorpe]

DEAR MRS. CRACKANTHORPE,—So many thanks for your charming letter. What nice news of Thomas Hardy. But he will be doing a rare thing indeed if he can make adequate dramatic versions of his novels. It is an art I don't understand and, indeed, rather distrust. Still, he *may* succeed.

Well, my connection with the new repertory is nil at present—except that I'm going to let them revive one or two plays if they so wish. Frohmann has my new play for his next season.

Thank you, yes, I am writing a novel. But when—if ever—it is finished I promise myself a holiday—the first for five years. A writer never gets a holiday—at least, not one of my temperament; and soon I shall have forgotten how. I don't want to get quite like the cabhorse in *The Pickwick Papers*.

Judges would not believe it, but I truly believe there are no men I respect so much. Heaven knows, *Justice* was not intended

as an attack on them, or on anyone. When people get bitter about that play they should reflect. I cannot help thinking that the artist's point of view is that of a bird hovering over a field, and seeing not one corner only but all four corners; and that when he comes to put the picture on the canvas he puts what lies behind as well as what leaps to the eye—in other words, in bringing out the human being in the criminal and all the web of life round him, he necessarily makes the powers of Justice seem stony and brutal. When one sits in a Court and watches, one wonders how on earth in those few minutes of a trial, even an inkling can be gained by a Judge of the roots of the crime he judges; especially when, by constant repetition, all the feelers and nerves (by which a man alone can really seize on what is going on in other men) are necessarily blunted, when the very nature of his whole business, under the fearful pressure of time and of the strain that is on him, tends to force everything into grooves, categories, precedents.

Ah! well, anyone who sees anything that lies behind the surface, no matter where, and sets it down, must expect to get hated, I suppose. But what is one to put down, if one doesn't put down what one sees?—No answer, I fear.

Our best wishes to you and Mr. Crackanthorpe. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Crackanthorpe, and have a happy summer.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Mr. W. Whitten]

MR DEAR SIR,—It seems very churlish to go on refusing your most kind requests, and yet I must do so in this case.

My reasons are, first, that to grant the permission would seem like endorsing the claim made for my play's influence on the new prison reforms, and secondly, that already too much store, for my liking, has been set on that part of my play, to the detriment of what is to me at all events its merit (if it has one)—the non-ephemeral presentment which it gives of the—perhaps inevitable—going to death of the weak and sick members of the herd by the herd as a whole.

Since to make that presentment was my main purpose, it naturally gives me no particular pleasure to find the public riding-off on the minor point of prison reform.—I am, Yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To W. L. George]

MY DEAR GEORGE,—. . . Honestly, though the public bangs the drum of *Justice* in connection with Prison Reform they so jolly well miss the main line of the play that one is more than ever discouraged from taking subjects which can be whittled down to one small issue by the practical—to the neglect of the fundamental criticism on human life. *Justice* tried to paint a picture of how the herd (in crude self-preservation) gore to death its weak members—with the moral of how jolly consistent that is with a religion that worships “Gentle Jesus!”

The public—bless them—take it for a tract on solitary confinement (which incidentally it was—but only incidentally!).

[To Professor Murray, Littlehampton]

July 23, 1910.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—Your letter came to hand to-day—crossing one of mine. I reckon that my original open letter to the Home Secretary in *The Nation* and *Justice* have helped to knock off 1000 months of Solitary Confinement per year. (The periods used to be 9 months, 6 months, and 3 months for the various classes of convicts till my letter to Gladstone); the sum total left per year is 1800 months, which is to my mind exactly 1300 months too much still. This is for convicts alone.

I do feel a little happy. One will have to look out they don't sneak some of it back.

As to taking any credit, however, it's obvious that it's the merest accident. I mean hundreds of men could and would have done the same if they'd happened to have the knack. Churchill's reforms are splendid all round. I'm backing them all I can—which isn't good for the novel. Had two interviewers chasing me down here, where you simply can't send them empty away—odious! . . .

In the course of his speech in the House of Commons three days before, the Home Secretary had said:

That subject [that of solitary confinement] has also been brought before our notice by the various able writers in the Press and by exponents of the drama, who have brought home to the general public the pangs which a convict may suffer during long months of solitude.

This clear reference to *Justice* was noted, among other papers, by *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which commented upon it in its account of the speech, to the evident satisfaction of the Home Secretary, whose interesting correspondence with Galsworthy will be found among the collected letters at the end of this book.

Such was the fitting climax—in England—to Galsworthy's noble work. Professor Murray commented:

Just a line to congratulate you on Churchill's announcements. I gather that he made a definite reference to *Justice*. It is a fine thing to have achieved, a really great thing. Does not real life seem a tremendous thing as compared with art when one gets the two together? I mean, How much greater it is to have saved a lot of men and women from two months of solitary confinement than to have sent any number of over-fed audiences into raptures!

From America a special pleasure was still to come:

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to you to tell you of an incident following the reading of your play *Justice* that I feel sure will interest you. The play has been read by many persons who, like myself, are interested in penology, and has produced quite an impression. The play is a *play*, according to my mind, for a more human and humane understanding of our criminal cases, and that is exactly what we are endeavouring to do here by means of our new parole system. A few months ago we had a case that, curiously enough, almost exactly paralleled the case of the hero of your play. Though he had transgressed the law and had offended the community, we decided to stretch a point in his case, largely through the influence of your book, and this is the point that will interest you, I am sure. We granted parole, and the young man has amply justified our confidence and is a worthy member of Society again. The hard thing, though, in all these cases is that no matter how inclined to mercy you may be, the unalterable fact remains that those who offend against the community must be restrained, and no matter how sad the individual case may be, the broad principle is a just one, and even the criminal himself will acknowledge it. It may interest you to know that in many parts of this country we are extending mercy to its utmost, and I am glad to say with good results. As one of your countrymen said to me, We are trying to make "good citizens" rather

than "good prisoners." I thought it might interest you to know that your book has had a direct influence in one almost exactly similar case, and with good results, and so take the liberty of writing to tell you of it.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES D. HART.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you most warmly for your letter. It was good of you to trouble to give me a pleasure.

Your reading of my play is right. "Justice" (not the play but the goddess) is so cut up into water-tight compartments that it is almost blind to start with. When you add to the almost desperate machinery difficulties the general inclination of human nature to take the line of least resistance, and the fact that but few of us are born with the faculty for putting ourselves in the place of others, we have—in sum—a quite blind goddess.

I have heard before, and I am so glad, that the United States are advancing in the spirit that you speak of. We are perhaps just beginning here, but only just. Though in material ways we have made great strides in the last thirty years.

As you say, the "broad principle" is a just one—but with the broad principle there is room for countless shades of differentiation based on real insight into character and circumstance.

Once again warm thanks.—Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## CHAPTER VIII

1910: *THE PATRICIAN, ETC.*

SOON after the production of *Justice* the Galsworthys went to Manaton; both here and in London *The Patrician* formed the main business of the spring and summer. It was a period of serenity, for the little farmhouse of Wingstone was very dear to him. In its place it will be described; for the present it is enough to think of it in spiritual rather than material terms: less as a definite locality with features of its own than as a homing-place for himself, and his love, and his work; where every field and tree and rock spoke its familiar message to him. The serenity of his nature cultivated and confirmed itself in his choice through life of serene places in which to abide; often they are reflected in his books, as indeed, the Long Meadow at Wingstone figures briefly in *The Patrician*, in *The Apple Tree*, and in *The Skin Game*.

The presence of Professor Murray, who visited Wingstone at this time, was to be an important factor in the history of the book, in which he took great interest, and which was twice read to him in manuscript. His interest encouraged Galsworthy, and his praise heartened him throughout the arduous writing and rewriting of the book. The correspondence covering the history of the book's writing is admirably full; indeed, we shall not again be able to peep over the author's shoulder, or look into his mind while he is at work, so constantly as in this instance. And again, as in the case of *The Man of Property*, these letters have a personal as well as a literary interest; for there is much of the man, besides the writer, to be seen in the peculiar mixture of independence and receptivity shown by his reaction to criticism.

Meanwhile we must digress for a moment and mention the publication, on June 7th, of *A Motley*, which was on the whole very well received. Most critics praised the volume more or less highly, and the dissentient voices were neither numerous nor violent. The

piece most praised was perhaps *A Parting*. Several critics perceived that *A Portrait* was taken from the life; one even got as near as guessing that its subject was the author's grandfather, and another spotted the fact that he was the same person as old Jolyon Forsyte: and though one or two found it dull, the verdict of the public was favourable, for the book "sold agreeably well, for short stories."

[From E. V. Lucas]

June 19, [1910].

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Your dedication was a great surprise to me as well as a great honour. I can't write about my book yet, because I have had no chance to read it; but I am going to like it and admire it increasingly; I know that.

Your *Nation* cabman has all my sympathy; I attempted a similar conversation—but very different—in *Punch* a few weeks ago, the only thing I am lifting into my new story. . . .—Yours proudly,  
E. V. L.

June 26, [1910].

I am even prouder of it, now that I have read it. My book, I say. It reminds me of a picture in the Diploma Gallery; all novelists, all thinking writers, should do something like this, so that we know what they really are and how they stand to their fellow-men. I find I had read several before, but those that I like best are new: the first beautiful thing, particularly after page 22: *The Prisoner* (the best of all?); *Courage*; *A Miller of Dee*; *A Woman*; *For Ever*. You—after Turgenev—have almost converted me to the story within a story: after years of dislike. Certainly it is the only way to get certain things properly said; and it suits you perfectly. But all my reading childhood is a protest against vicarious narrations. Some day, when we meet, either here or in a train, I shall ask you a lot of questions about your adorable old friend. . . .

[From Joseph Conrad]

June 18, 1910.

I received the volume the day before yesterday, and laid it aside till this afternoon. So much of the delay is due to my deliberate desire to await a composed state of mind. The rest

is Heinemann's fault. I tell you this because the inscription I notice, is dated on the seventh.

I read *A Portrait* with greatly awakened curiosity and some emotion. It is a very fine offering; a study, almost an analysis which yet rises to be a creation. There is harmony in it, a balance, as in that uncommemorated life. Thus he is fortunate to the end. From my glimpses of him—three, I think, altogether—I believe that he would have liked these pages, the serene, twilight feeling of that prose enshrining his memory.

I suppose that I am now the only human being in these Isles who thinks Meyerbeer a great composer, and I am alien at that and not to be wholly trusted. I remember well your telling me of your father's liking for Turgenev. It seemed always a very mysterious thing till you enlightened me. Yes, it must have been that—the common worship of beauty. These pages set apart, I think that, without doubt, *The Neighbours* is the *clou* of that gallery. Roughly speaking it's all gold, without the slightest alloy. The total absence of grimness is miraculous—it makes for perfection. And the finest descriptive passage of the book is there too—the moonlight night. I lingered over it in sheer delight. But I've done that over more than one page.

Next to that I place *Once More* and then the *Fisher of Men*, as a unique presentment of despotic temperament expressing itself in fanaticism of an evangelical kind. *A Prisoner* stands in a category by itself in the mastery of expression and depth of feeling. The *Miller of Dee* is terrific when quietly thought over. *The Lime Tree* as a prose-poem has no flaw that I could see, and I've read it several times. It captivates. *The Choice*, with its amazing and tragic prayer, gets home to one with the sheer humanity of it. It is not only for the sake of old times that one welcomes the two Ferrand stories. They *are* good; parables worthy of the Book of Pharisees. Quite! I like *Compensation* best. I don't know why. Perhaps only because it is new to me. The other, of course, is larger—more significant and, before all, more tender.

But why *A Reversion to Type* was ever written by you I cannot understand! Anyone might have written it. Why, I myself could have written it—not so well—but still I could have written it. You will please take this as the strongest expression of blame I can lay my hands on at the moment. It's hard to believe that it is by the same man who has written *A Consummation*. That is immense! After reading the first page I got up and opened the



window to give my grin room to expand freely. But when I came to the part where the "Man of Genius" introduces the "Critic," the grin exploded and displaced some tiles on the roof. It's perfectly delectable. Every word tells. The turn of the phrasing when looked on from the inside, is irresistibly comic. Oh! it is a pungent piece. And ain't it beastly sarcastic too! It's precious!

Now as to the whole. There is a unity in the collection, the effect of mastery which never falters now, and of a steady vision. That's on the surface. Deeper in there is the quality of your inspiration, that in every subject, in every mood, is always true to the worship of beauty, with words ever ready, ever worthy to express that creed. . . .

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

DEAR MADAM,—*The Japanese Quince* attempts to convey the feeling that comes to all of us—even the most unlikely—in the spring. It also attempts to produce in the reader the sort of uneasy feeling that now and then we run up against ourselves. It also is a satire on the profound dislike which most of us have of exhibiting the feelings which Nature produces in us, when those feelings are for once quite primitive and genuine. And there are other aspects.

No wonder it puzzled you—when I come to think of it.—Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Mr. A. G. Chapman*]

Nov. 5.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Forgive this letter dictated to my wife. Thank you, first of all, very much for your very kind letter, and for sending me Col. Wood's pamphlet.

As to *A Christian*. You see, to anyone who rejects as untenable the actual divinity of Christ, it is, I think, [difficult] to do more than accept and reverence a certain proportion of his sayings. Where, as they freely do, they contradict each other, in spirit if not in actual words, one has to sieve out for oneself an essence that best accords with one's own nature.

I have so often found that the upholders of the unhappy marriage have no leg to stand on the moment they get away from a fundamental belief in the value of martyrdom—a belief that I regard with the detestation that I have for all forms of fanaticism.

In this age I think we all have to find ourselves—no glib formulas will help us, and those people who believe in flogging the dead horse of outworn religions are dead wood in any tree.—With all good wishes, Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Returning to the novel, on April 24th, we find Galsworthy writing to Edward Garnett:

Have had my sister and Rudo here, also Gilbert Murray. They all left yesterday, and now I settle down to the drag of my novel—having got to that stage which requires the heart hardened for the full stream, and the pull in.

Unable, as ever, to refrain from holding out a helping hand, he found his work rather interrupted by the anxieties of trying to persuade a dangerous and unreliable drunkard to emigrate to one of the colonies. However, this was duly accomplished, and on May 12th, the position was that "the novel progresses in a way—forwards, backwards, sideways, and at times stationary." By the middle of June: "I have now got to the run-in, and have about five or six chapters still to write. Intercede for me with whatever Powers there be." He had also more or less made up his mind to change the title of the book to *The Aristocrat*.

At this stage what there was of the book was sent to Professor Murray for his criticism, and correspondence ensued:

June, 1910.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have read it all through, and have a great lot that I should like to say, though it is hard to write. Much of it depends on questions I want to ask.

The first part is exceedingly good, and much improved since I saw it before. It strikes me as tighter and clearer and smoother, and it is full of a peculiar magical quality—transient penetrating whiffs of beauty that bring tears to one's eyes. I have practically no remarks in detail, except that it struck me that Old Magnificent was at times very acute in reading people's feelings and at times the reverse. Perhaps you meant this: e.g., at the dinner he reads Barbara's feelings towards C. and H.; but at a dinner, Part II, p. 279, he is treated as one easily deceived.

As to Part II, I am bothered by two large things. First, mechanical. When Milton went off with Mrs. Noel, it seems to

me he was absolutely bound to lose his seat at the next election. On committees for selecting candidates I know that such a fact about a man would absolutely disqualify him; and I fancy, too, that his party leaders would tell him that he must not stand. He would not be forced to resign at once, but most men would either do so or at least cease to attend the House. Consequently all the spiritual struggle of Part II would, in my opinion, not arise, because if he did not want to resign he would jolly well have to. Escapades are a different thing; they do not seriously damage a man. Of course my personal knowledge is confined to acting on committees for the selection of candidates; but I think Headquarters would take the same view.

A case like ——'s is special. (1) No one knew exactly what he had done; his Bohemian action had taken place when he was unknown and was not talked about. (2) He started with that already behind him. So it did not damn him more than his atheism. If he had published a free-thinking book after, and not before, his election at ——, it would have damaged him fatally. (So he once told me.)

Any way out?—Well, the hitch comes because Milton has to be elected. If you could make him hold some high administrative post, which did not depend on popular election, then he would be in the situation you want. His superiors would—hearing a monstrous scandal—not turn him out; his conscience might. I can't think of a suitable post, General, Head of some Office, Head of a special Commission for reorganizing National Defence, Education, the Church, Labour Boards, the Ionian Islands (in Gladstone's time), the relation of Colonies to Mother Country, Education, etc., etc. Anything of that sort: e.g., if Mr. Gladstone had eloped with Mrs. Noel he would have lost his seat to a certainty, but he could have continued to be Commissioner for the Ionian Islands.

Another point. I think in Chapters VIII, XIII, XIV, XV, XVI—roughly all thereabouts—there is too much that is of secondary interest; too much about what all sorts of relations said and thought. One wants to know about the principals. This is just an impression; you may have your reasons. But I feel that the interest flags about here. Connected with this, in some quite inexplicable way—perhaps due to some device of yours which I don't see—I suddenly and dreadfully lose interest in Mrs. Noel as soon as ever Milton goes off with her. Chap. XII latter part is awfully good, but apart from that I more than share Milton's

desire for freedom. I want to pitch her into the sea and get away to work. I suspect you've seen this, but it comes very strongly—perhaps too strongly. Is it because it starts in a sick-room and has no explanations, except that Milton's senses got the better of him when he was ill? Anyhow, that atmosphere affects me. And I am sorry, because I loved Mrs. Noel very much before I ran away with her. Of course I don't know what you are working towards: if to a tragedy, well and good.

I want a little more Courtier. Perhaps a little more at the ball in Chap. II, Part II. Chap. XVII is awfully good. In XVIII and XIX I was bothered by the point mentioned at the beginning of these objurgations, that Milton would have to resign; but they are beautiful in themselves.

That point is of great importance. And, of course, I may be wrong and you right. If the fact of his living with Mrs. Noel could be kept quite secret, of course, nothing would happen. But Milton would not accept such a situation, and I don't see how it possibly could be kept secret.

The whole thing is beautifully written, perhaps more so than any of your previous books. My objections come to two: (1) Milton could not face an election when openly living with Mrs. Noel, and consequently his conscience does not come in. (2) There seems rather much writing about the opinions of secondary people.

Ah, one other barb before I finish this beastly letter. I find rather much about the physical disturbance of the men—Milton and Harbinger—under their emotions of love. All right with Harbinger, because we don't specially sympathize with him. But in Milton I should like more to be made to feel how lovely Anonyma was, and a little less of how it upset him physically. A question of proportion only, and I feel there that your judgment is very much better than mine. But I give the impressions.

I will keep the book for a day or two, if I may. I should like to look at it again. In fact, it fascinates me so that I don't like to part with it. But you shall have it within three days.—  
Yours ever, G. M.

June 20, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—A thousand thanks. The criticism is most useful—though not, I believe and hope, so fundamentally destructive as I thought on first reading.

As to your first point, Milton's position after elopement. I think it can be met by working three elements, all of which are suggested but not elaborated enough.

(a) Anonyma's perfect contentment to remain utterly effaced—just a secret comfort to him.

(b) Lady Valleys' insistence on utter secrecy.

(c) Milton's complete lassitude and inability, through his brain illness, to face his own position, till the husband's visit.

The spiritual struggle that I wanted to suggest, and have perhaps too much covered up by outer phenomena, is between his craving for public life and his craving for love. I mean that in his seeming struggle as to the giving up of his seat he is really struggling between the two men in him, of which the Force man is always the stronger, and *he knows it*—so that he knows the giving up of his seat is only the symbol of a war in himself which must end in the death of his Love, and his revolt back to action and Force.

By making the other characters lay more stress on the secrecy (and I really don't see that given the circumstances that is far fetched—I mean I'm sure there are no mean number of Members who have had secret attachments); by making Mrs. Noel from the first expect only half or a quarter of a husband; by bringing out in Milton's struggle a little more of what lies behind it—I think this point of yours will be met without necessitating structural alterations. I know as well as you that if the thing were open (as he says to Courtier in Chap. XIX) Milton would have to resign as a matter of course. It's not the resignation of the seat that's the struggle in Milton, but what it signifies (only in guarding against self-consciousness I have been too careful, perhaps, and not brought that out).

Yes, as to your feelings about Anonyma—that is in a way a tribute to me, as showing the essential male love of Force and Action as against Love and Resignation—as showing the *impossibility* of the situation—unless like Courtier you were a complete rebel, or one with the soft and indeterminate temperament of the pure artist (of which I have a good bit in me—for all that I'm not debited with it as a rule). You may possibly get back a little of the feeling for her with Chap. XX.

As to physical feelings. Well—my conception of Milton is that of a man with that secret chamber of strong, *because* strongly repressed, desire, which I am convinced is responsible for most of the extravagance of religious persecution—*inter alia*. I would

like you to consider that point. The form that religious persecution (cf. in old days Cardinal Caradoc) now takes amongst us is the fanatical authority point of view. These fanatics don't burn people, but they bury them alive with the greatest complacency. Milton is of that type, and when for once his senses are allowed out of hand they riot. I'm hoping to redress your feeling there a little with Chap. XXIII—not yet written. I feel his senses must be given a flare-up before they can die down again.

I might try and give more of Courtier at the ball, but I'm very tentative about him. Chap. XXI is entirely him from beginning to end, however. "Old Magnificent"—I'll look to the passage in Part II, p. 279.

Once more as to Milton's seat: I'm quite sure you're right about Headquarters, and as to the impossibility of his retaining it if there were to be anything open about his attachment. My point is that nobody wants anything except Milton, and he only when he is fit to grapple with his own situation at all. Parliament is not sitting, remember, and the whole thing happens in a few weeks. Mrs. Noel contemplates a permanent existence in a back-water—remember what she is condemned to otherwise, and this does not seem unreasonable. However, Chap. XX may alter your whole feeling as to her. The moment Milton faces the situation he feels he must resign in spite of the thing being secret. Moreover, after all, he's only twenty-eight, a beginner in public life, and though, if you like, looked forward to, still—by his hole-and-corner habits—not in the public eye in the newspaper or cheap sense of the word.

As to too much subsidiary talk—well, perhaps; and yet, you see, it's all round Barbara, and her intertwined relations with Milton's main line tragedy. I've got to work that thread out, and this is the only way I can do it; and then there's the milieu to look after.

Yes, I do feel that all extraneous work is sickening. I think you're wonderful. Did you ever get *A Motley*, by the way? Jolly, that dance at Iffley.—Our best greetings to you all. J. G.

June 21, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—Since writing yesterday more thoughts and feelings have come to me. And I am now gravely considering whether I shall not practically throw over my present scheme from after the brain fever chapter onwards. I am shaping a new statue—not altogether new, but growing rather differently out of the nursing chapter. In other words, I too feel that the calm

dropping into the life together lets you down. There's a hole there. My lazy spirit and rather tired head recoil—but, after all, if I get a clear vision I shall have to go for it; and there's a good deal I might save—I think—of what's written.

Send the beastly thing back!

Anyway, the new scheme would brush away your points of criticism, and would, I believe, preserve the poignancy and aroma of *Anonyma* without detracting from inevitability. Yes—yes—yes. Damn! Never did I get through a novel without one of these bitings of the dust. It is good for one. *Soit!*—Always yours,

J. G.

June 21, 1910.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Yes, indeed I have received *A Motley*, and have been enjoying it greatly. I forgot to thank you, being wrapped up in *Aristocracy*. But many thanks for it now. Also, before I forget, your letter in *The Times* today is quite admirable.

As to Milton's seat, I think your line of treatment will make it all right. She would be quite ready to accept that sort of effacement—indeed, might rather like it. As you have it now, it seems rather too open: all the relations talking about it, Barbara telling Harbinger as if it was a settled thing, etc. A modification here will not only meet my objection, but, I think, somehow improve the atmosphere. Also, it will greatly change the brutal masculine rebellion which I felt towards *Anonyma*.

To digress on that, it is a curious point. I think with me it is an indignation that a woman should coolly destroy a fine thing she does not understand. If I am a railway director or a bacteriologist or under-secretary for foreign affairs, and then have to give up my work in order to live with a handsome young woman, the thing that really maddens me is that she does not understand what I have given up, could not make two trains run properly, or isolate a germ, or do anything really hard to save her silly life. I begin to get the blind hatred towards her that I have towards ignorant aristocrats and brutal American millionaires who buy works of art, etc. . . . Perhaps it is only like a husband who marries a great singer and won't let her sing, or a great actress and won't let her act. It is a spiritual tyranny of one creature over another. And I suspect that tyranny always implies some blindness and stupidity.

As to physical feelings, I see your point. But I think you ought then to suggest somewhere that Milton was rather special, or have

someone else (Courtier?) who was much more caught on the imaginative side. I incline to believe that, mostly, the senses can be dealt with; it is the imagination which bowls people over without their knowing. The senses only deliver frontal attacks, so to speak. Or rather, when they do show cunning, they make the imagination do their work for them. It is, of course, quite good having Milton really a violent man underneath.

As to the talk of the relations, yes, I thought that was your object. And very likely it will come into proportion when the explosion—or the result of it all—comes. I thought in my own mind that perhaps the feeling I had of disproportionate secondary talk was perhaps due to my not having the *dénouement* before me. Still, I should look out about that. I am tremendously interested to see how it will work up.

I ought to be on a deputation to congratulate the Emperor of India today, but have shirked it from hay fever. I wonder if that is high treason? 14 dons have to go.—Yours ever,

G. M.

June 23, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I have the MS.—again and again thanks. What I am going to do will be a little like the new cut on the G.W.R. I feel more and more sure that it's right. I shall rejoin the main line before Exeter is reached.

What a lazy dog is the literary conscience! I had always in my inner man known there was a drop—with the sliding into life together, and yet I couldn't get my outer man to face it till you put your finger on the spot. Hay fever has something to its credit in getting you off that pilgrimage; but I curse it for all that. It would have been good to have you here.—Always yours,

J. G.

Meanwhile he was also leading an unusually social life; he was, in fact, rather laying himself out to meet Patricians, and encountered quite a number of them—to the advantage, no doubt, of his novel. In August the Galsworthys went to the Fortingal Hotel at Glen Lyon in Perthshire, recommended to them by Sir James Barrie. Here at last he was able to record: "I yesterday did the deed and slew the book in the rough."

At this point it will be convenient to digress from *The Patrician* for a moment, for the note-book which, with its running commentary,



has been so useful is now supplemented by the first of a series of diaries, which overlap the note-book and allow us to construct a more detailed picture of the general tenor of Galsworthy's life at this period. All he did was to make brief entries, important or trivial, of each day; his records are in most cases no more than bare notes; but they do, by their very informality, give a certain sense of intimacy and stimulate the reader's imagination. But before we depart for the moment from the note-book, we will borrow from it this list of the people, literary and others, with whom Galsworthy chiefly associated between the years 1905 and 1910:

Joseph Conrad, Edward Garnett, Ford Madox Hueffer (now Ford), E. V. Lucas, W. H. Hudson, Granville-Barker, Gilbert Murray, J. M. Barrie, William Archer, G. B. Shaw, John Masfield, R. A. Scott-James, A. J. Legge, C. F. G. Masterman, Gilbert Cannan, Alfred Sutro, Max Beerbohm, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells (these last two slightly), Laurence Housman, H. W. Nevinston, H. W. Massingham, A. J. Hobson, W. J. Locke, H. A. Vachell, "Anthony Hope," A. E. W. Mason, Edmund Gosse, Sidney Colvin, J. W. Hills, Charles Roden Buxton, Arthur Ponsonby, Augustine Birrell, Lord Crewe, Winston Churchill, Charles Trevelyan (the last four slightly).

Amongst those whose acquaintance he made during this period were:

Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Lord Morley, Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord and Lady Ridley, Arthur and Gerald Balfour, Sidney Webb and Mrs. Webb, Lloyd George, Sir Charles Dilke, Col. Seely, Lord McDonnell, Sir George and Lady Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Crackanthorpe (parents of the ill-fated writer of the nineties), Lady St. Helier, Herbert Gladstone, Sir A. W. Pinero, and the Duchesses of Sutherland and Marlborough.

And now for the first diary, beginning in April 1910:

*Sunday, April 3rd.*—At Addison Road. Went up to H. G. Wells at Hampstead. Got there before 11, and went for a walk toward Edgware with H. G. W., (Will) Rothenstein, Mrs. Rothenstein, and Hester Radford. Lunched with the Rothensteins and sat to him for a drawing in the afternoon. Thence to the Masfields for tea, where met Ada, who played with the delicious Judith on the floor. Gretton of *The Manchester Guardian* was there.

Hurried thence home and to Mr. Crackanthorpe's who wanted to see me about proposing me for the Athenaeum under Rule 2 (for Literature). Discussed question of seconder—Henry James, Lord Crewe or Lord Fitzmaurice. The last was selected. Home to dine, and write letters, and correct proofs of *A Motley*. Bed about 11.

N.B.—Talk in the morning with H. G. W., mainly on the business of the imaginative man in relation to the state of the country. We agree it's not our business to dogmatize as to definite solutions. Talk with Masfield about *The Eldest Son* and his new play.

Tuesday, April 5.—. . . At lunch Masterman said I had turned the Home Office upside down with *Justice*, and that Ruggles-Brise was very incensed with me, saying: "No one like Falder would be subjected to solitary confinement for twenty minutes." This is mere nonsense, for Falder is by no means exceptional, judging from what I have seen myself. And moreover, the ordinary governor would not be likely to take the notice of him that my governor does.

Friday, April 8.—Wingstone; Revision of *The Eldest Son*. Rode in afternoon and walked with A. Commenced revising *Patricians*.

Tuesday, May 3.—Wingstone; *Patricians* all morning. Afternoon rode up Hambledon to the Cairn, and along to all the barrows. Returning, overtook Buxton and a friend at "the moor grave,"<sup>1</sup> and went on with them to the Hound Tor gate, where at 4 o'clock I left them and came home.

Revision of *Patricians* after tea. In evening Teresa sang. I had an idea for a play; my old theme of the all-pitying man.

Letters from Barrie and Archer. From an American . . . asking for details of my life (sent some) and from John Lane asking for a book on Prison Reform. Refused.

Wednesday, May 4.—After dinner read André Gide's *Oscar Wilde*; a sympathetic monologue, but I could never stomach Wilde's personality nor his writings.

At this time the Galsworthys were greatly concerned about a groom of theirs, who, though an excellent fellow when sober, terrorized his wife when, as too often happened, he was drunk.

<sup>1</sup> The subject of the poem of that name.

He had more than once promised to give up drinking, and had even taken a cure which Galsworthy sent him, but all to no purpose; his wife was now resolved on seeking a separation order, and the Galsworthys saw definite reason to fear extreme ill-consequences should he molest her and the children further. After some hesitation the man himself suggested going to his uncle in Australia. Galsworthy wrote the man's mother a letter which is a model of tact and sympathy; and the matter was carried through with the consent of all concerned, Galsworthy, of course, supplying the necessary money for the fare.

*Saturday, May 7.*—News of the King's death. Morning at *Patricians*. Rode Peggy in the home fields. Revised 1st Act of *The Eldest Son*. Hear that certain evil village tongues are inclined to compare ——'s departure with the story of David and Uriah the Hittite. Rather amusing under the circumstances of Ada's having been the prime mover in the whole matter. Scandal is a fungus that grows readily in outlandish parts.

*Friday, May 20.*—*Patricians* revision all the morning. Eight o'clock service for the King's Burial. First time in Manaton church. Poor parson!

Stroll with Ada. *Patricians* revision after tea. Evening [read] Karamasov. Strolling on verandah and watching the moon, the lime tree, and the ducks.

*Wednesday, May 25th.*—Addison Road. . . . Home in a four-wheeler. Poor driver said when I gave him five shillings: "You have saved my life." Very wretched life for cabmen now.

Next evening he again came home by cab, and noted: "Another half-done-for driver," but the evening after that he made the entry: "Home in taxi." It is scarcely fanciful to suppose that he felt he could not stand any more that night. But a day or two later:

*Wednesday, June 1st.*—Morning, letters, and began a sketch called *Evolution*, about a cabman. . . . Picked up four-wheel cab coming home. Man very badly off. Gave him a sovereign and promised to pay his rates. [His name and address follow.] Went on with sketch. . . .

By June 9th he was back at Wingstone correcting the proof, and on the 18th he recorded that *Evolution* appeared in *The Nation*.

*Tuesday, June 21st.*—Wingstone. Fine, dull afternoon. Loose-ended by sudden vision of new end to *Patricians*—will undo about two months' work. Can't be helped. Walk with Ada over Hayne Down. After tea, gardening. After dinner, letters, diary. My letter on Women's Suffrage appeared in *The Times*.

Next day the manuscript opportunely returned from the hands of Professor Murray, and the commonest entry for the next few days is: "*Patricians* (new cut)." Indeed, until the completion of the revision in the middle of August, there were only six days on which he did not work on it; and these are accounted for by a train journey, the Eton and Harrow Match, and a week-end visit.

*Saturday, July 9th.*—Addison Road. Lord's again all day with Ada, Ge, and Rudo. Eton snatched match out of fire. Went away with a broken heart.

*Wednesday, June 11th.*—*Patricians* revision. After lunch, tailor's, thence to House of Commons and tea on terrace with Byles. Met W. D. Howells and his daughter (charming both). Maurice Hewlett, the Byles's, and Arthur Ponsonby. Home; a little more revision.

Ada and I dined with Barrie at his flat, went on the roof garden. Wonderful view of the river and London. No more beautiful sight of a city can be seen. About 11.30 p.m. and Town still in full life.

*Tuesday, July 12th.*—*Patricians* revision. At noon attended Churchill (Home Secretary) at the Home Office concerning Prisons. He told me all his projected reforms; they seem admirable. Separate confinement to be reduced to one month for all except recidivists—who are to have three. Masterman was there. Churchill impresses me with a sort of cold force. Estimated result of my open letter to Home Secretary and Justice is reduction of separate from 6600 months a year to 1800 months—or 4800 months of suffering a year. Thank heaven.

More revision; at home to dinner with Ada.

*Friday, July 15th.*—*Patricians* revision. Interrupted at 12.15 by an old lady who came to ask me to provide her with courage—told her I had not enough for myself. Poor old thing—she wept. . . . Dined with Lord and Lady Ridley in Carlton House Terrace. Sat between Duchess of Marlborough and Muriel Wilson; also met the St. Loe Stracheys, Lady Herbert, Mrs. G. Cornwallis West, and other birds. . . .

The Galsworthys went to Littlehampton, and he came up on July 21 for a big dinner:

Dined at Duchess of Marlborough's; took in Mrs. Asquith: Lady Helen Vincent on other side. Also met the Ilchesters, Lady Dudley, Rufus Isaacs, Asquith, Lady Ridley, Harry Cust, Mason, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord Rosebery, etc., etc. Slept at Grosvenor Hotel—awful night.

We have seen that he was being more than usually social just now; he lunched at 10 Downing Street on the 27th and 29th and visited Lady Ilchester on the following day:

*Thursday, July 28th.*—Addison Road. Letter from the Chaplain of Holloway concerning one A—— B——: 3 years for burglary; driven to it by starvation of wife and children; now can't get anything to do. Have said I will see him. . . . Just after lunch queer American turned up to sell furs; not bad furs but did not want them; had story of being in trouble; pledged all his things—would get in trouble with captain of his ship (he being steward). He worked on my feelings—lent him £15 which he promised to repay in four months, also to leave his furs; would not keep them. . . . A, who saw him, says he is a fraud (?). Do not somehow think so: though don't expect to be repaid. . . .

*Friday, July 29th.*— . . . Lunched with Asquiths with Ada. Present Asquith, Lord Morley (a fine face: the eyes I particularly liked: took a great fancy to him), Sir Edward Grey (good face on whole, but not up to Morley's), Maurice Baring, Lady Crewe, Lady Desborough, etc. Sat between Mrs. Asquith and Baring, with whom had good talk. He said prison reforms all due to me (?).

Letter from — a journalist, wants to see me: Trying to regain position for ten years after imprisonment; great struggle; Verily the waters of assistance are closing over our heads.

*Saturday, July 30th.*— . . . Had interview with A. B., discharged burglar; and gave him pension of 11s. 6d. a week till he can get work: quite a good face.

General note on visit to Fortingal in August:

One note covers all this Scotch visit. Every day up to August 19th was spent in writing the end of and revising *The Patricians*, which was finished in a state of sufficient polish for serial in

America on August 18th, having taken from start to finish in the actual writing 14 months, broken by the writing of *Justice* and its production, and by the writing of several short studies. . . .

*The Patricians* finishes the series of novels that began with *The Island Pharisees*, whose statement of a temperamental point of view has now been worked out in critical review of the four sections of Society depicted in *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, *Fraternity*, and *The Patricians*. If this bit of work (these five novels) have any value, it is as a creative presentment of certain corners of life seen through my temperament, which does not quite fit into any of them, but which has, through breeding, training, and experience, been in touch with all. One can only express oneself, and, reading between the lines of these books, it seems to me that some of my essence got crystallized in dealing with these types and their environments. *The Patricians* is less satiric than the others. There has been a steady decrescendo in satire through the whole series, and, I think, a steady increase in the desire for beauty. This may be a sign of age; or it may be a good sign; or again it may be only that there is so much that one can't express in the dramatic form that one tends naturally in the novel to make up to oneself and write out one's feeling for beauty more and more in the novel form.

As individuals I think I prefer Barbara, Milton, and perhaps Anonyma to any of my characters except Mrs. Pendyce and Old Jolyon. As bits of impressionistic painting I wonder if they are up to Irene or the little model. As figures, Milton, I think, is the best thing I've done, unless it be old Mr. Stone. Courtier is a bit of a failure, and I don't feel at the moment that I can do anything more with him. A type like that — without roots (about half author, and about half not)—is horribly difficult to objectivize convincingly. He is not so good as Shelton, young Jolyon, or Hilary, or even Mr. Paramor—who serve in a sense as author's voice and chorus in the other books.

My difficulty as usual has been to keep a proper relation between the life of the story and characters on the one hand, and the idea and thesis on the other. To suggest—without allowing that suggestion to deflect the nature or diminish the vitality of the characters—that the main tendency of aristocracy is to stereotype and dry the poetry out of life, to shrivel a little the faculty for love, by exaggerating the faculty for command.

The book attempts to symbolize the struggle between Love

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

and Force or Power; and the struggle between Liberty and Authority.

And now for a moment the Diary must wait a little.

By August 24th the Galsworthys were back in London, and the book was sent once more to Professor Murray.

. . . I hereby and with send you the completed creature—considerably trembling.

When read and damned please send to me at

BERKSWELL HOUSE,

TREVONE,

nr. PADSTOW, CORNWALL.

where we go on Friday next [to stay with the Reynolds].

[*From Professor Murray*]

[1910]

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—It is very, very beautiful. I am clear about that, and also clear that you have got it right, though my ideas about details are still confused. The parting of Courtier and Barbara is what impressed me most, I think; both chapters. Courtier is splendid. The best character in the book, heroic and haunting and quite natural. Then the coming together of Milton and Mrs. Noel is very beautiful and convincing now. All my previous complaints completely fall to the ground. That sight of her two hands at the window!

And all the end is tragic and right. Obviously that is what happened. . . . Oh, that last chapter too, with that white old woman shaky but triumphant; and the one before, Milton at Anonyma's cottage.

I think for beauty and poignancy together it is the finest of your novels. The beauty of writing quite extraordinary, one chapter heaped on another when you think the limit has been reached.

As you see I am a little incoherent. Any complaints? I don't know yet. Perhaps there is some over-emphasis on the family characteristics of *The Patricians*. Each character is all right, but somehow I felt I had enough of them and their atmosphere. But maybe you have only got the right proportion for your other effects. The actual love element is exquisitely done; and the philosophic underthought, the conflict of Love and Power, or Freedom and Authority, also comes out quite right.

How very compressed and elusive your style is, in this. You have cut it down and down. It is much more like a poem than a prose novel.

I have re-read the early part rather cursorily, the second half with full care and attention. I may have something to say about the early part tomorrow. Will send the MS. next day.

My most serious criticism in detail, so far, is to recommend the preposition "in" instead of "from" in one place. Yes; it is beautiful.—Yours ever,  
G. M.

*August 29.*

MY DEAR J. G.,— . . . I don't think I have anything of value to say about details. Perhaps the beginning is a little slow in working up; but perhaps it is only that I have now read it so often.

I think the scene with the bull is now rather too big and prominent, when there has been so much cutting all about it. Have you cut out any Mrs. Noel and Courtier? If so, perhaps put it back.

I think the word "crucified" is applied to something else besides the Cardinal and Milton, which it didn't oughter. But I cannot spot the place just now.

The general construction seems to me very good now: a steady increase of pace from the beginning to the end of Part I, and then again to the end. Of tension, I mean, not of pace. Your treatment of the politics is queer. I dare say quite right. It is only Milton's career, not any cause, that matters. And Courtier, who really has causes, is indifferent to ordinary politics. One feels that the balance between Authority and Liberty will not be much disturbed whatever happens. I expect this is all right, in the setting of your background.

A wonderfully firm grip you have over your characters. None of them ever falter or wobble. And all the end part is tragedy like the real ordinary tragedy of life, only with all the elements of beauty intensified.—Yes, it is jolly good. I wonder if the simple stupid man will have an idea what it is all about. . . .—Yours ever,  
G. M.

From Cornwall Galsworthy wrote to Edward Garnett:

I have finished my novel if you'd like to see it, and will let me know where to send it. Don't say "yes" out of friendship.



and don't say "yes" if it would give you any satisfaction not to see the book before you have to review. I mean you might like to review me for once with an eye that has just had a first sight of the object reviewed.

His friend, however, accepted the proposal, and the book was sent and read. The opinion expressed was unfavourable, and the following outspoken correspondence ensued:

(1910).

MY DEAR JACK,—I'm not complimentary to *The Patricians*. I'm not going to be. I send you the notes I took as I read the pages. These give my criticisms of the book better than anything I can add. I'm afraid that this book will, in the public mind, draw a line round your talent and will circumscribe it definitely—and will let the light in on—not chiefly on your strength, but a good deal on the blanks at the back of the strength. Why? Simply because you *don't know these people well enough* to produce an original and really convincing picture. That's all. That's why. *All the tiny little individual subtleties of nature* are wanting. *It's all very good up to a point*—but not up to *your* point. You have imported too much of *your* mental atmosphere into *their* mental atmosphere. It's an invasion of them by you, and we feel they're different, evasively different! Perhaps smaller, "harder," bigger? freer? more ordinary but *different in the shades* that count for a living picture.

I can't say anything more disagreeable. I don't regard this book as *vital* to you, or deeply of you. You needn't have produced it. It meant nothing to me, in the *exquisite* sense. It's like a story—one of the three stories in *A Motley*—that I don't like, simply because I feel it isn't *enough* your strength (of course it has admirable things in it). Courtier is well done; but he's an instance of the made-upness of the picture. We know N——, but the impact of N. on the "Patrician" atmosphere is neither the *one thing* nor the *other thing* sufficiently. Perhaps you don't understand me? He gets better as the story goes on, but he's only half good.

To people who don't know your work well, the book may seem striking, or even novel. But to those who know it well it gives your method unfairly away. They will feel—"we have had all these effects before in your work, somewhere or other, *better done*, and now they're repeated in *The Patricians*." It's the same wine with another label.

Of course the novel may be praised, one never knows. But it's possible it will give people who don't like you their opening. *I believe myself that the ordinary reader will accept it, and take it easily*, and feel it is the right thing; but that the people whose opinion you look to will feel *sold*. It's the tiny touches that count. You could much improve Lord and Lady Valleys by getting individuality into these representative types. Too much dumb fever in Temple Chambers, too much picturesque dumb Crambo effect, in contact with Anonyma. I don't suppose anybody but I would say this to you. Indeed I don't know why I say it, except that I write what I feel, on impulse, without bothering, ahead, about the effect or the result. I have told you always the effect of your work on me, and I simply continue to tell you. And now I am tired of stating my opinion.—Yours always affectionately and sincerely,

EDWARD.

*P.S.*—The last half of the novel is decidedly stronger than the first half. The figures get more real. I don't see why you shouldn't give what it wants—individuality—to the figures (Book I), after putting it away and coming to it with a fresh eye. My notes ought to give you the clue—as I have not spared you or myself.

*N.B.*—The central point of criticism is this: In *The Country House* you drew with great precision and apparent exactitude the atmosphere, mental and physical, of the "Squire" class. It was a diagnosis of an attitude to life, of a culture of a particular sort.

By the title *The Patricians* you challenge comparison with *The Country House*, and just where the latter was *strong*, in class atmosphere, *The Patricians* is *weak*, hazy, and *deficient in certainty and tradition*. You are neither *critic* nor *realist* here. What you give us is what we know already, viz. that the best of that class have a certainty, a freedom (an inherited tradition of these) which is finer than what the classes below them have. But there is the upward slant in your attitude. But the *feel* of their relations to the exterior world, of their poise of mind, of their caste, is drawn without intimacy and produces the *effect of guess-work*—done from outside. That's what's fatal to it; it is done from outside: Lord Dennis, for example, is handled with extraordinary gingerliness, with the upward slant, as though he might break into bits in the novelist's hands.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thank you, my dear fellow, for being so really frank. But it seems to me that your criticism is based

entirely on an assumption, and that you have missed very important points. You seem to start out with the idea that I *can't know* these people and then to make everything square with that theory. And secondly, you have missed the change of tone in this book—you assumed that I was going to be as satiric as in the other books; but I feel myself passing from satire to another phase; and though if I had chosen to be satiric I could have given you as many little intimate touches—satiric as they always are with me—as I chose, I didn't want to—I wanted to go for the spirit behind the general spirit of things.

As to knowledge of the people. Well, how can you tell—in the first place you don't know them yourself; in the second place, after all, half my set at Oxford belonged to them. I have met them here and there, and especially of late, and believe me there is not the vast gulf between them and ordinary (!) people that you imagine. Thirdly, G. Murray, who has married into them and knows some of them intimately and is not likely to be too favourable, finds no fault, quite the contrary.

From one of your notes I see that you think I have an upward slant towards them; as to that, first: It is so easy to "go for" rank and power, so fatally easy, and with my radical reputation would have discounted the whole effect of the book. I have been "going for" the dried-up spirit in them all through the book; and in order to do that effectively, I have been at pains not to seem hostile. Secondly: If you have the patience to consider the trend of my work from *The Island Pharisees* down to the present you will see that it decreases steadily in satire from book to book, and increases in an endeavour to get some sense of beauty. This is partly because, writing plays, which bar out all the part of one that hungers for beauty, that part of one gets the upper hand in novels; but it's also, I suppose, age creeping on; but anyway it's a natural and steady progression, and it's quite unfair to reproach me with what you call the upward slant. The aristocrat *qua* aristocrat excites in me much animosity, and I have laboured to keep this out, and to take favourable specimens, and altogether tried hard not to give away my animosity to the view of life which takes everything for granted.—Why? Because I wanted to get under the surface defences, to get in a blow at, or at all events to make a picture of, the stereotyping, drying, formalizing effects of authority.

Anyway, I can't alter it, for I don't *feel* your criticism, as I

generally do; but I'm grateful to you for writing what you felt, for it must have been very unpleasant. . . .

Anyway, this novel closes what I started out on with *The Island Pharisees*. Amen.

By the way let us not mention this unfortunate book again.

J. G.

Tuesday.

LONDON.

DEAR JACK,—. . . As to my criticisms on "The P." let me ask you as a favour to me, to put your novel aside for two months. Let me speak as your friend who "can give and take," and has been close to your thought and talent.

Your reputation is dear to me. You occupy a really important position. And you know what I'm deeply concerned with *in the work*—even to the point of being a nuisance.

Consider—you have been *immersed* in the book for a long period, and you can't possibly see its *total effect*. You can't—you're too near it, just as I am to the *Jeanne d'Arc*. I feel quite confused over the *J. d'Arc*. I know I *haven't* done what I meant to do. It's too near me, too much part of me.

Now *The Patricians* is a very big order. Let us grant at once that you've passed out of the satiric method, and want to do the sense of beauty method, to get in under the surface defences of the aristocrat, to make a "picture of the stereotyping, drying, formalizing effect of authority." The question is—have you done it clearly enough? Will the reader feel you've done it? or will he accuse you, too, of the "upward slant in your attitude."

I quite understand your attitude. I said to myself: "Jack is trying to be fair to them, to see things from their point of view, and not to make an obvious summing-up, and this is *why* the presentation of them is too deferential." That's what we always do for the class above us; we are very considerate to them (as the Churt villagers are to me: "extra nice" and ready to make allowances for me) and that *is* the largest part of the "upward slant" itself.

I didn't say that you didn't know these people; I said that the picture had the effect of being done from outside, and is done from outside. If you've been seeing a good deal of these people lately, then certainly my advice to go and have a fresh look at them is absurd. But you can see for yourself that if you've

been trying to see, conscientiously, how the world looks from their point of view, nothing is easier than to get the *artistic values* a bit muddled.

Let me make some practical suggestions:

(a) Lock the book up for two months.

(b) Consider the subject *The Patricians*, their point of view, and their relations to society generally, simply as a *picture*—I mean a *composition* in the sense of a Watteau, with a group of figures here, a lawn there, and a clump of trees.

(c) Now: "*I have laboured to take favourable specimens*," you say. Mayn't the artistic values have got "muddled" through Milton's family background being *too* favourably drawn? You have got two *very* favourable specimens in "Babs" and Milton. And, considering the clump of four people, *Lady Casterley*, *Lord Dennis*, and *Lord and Lady Valleys*—mayn't these six people be rather *too considerably treated* in relation to the great field of life outside them, and in relation to the upshot of the relations with Anonyma and Courtier? (I forget how to spell him.)

You see you have given us *no real family background*, no real *history* to speak of. It would have helped you and us a good deal if you had *clearly drawn* the atmosphere of the family place (in the country) and in the *town house*. But you place us on an intimate sort of familiarity with them as though we knew all their tiny *meaning* details of environment, when we haven't really sized them up, or stood off to get *perspective*. Consider this not as an irritation, dear Jack, coming at the end of your labours, but as a problem—a problem of æsthetic perspective in a most difficult and exacting picture of life. Turn it over slowly. Think of those characters and figures in the big *landscape of modern life*. You've set out to do a big thing—one worth a great deal of extra thought and trouble. I only ask you not to decide in a hurry. But to break off for a bit, and see how some suggestions may not work in you and give you another angle of approach.—Most affectionately,

EDWARD.

Sep. 14, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—You write me a letter to move the heart of a demon. The book isn't to be published anyway till March, and, of course, my consciousness will be working it over. The question is really one of balance. And I might easily topple

into a worse morass. It depends what you are looking for in the book. One can't have things both ways.

On Gilbert Murray the book made the impression of decidedly "the most beautiful and perhaps the most poignant of your novels." As you say, one doesn't know much of one's own things—except that one knows better than anyone all the questions of balance, because one knows what one's trying for, and others have to guess—but there you have two opinions diametrically opposed from people who are neither of them fools.

I would rather be despised by the Radicals for what they would call an upward slant, than take what my inner feeling would tell me was both a too easy and an unfair line of attack. If I establish the "drying" effect of aristocracy, which is the effect which your observing nature records, it's all I care to do; because there *are* points to aristocracy—points of natural merit. I have always thought that this book would displease both camps. The Patricians certainly won't like it, and the Democrats won't like it either. One other point which you don't quite grasp is, that in that circle of Society—the *main line of it*—there is a kind of (spurious if you like) fluidity, and lack of mannerism, and elasticity, which can only be conveyed by the negative method of *not* satirizing *manners*—and if one started the satirical intimate business one would be hitting the *tributary*, the side lines, and lay oneself open at once to the charge of ignorance and unfairness, from the other side, which would be more damning to the book than the impatience and even contempt of those who see only red where the aristocrat is concerned. I'm going however to look to Lord Dennis especially. I cannot see that Lord and Lady Valleys are anything but rather ridiculous average people. You may be sure anyway that most people will look on them as such.

You often say that my chief merit is balance—but you haven't trusted that quality in me, here, at all. Don't forget the atmosphere you live in. The man who sits on the fence of life has got continually to displease those who don't, and so it will be here. . . .

15 Sept. 1910.

THE CEARNE.

DEAR JACK,—. . . I should like to explain *re* my attitude to the aristocracy that as regards all their *social and private life* and their "*ideals*" (so far as I know anything about them) I am quite in sympathy and have a sort of bias towards them. I so much dislike "*trade*" and commercial ideas and ideals and the "*industrial*" system that the only classes of people I do respect are:

(a) The free-spirited and considerate aristocrat, Lord Dennis.

(b) The hard-working doctor, etc.

(c) The carter, woodman, navy type of manual labourer. In fact, *inside* I'm quite old-fashioned.

(b) More and more I believe that the difficulties in working out *The Patricians* come from *the background*. We only see them in their motor-cars, passing about, and in the streets, and at a ball, etc. Your picture is so cut up into a lot of little shifting scenes—typical of modern life—but *not* typical *enough* of their atmosphere. It would help us and you a lot if you could draw a typical "place" where we could see Lord Dennis and Lady Casterley together; also Lord and Lady Valleys and Barbara round them. *The Patricians* ought to have *roots* somewhere, but the roots are buried in your picture, and it's that agitated plot that helps to make the whole atmosphere "fussy" and uneasy.

(c) As to the beauty of many of the scenes, I certainly might have *stressed* the fact. They are beautiful—all the scenes with Anonyma especially. I *felt* them; but I assure you that, taken and assimilated *along with* all the passages I criticize in my Notes, they had much the same effect as a beautiful seascape has on a man who feels squeamish on a boat. (There are some scenes which are quite poetry, and carry one away completely.)

(d) Now take Lord Dennis. I think he's very good, very well done, dear boy. He's curiously like a maternal uncle of mine, his whole attitude and tone—though my poor uncle (who has now lost his memory entirely) is only the old-fashioned "officer and gentleman." But you do handle him with a consideration, a touch of *extra deference* that seems to go with a respect for his order.

I don't suggest for one moment that you have any bias—but, believe me, he and Lord Valleys want their limitations defined more *sharply*, more precisely. Perhaps it's because you're trying to be scrupulously fair towards them that there's an *uncertain* tone, an *uncertainty* of outline, and just where their limitations come in there's a sort of silence.

You mustn't forget that you've been very keen-edged and definite about all the other classes up to now. From Jones to Marlow, from Marlow to Mr. Barthwick, from Mrs. Tallent-Smallpiece to the Squire, etc., etc.

You, the author, have concisely stated, or etched in with neat effectiveness, each type with its outlook and limitations, and I

don't see why, even in a *beautiful and harmonious* picture you, shouldn't succinctly define, with a fine clear stroke—just as Turgenev does—the aristocrats. (Anonyma is beautifully indicated—her boundaries and all.) Forgive me if these remarks bore you or jar on you. If you don't want to *enlarge* your picture, then contract it; pare it down and throw out of it those pages or passages that are *too soft, too hazy, too considerate*.

Enough! I'm sorry. I know what a maddening thing "advice" is!—Always yours,  
EDWARD.

Sept. 18, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

. . . I have thought a good deal over *The Patricians*, though I haven't yet looked at the MS. The more I think the more I feel my conscience clear, though my technique is quite likely at fault. I feel I have got that class at the right angle *in my mind*, but, having taken out satire diligently all through the book in working over, I've very likely overdone it. Lord Dennis, I freely admit—too nice—I introduced him originally as a make-weight, a sympathetic figure to balance what I felt to be the over-satirized Lord and Lady Valleys, and hard Lady Casterley. Now that I have cut out the satire, he's too egg-shelly fine. My technical difficulty really is, I think, not having any figure in another class who can kick the patrician class off the ground so as to let in air under them. Courtier can't—I have tried that, and it only makes him more papery. Courtier is not good because I *know* N. The knowledge paralyses me.

In one letter you mention *The Country House*. As a fact I think I know the Squire type proper less than the aristocrat proper. The Squire himself was a composite figure imagined from (1) An old militia Colonel with a place in the country, who, it is true, came of a county family, but had been in business; (2) A college friend of my own, of a very aristocratic family; (3) My own brother. So you see he was a fluke—though successful. I only quote this to show that it's not really want of knowledge that's the trouble—for my successful figures are rarely actual faithful portraits. Mrs. Pendyce was practically imaginary—so was Hussell Barter—half an hour's observation in a train started him. Gregory Vigil, on the other hand, who was not very good, was drawn from life. A glimpse—a poignant glimpse—fertilizes me as a rule more than everyday knowledge. That's why Bertie in *The Patricians*, drawn from another aristocrat with whom I lived at College and who was my greatest friend for two years



refuses to be more than a sketch. Now Barbara (the best, you say) is imagined from an evening's observation and two letters from an aristocratic woman of forty. Take "the little model"—I suppose she was successful—well, I know nothing of little models or girls of her type, except a glimpse here and there. That reminds me that Cunninghame Graham says he knows lots of "Old Stones"; I *don't*. Because of my method I've always been set down as a faithful recorder, but secretly I believe myself to be an imaginative writer. Take Mrs. Dennant and Mr. Dennant in *The Island Pharisees*, whom you have always praised. Half an hour's conversation with each, and four days—at a distance—in the same hotel abroad—that's practically all that suggested them.

The feeling that *The Man of Property* gives you of not being able to see the wood for the trees comes of my having known *too much*.

Forgive this outpouring, dear boy, but I have always suffered a little from a sense of injustice at your hands—ever since I read an extract from your report on *Jocelyn* (*which should never have been sent to me*) to the effect that I should never be an artist but always look at life as from the windows of a Club. Well, book by book I've always a little felt that you *unconsciously* grudged having to recede from that position. That, with your strong, and in those days still more set belief in your own insight (which is very great), you had summed me up and could not be wrong. I have always felt that I am deeper, more fluid, perhaps broader than you think. Being dumb, I've never said so—but perhaps you'll forgive me once in these ten years (and more) saying out my feeling. In fact I've always felt that I was contending with a *parti pris* perpetually confirmed in you, whenever we are together, by my slowness of tongue and manner. You say "this book is not you," but this seems to suggest that you have fixed me as something special, definite, narrow. This is what I always feel in you. "Jack is so-and-so, *et voilà tout!*" It is the habit, I suppose, of the critical mind, which has to form its judgment on definite things, to deny the possibility of change or growth until that change or growth has utterly fulfilled itself.

All this is in a sense most ungrateful, because I have always benefited enormously by your kindness, friendship, and criticism; and I know that when I come to work over I shall benefit here also.

Heaven knows that this book is far short of what I would have

it; but I am trying hard to see, before I do anything to it, how far the shortcomings of it are the result of my accidentally finishing, with it, a long job of four *class* novels, which I have a little outgrown or become tired of, the result in fact of a spiritual change, rather than of anything more remediable.

You will have noticed (comparing it with *The Country House*, as you do) that the centre and focus of the book is in Milton and Barbara—the young—the lovers—the individuals—rather than in Lord and Lady Valleys; whereas in *The C. H.* the interest was in the Squire and Mrs. Pendyce—the elders—the types. This cannot be altered in any case—so that by building up and accentuating the class part of the book one might readily overbalance and destroy what merit there is in the more poetic and individual story; especially since the moral of the class criticism, such as it is, lies in Milton's being left high and dry, and Barbara's wings failing to lift her, so that she makes the usual marriage of convenience. It is for this reason, I feel, more than any other, that I have not more sharply accentuated the lines of Lord and Lady Valleys, and not more fully filled them out.

I'd like to ask you this plain question: Do you think (leaving out Lord Dennis) that the aristocrats reading this book will feel quite so certain of themselves and their place in the Universe as they did before reading it?

The thing balances on a very narrow plank. On one side is the abyss of rejection because of what would seem attack; on the other the futility of what would leave them where they were.

One more point. I'm not so tolerant at heart of the aristocrat as you—because their seeming class qualities of simplicity, consideration, high spirit, and a sort of stoicism, are partly the natural outcome of life's kindness to them, and partly artificially fostered for their own self-preservation. Scratch them, and you soon find the Squire or bourgeois. Probably what I ought really to do is to devise or accentuate one or two of my situations so that the essential dog is more clearly visible. I believe I'm quite sincere in saying that the world for me is divided into the Artist and the Non-Artist, and I don't care for or admire one shade of the Non-Artist more than the other shades or degrees. This is not a puff of the Artist, it's only a statement that every man at heart believes in his own temperament, and doesn't take much stock in any other.

Toleration of the aristocrat, doctor, or navvy, is purely æsthetic, not fundamental, at all events with me. Commercialism is an accident forced on some people, not on others.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

Enough! I'm not really as cantankerous as this letter makes out; and much more grateful.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*P.S.*—As to the points that some of the effects seem *rechauffés*. Of course both in *The Island Pharisees* and *The Country House* some of the people are drawn or partly suggested by aristocrats. Mr. and Mrs. Dennant; Winslow; a touch in the Squire; Mrs. Pendyce—if she has a prototype—was suggested by one of that class. It is a part of my experience and observation that in these days the aristocrats and country-house type are one, except for (a) certain exceptional types, such as Milton and Lady Casterley, who are surely kicked-off enough; and (b) a type like Bertie, who is a sort of caricature of their old qualities surviving into present times.

J. G.

Sept. 21st, 1910.

SIDMOUTH.

DEAR JACK,—I'm very pleased with your letter. I think you prove your point against my *parti pris*, "and the sense of injustice at my hands." Damn you! Of course I'm unjust to you. Haven't you gone and done wonders, all along the line, in fiction and the drama, and left us gaping and scratching our heads. Of course we're pleased to get a knife into you, when we can, and find out that you also are vulnerable and mortal!

You are quite *mistaken*, though, in thinking that I've *unconsciously* grudged having to recede from my early summing-up of you, *re Jocelyn*, *The Four Winds*, etc.

That's not in my character. That estimate, which was absurd and shallow, was only the reaction against a *spirit* in the book, which obscured your individuality from me. I'd read hundreds and hundreds of authors' MSS.—middle class, who could never escape from the bonds of their class atmosphere, and you were the rare exception, one in a thousand. I ought to have looked deeper—and seen *your* reaction—but many of my Reports were written in a savage mood, against time. I was reading 700 MS. a year. Still I don't excuse it.

But it's not in my nature to stick to a wrong estimate, or to believe in my original estimate. I'm much too *forgetful* and receptive to do that. Believe me, I threw up the sponge long, long ago about "summing you up," I think right away from the days when you wrote *The Island Pharisees*. In fact I receded from that position so absolutely that it never stuck in my mind at

all. I would frankly have confessed its absurdity if you had challenged me in your letter.

In *The Man of Property* and *The Country House* you turned the tables so absolutely on all of us that we have been open-mouthed ever since. It's the same with your plays. After seeing *The Silver Box* I was quite broken up (as you may remember), and so it has gone on up to *Justice*.

No, my dear boy, the diagnosis of the *parti pris* in me with which you contend is different. It's like the attitude of a race-course hawker to a surprising animal that has been "a dark horse," and has gone on winning all the Cups afterwards! "Gawd bless you, that 'orse came out of Mr. Bindley's stables. I knowed where 'e came from; they used to feed 'im on turnip mash." There is a *parti pris* in one towards you (? that of a slack sheep-dog to a well-trained retriever?) but it's far subtler than we can indicate, full of soft shades of black and white! Some day we'll go into it, just for the fun and the conscience of the thing. It's temperamental—the result of my defective circumstances and training—it's of no real importance between you and me; it's a good bit *circumstances*, like houses and suits of clothes.

However, to come back to *The Patricians*. You are right. You know much more about it than I do. There is no figure, as you say, "to kick the patrician class off the ground." No doubt the composite figure (the Squire, etc.) holds more, goes deeper than the faithful portrait. Turgenev generally makes up composite figures. So, as you say, Barbara, the Dennants, etc. (where your imagination goes on *working* and building-up, and supplying details) are likely to be far more satisfying than your (necessarily limited) knowledge. I don't agree with you that to build-up and accentuate the class part would overbalance and destroy the poetic individual story. I think it either wants much more "building up," or else cutting down, of the internal stuffing. The point is—Can you get more composite richness of type and individuality with your "patricians"?

I may be biased by the mere reiteration of the titles "Lord this" and "Lady that"—but honestly the effect of much of the class atmosphere of *The Patricians* on me was that of an outsider writing of people he couldn't be *intimate* with, and yet was *familiar* with.

(I'm all wrong in my estimate of your knowledge and actual insight. I yield absolutely.) But the book frightens me in this respect—of a lack of *assured standpoint*, of *artistic perspective*. It

may be that it's partly the sacrifice of Courtier and Anonyma to the Patricians. *Milton* gets what he wants most: hereditary leadership. *Anonyma* gets nothing; she is crushed, broken, effaced. Courtier oughtn't to want Barbara. If he hadn't, passionately, then a point would be made against the Patricians. But as he resigns himself quite easily and peacefully, Barbara is in the right after all.

But the minor characters, Harbinger and Lord and Lady Valleys, seem to me extraordinarily lacking in *intimate touches* (for you). Barbara grows stronger in my memory, Lady Casterley ditto. I believe she would gain by your treating Milton more sharply.

I keep wandering on. To answer your question, I should say that the aristocrats will feel quite as certain of *their* place after reading it, and that they will feel that your claws are blunted. And that, on the other hand, the book would most seriously damage your influence with all the other classes and the reviewers. I don't believe for a moment that the average intelligent reader would think you were getting at the "dry spirit," etc. of the aristocracy. The latter seem to be keeping their caste pure, and it's the outsiders who suffer. Further—people will say: the patricians have been marrying money for the last decade, and there is no hint of the new alliance between the aristocracy and commerce, in Mr. G's version." Whatever you do, I urge you to treat the aristocrats *sans cérémonie*, as you have done every other grade. I can't see *what* you lose by it. It isn't "an attack"—and even if it be, you ought to be going in the same direction. Mind, I am not speaking from any personal bias. *It's a matter of art*. If the art were all right you would [have] nothing to fear from anybody. I can only repeat I was seriously upset at the thought of your publishing it, as it stands, and though it has many beauties. I felt that as your friend, I must use whatever influence I have on you.—Most affectionately,

EDWARD.

Sept. 22, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thank you, my dear fellow. I retract and conform to all the personal part of your letter.

You almost make me despair by the concluding paragraphs about the effect of *The Patricians*. Very apropos I have a letter this morning which I enclose. This man, you see, has utterly missed the fact that in Hilary I have summed up a weakness of the cultured class.

So—you say—everybody (even yourself, it would seem) will miss my having summed-up a weakness of the aristocratic class in Milton.

To me of course he is the person to be pitied, not Anonyma—Barbara, not Courtier—spiritually. Just as in *The M. of P.* Soames, not Irene.

Good God, what am I to do? I cannot put myself in the shoes of Richard Dewey. Do you remember battling with me over the end of *The M. of P.*—struggling to make me keep Bosinney alive and take the lovers triumphantly away to Paris, and leave the Forsytes unsuccessful? This is the same thing over again. My thrust in that case was infinitely more deadly than yours would have been, and I knew it. Surely people will see that though Milton gets what he wants he gets it because what he wants is dry-as-dust, like his nature. Can I do more without being hopelessly didactic and obvious?

Well, I shall do what I can—and many thanks, dear boy—  
Always yrs. affectly.,  
J. G.

SIDMOUTH.

DEAR JACK,—With *Milton* it's really a matter of *technique*. You've got him; but he's in the midst of something fluffy; it's just getting him technically more perfect; not letting him run quite so long and loose; getting him a little less vaguely *soft* in outline here, and less indeterminate and *priggish* there. It's quite possible to *succeed too well in a sense*, in your own mind, and a substantial achievement may be concealed from us by *superfluous strokes*. I feel that I can't express myself properly to you because I have made a determined onslaught on the *faults* of the book; and everything I say must seem unfair and one-sided—as in a real sense it is. It might have been better if I had waited a week, and made a careful criticism of the book, as though I were writing a review.

Forgive me, dear boy, if I have not helped you as much as I hoped to, also I must have wounded you a lot. I think my Notes really express where I think you have "overdone" or "underdone" it. If I have gone awry in the Notes I stand convicted by them. I could—later on—make a general criticism about the book. But I won't essay it till some better season.—Believe me, Most affectionately,

EDWARD.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

Sept. 30, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR EDWARD,—Though this does not touch the question of the finer shades of intimate presentment of *The Patricians*, I cannot refrain from quoting you the opinion of one (not Murray) specially asked to criticize for the particular point in relation to my other books.

“That is what strikes me as supremely distinctive in the book—its large impartiality; and one holds one’s breath when one realizes what a risk you ran. A tilt of the balance to either side, and we have snobbery of the one kind or of the other.”

I am adding a first chapter, and endeavouring to amplify Lord and Lady Valleys, and Harbinger, and to slightly harden Lord Dennis.—Yrs. Affectly.,  
J. G.

Nov. 5, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thanks for your good note. I laboriously approach the end of *P*. I’ve benefited greatly by your sensitive perceptions; but confound you—you took me the wrong way altogether; and you really ought not to have accused me of doing such a fatuous thing as start a job of this sort without knowing my ground. To test your accusation of want of knowledge, I’ve had occasion to pass and re-pass through my consciousness the aristocrats pure I’ve known or observed at close quarters—many in the last three years—as far as I can remember they come to about 130, see list enclosed for your unbelieving eyes. This without as many more, who, not actually titled, might just as well be styled aristocrats. If I’ve failed—it’s through want of artistry, not of knowledge.

It is quite a peculiar error of yours to suppose that there is a mysterious breed of Cunninghame Grahams tucked away somewhere. The so-called “well-bred” man and woman is now a very wide class, and only those who have been through the fashionable Public-school and Varsity curriculum as I have (and with an inner eye as mine is) can appreciate the at once levelling and formative power of that system. It has brought aristocracy (who all pass through it now) completely off its perch. I’ve left out of the enclosed list *nouveau* or *parvenu* aristocracy (except perhaps half a dozen); they’re nearly all old stock; but I assure you I

could parallel them two or three times over with "well-bred" men and women, quite untitled, from whom you couldn't tell them. A slight extra regularity of feature; an ounce or two more high spirit; a harder and less receptive turn of mind is common to all this class which has blood in it; but it's by no means confined to titled gents. Artistically it would be false to differentiate more than I've done—false to life. I write this because I seriously deprecate being told I was ass and amateur enough to write of those people without knowledge. If you ever look at the book again do start without that preconception. Enough! D—n them!

It has been horrible weather; but we've kept our spirits up on sloe gin. I wrote to Trench. What are you doing now?—  
Affectionately yours,  
J. G.

Nov. 13, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thanks for your letter. I know you do waste your powers too much in the understanding and sympathy with the unworthy. Waste is not the word, because it is so rare a gift to be able to do this. Still it's hard on you; especially when the recipient turns ungrateful like my cantankerous self. You must go abroad for six months a year, and write that novel, or even that book of criticism due from you now so many years. You'll never do it till you get away from the massacring tugs of your own sympathetic understanding.

I am approaching the end of this revision. I have added some fifty pages and re-written practically all those passages which you queried: besides eyeing the book closely for the soft touch. But the total result does not and cannot alter the essence of the book. The critical essence of the book—and it is on that feature that your strictures were really bent—consists in an opposition of authority and dry high-caste life with the lyrical point of view, with the emotionalism and the dislike of barriers inherent in one half of my temperament. In other words this book, like *The M. of P.*, *The C. H.* and *Fraternity* is simply the criticism of one half of myself by the other, the halves being differently divided according to the subjects. It is not a piece of social criticism—they none of them are. If it's anything it's a bit of spiritual examination. If you knew my mother you'd admit that there's quite enough of the dried-caste authority element in me to be legitimate subjects for the attack by my other half. I'm going to call the book *The Patrician*, not *The Patricians*, which may help to



divert the notion that it pretends to paint on a large canvas all the aspects of the aristocracy.<sup>1</sup>

Murray, after reading it, made the remark: "I wonder if the average man will know in the least what it's all about," referring to the spiritual essence of the book. I don't suppose he will. But an intelligent reader of *The Man of Property* the other day made precisely the same remark—that my American correspondent on *Fraternity* was the average man. In fact one can't bother about that. No one yet has ever pointed out the opposition (spiritual) in *The Country House*. It was regarded as a piece of "social criticism" or a pleasant story, according to the intelligence of the reader. The more I consider things the more I find that I'm only a social critic by accident. I've neither the method nor the qualities of the social critic. I've no patience, no industry—only detachment in so far as I can dispassionately examine *myself* in contact with life. My value from first to last as a critic of social conditions is that there are two men in me, both fairly strong; and the creative man in me up against the other produces a critical effect.

I wish I could find a motto for the book. . . .

We shall see how one was found.

16 Nov. 1910.

DEAR JACK,—Thanks for your good letter. All you say about the battle royal in your nature between the two men—the lyrical emotional point of view, and the "dried caste authority" element—is most illuminating; and the apposition of these two, as you say, produces the critical effect of *The M. of P.*, *The C. H.* and *Fraternity*. But in fact it's *because* these two men in you are the two antagonistic elements in modern English life that makes each book a piece of "social criticism" of great significance. That's so obvious that there is no need to press home the point.

I'm very glad you are going to call the novel *The Patrician*. *The Patricians* is a very ambitious title; and it rouses the expecta-

<sup>1</sup> In a letter of Nov. 10th, 1910, to Professor Murray, Galsworthy wrote: "Finished revising *The Patrician*—singular—I think, don't you?—since it does not pretend to be a complete picture of *hoc genus omne*"; and again, in a letter of May 18th, 1911: "I changed the title from *The Patricians* to *The Patrician* because I wished both to broaden and to narrow the connotation. To narrow—in the outer sense—since the book is obviously not a study of all the types and classes of patricianism; to broaden, because it is a study of the *spirit* and limitations of aristocracy, and in the novel that spirit and those limitations are most poignantly summed-up in the character of Miltoun."

tion of a painting of a whole class. I think its new title just fits the book.

Alas! I'm glad indeed if my initial suggestions have helped my friends and acquaintances. I get very low sometimes as to the second-hand sort of existence that is implied in the game and its sequelæ—even when I turn out by accident from an old box a testimony, etc., etc.—as I did the other day with a foreign letter of yours in 1905. How long ago it seems! We have both aged a good deal in those five years. However, a truce to these melancholy reflections. I'm tired of books and MSS.—very tired—and I look forward in a few years to living on the seashore, with a little boat and a whitewashed cottage, on a pound or so a week.—  
Yours affectionately, EDWARD.

Tell Ada I *much* enjoyed her tale of Biscayan bathing. She's got the feel of it exactly. (Ada! you were made to be carried off in Chinese sieges by Mandarins, and quarrelled over by Biscayan pirates! There's something in you that goes awfully well with a Byronic poem, *Lara*, and with booty and yellow silk trousers.)

It is now time to return to the Diary. The next entry to be quoted is that for:

*Saturday, September 3.*—Wingstone. . . . Began sketch. Planning a volume called *The Inn of Tranquillity*, to consist of nature and life and life sketches which should bring out the side of one which acquiesces and is serene.

Idea to print them monthly in *The Nation*; and gather up under above title.

*Sunday, September 4.*—Continued sketch, to be called *A Mountain Day*, first of the new volume. . . .

The next three weeks or so were occupied by the writing of sketches for the new book and by the revising and enlarging of *The Little Dream*. On September 12th is recorded a "Letter from Edward Garnett cutting up *The Patrician*," the outcome of which we have already seen. There was one quite exciting event during this time:

*Wednesday, September 14.* Started with Ada in motor to meet Mab at Okehampton. Three miles out met another motor end-on:

nasty jar; damaged both cars. Neither of us hurt—only flung forward. Driver of the other car broke finger and sprained wrist. A lady in other car had her nose a little cut. Walked home to lunch; and rode out past Chagford to try and meet Mab. Missed her. . . . Mab turned up at 7.15. Very jolly.

Had no particular feeling of fear—no time for it—only a sort of "Oh Lord" sensation.

Conrad wrote *à propos* of this:

I see you have been moving briskly about this distracted realm; but as it was in the interests of Justice I won't lecture you on these new gadabout habits. Nothing, however, can excuse motor-car collisions. It's all very well to say that a miss is as good as a mile, but it's a nerve-shaking experience. Did Ada feel it at all afterwards? Some years ago we had an accident of the sort, in a modest way. We merely ran into a baker's cart on a slant and took it backwards into the hedge. The road was covered with bread. After the first scare it was rather funny (the baker's man was a stutterer), but I couldn't sleep for three nights afterwards.

I was thinking that your novel must be nearly finished; I had no idea that you were so far on as the final revision. What is the title? I have an idea, dear Jack, that any comment on your work can be nothing by now but (in the words of the Pole in *A Lear of the Steppes*) "perfectly superfluous chatter." I wouldn't chatter—you know. . . .

On September 26th Galsworthy found himself in the incongruous position of chairman at a political meeting—against his will, of course:

One heckler half drunk. How odious are political meetings, with their perpetual sneering scoring-off tones of voice.

One might have thought that the novel, at any rate, was finished—not at all. The indefatigable man recorded:

*Wednesday, September 28.*—Commenced new 1st chapter of *The Patrician*. . . . Reading Arnold Bennett's new novel, *Clayhanger*. . . . He lacks selective power and temperamental poignancy. But what observation, zest, industry!

On October 3rd he marched in procession with women chain-workers, which seven weeks later inspired a sketch called: *And the*

*Dwarf Said.* By October 27th the revision of the first part of the novel was completed—"has been smoothed and sharpened and about 5000 words added, including character of Little Ann"—and on November 18th the whole work was finished.

Finished revision of *Patrician*. Barrie to lunch. With Ada to look at flats in the Adelphi. No go. . . . I dined with the Vincents. Present Sir Edgar and Lady Vincent; Asquith and wife; Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough; Lulu Harcourt and lady; the Ripons; Gosse; and four or five others—names unknown.

On November 21st a powerful letter by Galsworthy on the subject of Horses in Mines appeared in *The Times*; on the same day the revision of *The Eldest Son* was finished, and the play sent off to a manager—and a week later it was still being revised! There seems to be no limit to the polishing and filing which his work underwent. Plays were rather in his mind at this moment, for on November 27th he notes: "Thought about play *Facts*" (there is a passage, not given here, in the note written at Fortingal which indicates that this was a projected play on the subject of the Divorce Laws), and on December 2nd he actually began work on a play in four acts called *The Man of the World* (eventually *The Fugitive*). The work prospered, for the 1st Act was finished in five days and revised in the course of a sixth; and on December 9th the 2nd Act was begun.

After what we have seen about *The Patrician*, it is with something of a shock that one finds the entry on December 21st: "Revising *Patrician*; but this was mere touching up, for the entry for Christmas Day reads as follows:

Littlehampton: a beautiful sunny day. Revised *The Patrician*. Walked with Ada and Chris, and sat under a tamarisk hedge. Completed revision of *The Patrician* ready for printing.

This book was begun in June of 1909. See note to Aug. 10th, etc. Since it was finished in the rough on Aug. 18 there has been much polishing, addition, and rewriting (including the figure of Little Ann and new first chapters to Parts I and II. On the whole I think it may be the best of my novels; though it has not the solid fatal gait of *The Man of Property*; nor the haunt of *Fraternity*; nor the freshness of *Villa Rubein*; nor the ironic charm of *The Country House*. It has more beauty than any of

them, and the main figures stand out clearer. The book discloses me finally as an impressionist working with a realistic or naturalistic technique. Whereas Wells is a realist working with an impressionistic technique, Bennett a realist with a realistic technique, Conrad an impressionist with a semi-impressionistic, semi-naturalistic technique, and Forster an impressionist with a realistically impressionistic technique.

This last passage is surely extremely interesting and acute.

The year's record winds up with a little comedy:

*Wednesday, December 28.*—Littlehampton. Beautiful day. Trained to Holmwood, met Frank Lucas and tramped with him over Leith Hill. Half-way we discovered that we had six miles to do to catch the 2.9 train at Dorking, and it was then 1.6. Girded up and ran and walked the 6 miles, arriving Dorking station 2.6, boiled. Parted, he to London, I to Littlehampton. Drove up in time for tea: changed, and felt comfy all the evening. Going to be very stiff though. . . .

*Thursday:* Stiff as a poker from the two-mile run.

*Friday:* Still stiff.

Finally, on the eve of the New Year: "Not so stiff. Walking."

The Diary ends with a summary of the year's output. This was not so considerable as that of the previous year, but Galsworthy reckoned that it totalled "about 100,000 words that stand." In detail it was as follows:

Part of *The Patrician*, the revision and two productions of *Justice*, the revision of *The Eldest Son* for Press in proof, and the writing of half *The Little Dream*, together with its revision and correction in proof. In addition to this work there were eleven sketches and studies, two poems, and two and a half acts of *The Fugitive*.

## CHAPTER IX

### 1911: MAINLY DRAMATIC

THE first three months of 1911 were spent in oscillation between London and Littlehampton. Galsworthy's activities during this year were almost exclusively theatrical. On January 6th, his Diary records, the problem of a motto for *The Patrician*, which had been exercising his mind, was solved by Professor Murray, who wrote suggesting the quotation which may be found on the title-page of the book. A few days later we find him at a house-party, sitting next to Winston Churchill and having long talks with him "on Prison and other things," and again on the Veto Bill—"I attacking, he defending."

But his chief occupation was the play *The Man of the World*, which he finished in the rough on the 23rd, having altered the title to *The Fugitive* two days earlier.

Began it beginning of December (he noted) and much interrupted by proofs, and general Xmas. It started as a satiric comedy; it has come out as a drama. This is like me. If I write a single scene that goes deep the rest will have to conform before I'm through with the job. Comedy requiring almost trivial subjects is very hard for me. The subject of this play was never right for comedy, not even satiric comedy.

Four days later he "finished second revision of *The Fugitive* since Monday." The next fortnight was occupied with rehearsals of *The Silver Box* for revival at the Coronet Theatre, conferences over the forthcoming production of *The Little Dream*, and further revision of *The Fugitive*. On February 11th, however, he recorded: "long morning on balcony thinking out *The Patriots*, four-act play." This was at Littlehampton, and on that same balcony, two days later, was written the poem: *Slum-Cry*. Back in London, further rehearsals of *The Silver Box* were followed by a dash to Liverpool for a production there of *Strife*. On the 20th:

*Strife* at 8.15. Crowded house. Good performance well received. Went on stage and made little appeal to Liverpool to support Repertory Theatre. Supper at University Club (70) including ourselves, Professors Mair, Reilly, etc., Canon Bilborough (old College pal), Lord Derby, and Wm. Archer. Made my speech without collapse. Home to hotel about 2 a.m.

The remaining days of February were devoted to *The Fugitive*, and then, on March 2nd, he began *The Pigeon*, "which was conceived," the note-book tells us, "as a sort of nightmare, and worked out in naturalistic form." His manner of composition was as usual: that is to say, speedy writing followed by a mass of revisions. By the 8th the 1st Act was completed; then came a few days of interruptions, during which he did no more than revise. There were various luncheon parties, at which he encountered such notabilities as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Anthony Hope, and there was a visit to Manchester in connection with *The Little Dream*, with much work at the music thereof. But by the 19th he was back at Littlehampton and able to proceed; on the 23rd he completed the 2nd Act, and on the 28th the 3rd and last. Thus the whole play had been written in no more than seventeen working days. On the last day of the month the revision of the play was completed.

But this was nothing. Time after time he recorded in his diary that such and such a revision was finished; time after time he took the play up again, alternating between one and another in a manner which, to the uninitiated, seems almost bewildering. Suffice it to say that during the rest of 1911 the total of revisions of *The Fugitive* was to be brought up to eleven, and those of *The Pigeon* to seven; in addition to which an entire new play was to be written, and revised six times! Of this play we shall speak in a moment.

Although Galsworthy did nothing at all in the way of novel-writing during the whole of this year, his name remained before the public as a novelist through the publication, on March 6th, of *The Patrician*. Indeed, his reputation was enhanced, for the book was extremely well received both in England and America, and even in France. Only *The Times* and two other papers were unfavourable; for the rest, it was a chorus of varying degrees of praise. The comparative kindliness and greater lyricism of the book were appealing, and all those who had considered Galsworthy too uncompromising in his attitude found that their objections had to a considerable

MAINLY DRAMATIC

extent been met. The ensuing letters and quotations are of interest in giving the reactions both of the author and of certain people qualified to judge.

[To Edward Garnett]

Jan. 26, 1911.

14 ADDISON ROAD.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I send you finally revised proofs (thrice revised) of *The Patrician*. Send them back when you've finished. If you have any say as to who reviews for *The Nation*, I think I should like Masterman, and don't refuse on the ground that you've read the book and can't stand it. I mean I'd like him to condemn it on his own. I wonder if you'll think it improved.

Heinemann's words were—I looked them up—"I congratulate you on having written what is certainly one of the most striking and arresting books I've ever read."

If you take it for what it's intended to be, and not for something else, I honestly don't think it's bad. At all events I'm not ashamed of it—whatever its fate may be.

It was jolly to see you looking so young, and very good news to hear you were going to tackle Turgenev.

Adios.—Yrs. affectly.,

J. G.

My theory about a book is that it must have been steeped in the brine of satire, *vide The M. of P.*, *The C. H.*, or in lyricism, or in both; and I claim a blend favouring lyricism for this book, which I think preserves it fully as well—nay, better than the method of *The C. H.*

J. G.

[From Joseph Conrad]

CAPEL HOUSE, ORLESTONE,  
nr. ASHFORD.

March 10, 1911.

DEAREST JACK,—Of course it isn't pure æsthetics (only Flaubert's *Salammbô* amongst novels is that) but even on that ground alone you have done a very fine thing. There are passages and pages which have an inalterable beauty. The psychology is masterful, the conduct admirable. You have put insides into these people with a vengeance. Do you remember telling me (it's ten or more years ago) that they had no insides? Aha! You are doing such wonders with them now that I can't resist rubbing in that saying a bit—in sheer glee at the completeness of your achievement. Every patrician woman of them all is first rate—



the aristocrat, the Pagan, the woman of the world, the housewife. They are exquisite. *The woman* of the story is just what she should be, I think, with her somewhat mysterious attraction and a sort of shadowy beauty. I consider her a great evidence of your artistic sense. She is very touching in her immobility, with the action of the story revolving round her. Very fine in every attitude, in every shade of expression.

And the men too are exquisitely done, including the knightly defender of lost causes. He, too, is very fine in every attitude, in every word; a touching pendant to the portrait of the woman. They are the only two personages who have some *chiaroscuro* in them. The others are seen as in a mountain atmosphere in a limpid, coloured, but perfectly dry (too dry?) light. And equable! This peculiarity of light and atmosphere in which the figures stand each with its own definite outline was first to be seen in *The Country House*. *Fraternity* is a more mellow book—I mean in the action and interaction of its humanity. In *The Patrician* the effect of this limpid dry medium in the personages of the story appears intensified; perhaps simply because they all belong to the same family. They seem not so much to act and react upon each other as jostle each other. This is no criticism. It is simply a confession of the impression produced upon me.

As to Miltoun he stands out from them in a very striking manner, a very consistently sombre figure. You don't give him a single little gleam. He is to my mind more sombre than Bazarov and almost as plebeian, with his temperamental asceticism, his Non-conformist conscience, and his passion, more like that of a priest in love than anything I could compare it to. He is a strange bird to come out of that nest. However, I don't suppose you meant him to be typical. He's a bigger creation than the others, but I should not say a greater. He is alive right enough, but the reader (this reader) somehow feels that he is what he is because you *will* him to be so. Whereas the others exist as tho' they had come to life on their own.

Upon the whole the novel is not so large as *Fraternity*; it hasn't got the profound intimacy of feeling of *The Man of Property* and perhaps less suggestiveness than *The Country House*. In technique, in mastery it is superior to them all. I should like to know what welcome it will get from the world.

There would be a lot more to say if I weren't anxious to catch the post.

Our love to you both.—Yours ever,

J. CONRAD.

[From John Masefield]

24, iii, 1911.

30 MAIDA HILL WEST.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for your letter and messages. This is just a scrap to tell you how much I enjoyed *The Patrician*. I think it is your best book and the one most full of beauty. Mrs. Noel is exquisite; and all the men good. We like the writing so much, too.

Some Indians were here the other day, very excited about your plays, especially *Justice*, because it had caused beneficent legislation. "He is a Saviour" they exclaimed. . . .—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[From E. V. Lucas]

KINGSTON MANOR,  
LEWES.

April 5, [1911].

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I think it is full of wise and exquisite things, but on the whole it strikes me rather as a presentation of an ideal than as history. Perhaps you meant that; but of course one has come to look to you for facts (your own fault) and you don't always persuade me this time. It seems to me that the most significant moment of the drama—Mrs. Noel's surrender to Miltoun—has been avoided. It should not have occurred off; it wanted some tremendous proving before our eyes; and yet I admit that I don't see how anyone could have done it. Mrs. Noel is so intangible—as you intended; none the less, the reader has to be convinced. Miltoun I both believe in and disbelieve in. But he is so far outside my experience, yet that counts for little. Lord Valleys and Lady Valleys seem to me very good; both are alive. Courtier a shade too vocal and impersonal. Agatha perhaps as real as any, although so slight. But the old lady and her majordomo smack somewhat of other books. Babs is adorable (especially with her horse) and with her I place that other character so present and powerful in all your work—this dear England.

Babs' tardy recognition of Harbinger's virility seems to me one of the best moments in the book.

Thank you very much. No one is doing such work as you. So serene and disquieting; confound you!—Yours,

E. V. L.

[From Lord Morley]

Private.

FLOWERMEAD,  
WIMBLEDON PARK.

April 9, 1911.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I have just been reading your *Patrician*, and feel as if I should like to tell you how, in my rather overloaded days, it has interested, amused, and pleased me—to say nothing of other effects. You see deep. You bring all the humbler things of Nature, as well as all its infinite and fugitive wonders, into company with men and women battling against their  $\eta\theta\omicron\varsigma$ . And—if you forgive gross impertinence—you are a master of the great, difficult, and noble art of prose.

When will it suit you and Mrs. Galsworthy to pay that promised little visit? Luncheon or dinner as it suits. Yours sincerely,  
MORLEY OF B.

[From Lady Ilchester]

HOLLAND HOUSE,  
KENSINGTON.

April 8, [1911].

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I daresay you will have forgotten me, but I feel I must write and tell you how very much I have enjoyed your book, *The Patrician*. I cannot tell you what pleasure it has given me, and I do think that Miltoun is one of the most wonderful characters in fiction. I also loved the descriptions of Devonshire, and I feel quite near to them in our beloved Dorset. You must forgive me for bothering you with a letter. My admiration for your book must be my excuse for doing so.—Yours sincerely,  
HELEN ILCHESTER.

(Another "Patrician" who wrote enthusiastically was the Duchess of Marlborough.)

[From H. W. Nevins]

April 9, 1911.

4 DOWNSIDE CRESCENT.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Reading with my usual deliberation, I have finished *The Patrician*, and I think it is one of your very best books.

It does not reach out so widely as *Fraternity*, but it is a finer accomplishment; it accomplishes its purpose better, it is finer in art. I am very glad it is being so much praised, though sometimes people choose for praise just the only parts that I have doubts about—merely minor incidents and descriptions. That is my natural perversity.

Many have been saying that the character Courtier is founded on some sort of ideal of myself. There is no need to suppose so, though once you give him a sentence rather like one in my Russian book! I didn't think about it till Gilbert Murray repeated the idea to me last Tuesday, and then I saw it was probable. Well, it is a very flattering portrait, if it is one. He is much the kind of man I should like to be if I had the choice.

But just one thing—I have never been a champion of “lost causes.” The causes that have moved me have always been winning causes. That the Greeks lost against the Turks was their own stupid fault, and in the end they will win, when they deserve it. And the others—the Boers, the Angola slaves, Russian Revolutionists, Indian Nationalists, Finland, Suffragettes—Oh, my word, I had forgotten there were so many! But you see they have all won or are on the point of victory.

Forgive this egoism. With my very best wishes to yourself and Mrs. Galsworthy.—Yours,  
H. W. N.

April 10, 1911.

14 ADDISON ROAD.

MY DEAR NEVINSON,—Thanks for your jolly letter. I'm very glad you like the book. *Quant à Courtier*, if taken to represent you he is not nearly good enough; and, indeed, he is not as satisfying—in art—as I could have wished by any means. And there I fear in a way your personality is to blame. The type he represents (a very rare one) was the only one that fitted into the scheme of my book; and having perceived this I then became aware that your figure stood bang in my path. If I hadn't known you it would have been all right, but knowing you I was always shy and gingerly in touching Courtier, and so he's not quite thick enough through. Miltoun's figure is an instance of the reverse process. I see that he is being taken for Lord Hugh Cecil. Fortunately I've never seen Lord Hugh, shouldn't know him by sight if I saw him, and have only read one, I think, of his speeches, and not knowing him (whose figure undoubtedly stands across the path) I had no scruples about drawing a figure that I felt concreted the essence of a certain attitude of mind—and he comes out, I fully think, more satisfying than Courtier in art. Lost causes: but they are *always*, aren't they, only lost for the present, to be won in the future? At all events, that's the sense in which I think of the phrase. In so far as other people attach stigma to the idea of a lost cause (apart from the stigma this in itself is upon such people) a useful purpose is served by the use

of the phrase, in connection with Courtier, to tone down, as it were, the rather obvious admiration which the author of the book has for that type.—Our best wishes, Always yours,

J. G.

Galsworthy's comment on a letter from Cunninghame Graham ran:

"... I have a very enthusiastic letter from Cunninghame Graham on *The Patrician*; he tumbles to the satiric side of the thing as hardly anyone else seems to have—agreeing with me that it cuts very deep into conventional aristocracy (the spirit of it). If *he* can say that, and *The Spectator* can call it a defence of aristocracy, it can't be so bad *qua* art.

And his reply was as follows:

May 2 [1911].

14 ADDISON ROAD.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM,—Your letter pleased me enormously—thank you. I certainly thought I had rendered the spirit of conventional aristocracy's limitations; but few eyes save yours seem to have seen it. One had to be subtle—the other books, of which this is the last (*social studies*), did not demand such careful wrapping up. Here one had to get in under. The leading *spiritual* limitation respectively of the four sections of upper-class society has been the satiric idea (so far as satiric idea existed) behind *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, *Fraternity*, and *The Patrician*. I started the job with *The Island Pharisees*, where it's in a measure outlined, and have now got through! It's been delicious to read *The Spectator* and *The Daily Telegraph* finding the book a frank defence of aristocracy—a really fine tribute to my artistry—*nicht wahr*? I've no animus against any class, except that unconscious and most potent of all animi which inhibits every mind which longs to understand and feel with all other minds, and chafes against barriers and humbug and all the multiple forms of Pharisaism.

What are you doing? Work, I hope.

My wife's good wishes and my own.—Yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

But, in spite of its striking *succès d'estime*, *The Patrician* did not sell as might have been expected—certainly not as its author had hoped, for a few months later he wrote to his publishers:

Aug. 28 [1911].

14 ADDISON ROAD.

DEAR PAWLING,—I hope you will congratulate your artist from me on the cover of *The Country House*. I think it very good indeed.

I daresay you are disappointed with the sales of *The Patrician*, and I am also. I cannot believe that something could not be done to put renewed life into them. There does not seem to be any advance to speak of on *Fraternity*, although the book was admittedly more likely to be popular. I don't understand it. I wonder whether your travellers take trouble about my books. I never see them on railway bookstalls anywhere, and hardly ever in a shop window. I feel that I am the sort of author about whom a publisher soon says: "Oh! yes—Galsworthy—superior sort of stuff—will only reach a certain circulation," and then gives it up. But I don't accept that view of my own writing; it has this distinction (among many others) from the work, say, of James, Meredith, or Conrad—that it is absolutely clear in style, and not in the least exotic, and can be read by the average person without straining the intellect. I feel that from *The Man of Property* 5000, to *The Patrician* 8000, is a very discouraging rise. Of course I know you will say you can't make the public buy my books, but that is just the point. I think you could make them more than you have. I seem to feel that both you and Heinemann have become perhaps discouraged, perhaps a little indifferent. If that is the case, I had better know.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Still, cause for dissatisfaction was relative rather than absolute, for its serialization in *The Atlantic Monthly* alone brought in £400.

This book, continues the note-book, brought in, besides this, £600 to £700 from the English publisher, and nearly £1000 from the American (book) publishers. It received somewhat varied criticism, but the variance was more based on the divergence of political sentiment than on any difference in regard to craftsmanship, the *Daily Telegraph* and *Spectator*, for instance, finding it, as they desired, a kind of championship of patricianism, R. B. Cunninghame Graham and certain journals finding it, on the other hand, a most poignant satire on the aristocracy. (Note) It was certainly more of the latter than the former, for those who can see. . . . In America, partly owing to its . . . getting adequate advertisement, and partly owing to the nature of the beast for good or bad, it had a much wider vogue than the former novels,

making the author many new friends, and turning some old friends into enemies, owing to misunderstanding the nature of the book. In Boston, for instance, they were inclined to view the author's sympathies as bound up with Lady Casterley and Barbara; whereas unfortunately his sympathies were entirely (though kept in hand) on the side of Mrs. Noel and Courtier. The Boston ladies, whose model is the Roman matron, regarded Mrs. Noel as a "vampire woman!!" Well! Well!

To return to our chronology:

The first week of April was devoted to *The Little Dream*, and was spent for the most part at Manchester, conducting rehearsals, and meeting various friends, including Arnold Bennett. Two nights were snatched in London; then Galsworthy returned north, staying at Knutsford and coming in to Manchester daily.

An important part in the production was played by Miss Margaret Morris, who not only participated in the play herself, but supplied all the children employed in the play from her School of Dancing, in which Galsworthy was always much interested. This was natural in one who once said that a little child dancing was perhaps the most beautiful spectacle in life.<sup>1</sup>

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

MIDLAND HOTEL,  
MANCHESTER.

April 5, 1911.

DEAREST MABS,—I have the tickets for the 15th. The little play is promising better than I hoped; the Seelchen is perfect—dances good—music could not be better. Seen to-day dimly lighted the mountain group was beautiful—remains to be seen how it will look when the light brightens; but anyway the faces are quite fine, though we've had a struggle with them. They are all working with a will and little von B. is as pleased as Punch—*très content*. I owe you a great debt for getting me this music; the greatest stroke of theatrical luck I am ever likely to have. . . .  
—Your loving JACK.

There were the usual worries and depressions; on the 14th April, the day before the first performance, the diary records:

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. the letter to Major J. W. Hills, M.P., of March 12th, 1914, in the correspondence.

Rehearsal in afternoon. Mechanics rehearsal in evening *very* bad. Most gloomy journey out to Knutsford. Things (mechanics and lighting) looking hopeless.

But the tradition was verified, and all was right on the night.

*Saturday, April 15th.*—Day of *The Little Dream's* first performance; in to early rehearsal. Last lighting rehearsals in afternoon. Ada brought in my things for dressing. Mab, Lily, Mrs. Bruckman arrived for performance; things looked fairly gloomy. We all dined at German restaurant. Madame Pogosky, Mab, Lily, Mrs. B., Ada, Bartels, self. Performance very good and a great success. Many calls. Returned with Ada, alone.

He wrote to Professor Murray, Edward Garnett, Ralph Mottram:

We have been at Manchester and at Knutsford (thereto close by) over the production of *The Little Dream*. It was very interesting work, and turned out quite a success. I had most of it on my hands. Irene Clark was quite charming as Seelchen.

*April 24, 1911.*

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Verily the spring—I hope it's in your blood. It would be in mine, if it were not for theatres and plays and all such-like indoorities. Yes, *The Little Dream* met with the enthusiastic approval of an audience who obviously didn't understand more than about 30 per cent. of it and couldn't hear, I should think, more than 60 per cent. It really was quite a good performance. Irene Clark was charming as Seelchen. Payne hovers on the brink of continuing it a third week, but I fancy that's due to the Shaw and Barrie plays. The music is absolutely right; it was a tremendous stroke of luck to get von Bartels. Mechanics made us all terrified to the very last minute—they're not well equipped at that theatre; but on the whole I enjoyed the production more than of any of my plays. I shall try and come to the Square; will you come back here for the night? We go to Devonshire next week. Hope you are all well.—Always yours, J. G.

. . . *The Little Dream*, though I think only understood by one in ten, impressed people, and was quite a success in its way. Anyway the little actress<sup>1</sup> got 7 bouquets and a full house at the last performance. London hangs back, naturally, being too bloated to take the slightest risk. I've only just finished a 3-Act play

<sup>1</sup> Irene Clark, who took the principal part of Seelchen.



that will please the super-tramp in you—old friend Ferrand appears.

Meanwhile, Galsworthy had started another "crusade." In *The Times* for April 7th had appeared a letter in which (with real foresight) he appealed against the use of aircraft in war. Following this up he drafted a formal protest, which, in connection with the International Arbitration League, was sent out to a large number of eminent people representative of the Arts, Religion, and Science. Eventually 220 signatures were obtained, but in France and Germany the movement received no support; and the ultimate effect was, as might have been expected, *nil*. But it was a fine and sincere gesture. Some very interesting letters thereon will be found among the Correspondence. It was at this period, too, that Galsworthy interested himself in the White Slave Traffic, though unobtrusively, and without making any public gesture.

After a stay in London, the Galsworthys went to Manaton during May. These weeks were spent in steady work on the two plays, the only interruptions being a dinner of the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Society, for which he stayed with John Drinkwater and at which he made a speech "without disgracing himself," and the revision of the story *The Two Looks* for *The English Review*. Of this the diary records: "This little story, originally *The Funeral*, has cost me more revision than anything I ever wrote, and is only so-so at the end." (When one remembers what has already been said about his habits of revision, the imagination boggles at the thought of what this story must have been through!) Then, in the middle of May, came an abortive effort:

*Tuesday, May 16th.*—Wingstone. Fine. Idle morning; unhappily trying to focus and find names for my new novel. At present it seems hopeless, as if I should never write another word. . . .

*Wednesday, May 17th.*—Beautiful day. Made a shot in the morning at the start of my new novel—it is to be *The Book of Youth*<sup>1</sup>—perhaps not that title—but an attempt to catch that phase of the life of man. . . .

*Thursday, May 18th.*—Beautiful day. Sat at new story all morning, but only achieved one page. Walked with Miss Campbell

<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps the germ of *The Dark Flower*.

to the top of Lustleigh Cleave, sat there and talked, and home, over the footbridge and through the woods. Novel after tea. After dinner Ada's songs and two stanzas of little new poem:

"Where do we go, brothers, etc."

That is all we hear of the novel. Galsworthy was, as he has recorded, at all times liable to occasional moods of depression with regard to his work (what writer is not?); in such a mood creative work is impossible, and now he wisely returned to his two plays. On the 23rd he records:

"Quite *desœuvré*. . . . Wrote not a word"; but next day found him: "after tea considering *The Patriots*." On the day after this he returned to town, and after a week more spent on *The Pigeon* moved on to Ilkley, and turned to the new work:

*Tuesday, June 1st.*—Lovely. Ilkley. Began the four-act play *The Patriots*. This play has been maturing two years.

One more day was given to *The Fugitive*, but by the 5th the first act was complete. Then, on the 7th:

After lunch left A. to finish her cure (for rheumatism) and travelled up to London. Read *Life of Sir W. Butler* all the way down. Suddenly accosted by the American youth who tried to sell me furs last August, and to whom I gave £15, moved by his piteous tale. I fear he's a bad fraud, or he surely wouldn't be here again. He had been to 14 Addison Road and got news of my return.

(So Mrs. Galsworthy had been right after all.) Having spent a week at Wingstone entertaining the Frank Lucases, Galsworthy returned to Ilkley via Addison Road. On the 18th he resumed *The Patriots*, and, with the interruption of a return to Manaton, finished the second act in ten days, going straight on to the third, which was written in a day and a half. On July 12th the whole play was completed. Then came two poems—*I ask*, and *Wind, Wind, Heather Gipsy*, the beginnings of an essay on Art, and (after their return to London) the sketch *A Christian*.

Now came three weeks in Ireland, which may best be described by extracts from the diary:

*Friday, July 28th.*—Gt. Southern Hotel, Killarney. Arrived about 12. First impression of Ireland the quaint raggedness of

the hedges, and the very nice beasts and houses, and the soft scattery niceness of the people. Good room in a good hotel with good grounds. Killarney very beautiful. . . .

*Sunday, July 30th.*—Killarney. Working at production of *The Pigeon*. Drove in jaunting-car (our first) to Muckcross Abbey, etc. Passed some boys and girls dancing on a little wooden platform by the road side. Their behaviour was quite beautiful. The Irish are "gents" compared to the English. More work on *The Pigeon*.

*Monday, July 31st.*—Killarney. Work on *The Pigeon*. Long jaunting-car drive (such a nice driver—same as Sunday) to the Robber's Den. Met the funeral of a Limerick policeman—fully 60 carts (farm carts). Back about 5. Work on *The Pigeon*.

*Tuesday, August 1st.*—Killarney to Killaloe. Through Limerick, where we had a half-hour drive—a disconsolate town. . . . So many pretty children in Ireland; and everybody has nice manners. . . . Talked with two nice Irish girls and their mother and their 13-year old spaniel dog.

*Wednesday, August 2nd.*—Wet. Killaloe to Recess Hotel, Connemara. . . . Fishing hotel full of condemned English of the correct breed. Quaint old Neanderthal-skulled Irishman and his daughter dine at same table with us, and are quite nice.

*Thursday, August 3rd.*—Connemara. . . . Work on *The Pigeon*. Evenings are rather bluggy owing to chatter of fishing sahibs and their females.

(The reference to skulls is a symptom of Galsworthy's interest at this time in anthropology and the origin of species. He pursued his studies practically as well as theoretically, using all his friends as subjects, and carrying about with him a pair of callipers which he would instantly produce at their approach, and measure their skulls.)

The next five days were spent in the same place, working on *The Pigeon* and *The Eldest Son* and exploring the neighbourhood. Then, after a night in Dublin, which they liked, they moved on to Cushendun in the Glens of Antrim, to stay with John Masefield and his wife. Here they spent eight days, of which the following entries are typical:

*Saturday, August 12th.*—Worked a little, wrote letters; bathed; walked. Read them *The Pigeon* after dinner.

*Sunday, August 13th.*—Bathed, lazed, strolled with Jan. Felt a little faint at dinner. Jan read his narrative poem *The Widow of the Bye Street*—first rate.

On the 18th they proceeded to Stranraer, where they found that there was no railway connection with London, owing to a crippling railway strike. They therefore made "a virtue of necessity, and at great expense motored to London"—a run of 400 miles or so—stopping the night at Borough Bridge on the way.

Life flowed on uneventfully, in London, at Picket Post in the New Forest, and at Wingstone, the most noteworthy incidents of this period being a chance encounter with George Moore, and a visit to "the Follies" with his wife and Granville-Barker:

A rather poor burlesque skit on Ibsen, Shaw, Granville-Barker, and self. At least Shaw, Ibsen, and H. G.-B. not badly hit off, but very little about me that I could trace. And anyway why try and dump me into that *galère*—me who have no affinity at all with either Ibsen or Shaw.

(Galsworthy did not always see humour in skits on himself.)

The essay *Vague Thoughts on Art* was finished in the rough, and the usual work of revision of the plays went placidly on. On September 19th we find the note:

"Determined to publish vol. of Poems next spring," and from this date he was busy for the next week on poems as well as on *The Patriot* (as it henceforth figures in the diary).

At the end of September they returned to London, and Galsworthy spent a week-end at Overstrand, with Sir James Barrie as a fellow-guest. But they were soon back at Manaton, and he resumed the poems and plays, not only revising what he had written, but also writing a number of new poems. In addition, between October 25th and 27th the sketch *My Distant Relative* was written, and, immediately after that, *Quality*, one of the best and best-known of his stories. On November 9th he noted: "News of Balfour's resignation. A good thing for the Tories underneath a seeming disaster." He wrote that day to Professor Murray:

Nov. 9, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I would be awfully grateful if you would glance at the revised *Fugitive* (very revised since you saw it);

and this other play, *The Patriot*. As to the first, without breaking up the whole mould, I don't think I can do more than touch it. As to the second, shall I pitch it into the fire?

I wonder if you'd let me, perhaps us, come to you on Tuesday 21st, for dress rehearsal of *Strife* on Wednesday, and possibly to stay over the performance on Thursday—if I can face it. Ada depends on our poor dog, who is getting so old. If he is well enough, she would love to come too.

We do hope you are well.—Always yours,

J. G.

In the middle of the month came a lightning tour in the north, during which he presided at Iden Payne's farewell dinner at Manchester, made a speech at Liverpool, and read a lecture to an audience of several hundred people at Sheffield, besides directing rehearsals of *Justice* at Liverpool and of *Strife* at Manchester. After one night at home he was back again, read a lecture to the Stockport Garrick Society, and was presented with a scroll making him an honorary member thereof. Next day he was rehearsing *The Silver Box* at Birmingham, and stayed the night, as before, with the John Drinkwaters. Then there were more rehearsals, and, by way of climax, after attending a performance of *Cophetua* and *The Fantasticks* by the Pilgrims, he "returned to London by 12.50 night train, arriving 3.50 a.m. Queer driving through a perfectly dead town. Arrived Addison Road 4.50." One is not surprised that next day he stayed in all day, "went to bed at ten, and had a good night." But the following day, after more rehearsals, he was off to Cambridge, where he read *Vague Thoughts on Art* at Newnham College before a very good audience of 300. Two days later he was at Oxford rehearsing the O.U.D.S. in *Strife*, and staying with the Murrays. The performance took place the subsequent evening and "went well on the whole. Bernard Shaw and Granville-Barker turned up from Cardiff, and we all sat together." *Strife* at Oxford and Manchester met "with success nearly equal to its first production"; *Justice* at Liverpool two weeks later "with fair success."

After a day or two in London, they were off to Wingstone for a week or so, leaving their spaniel Chris (now twelve years old) at Addison Road. During this stay he fitted in a week-end with the Eden Phillpotts at Torre, and wrote the poem *Autumn* and the sketch *Threshing*. Back in London, he had written two more poems

and another story, *The Black Godmother*, when there came a real tragedy:

*Tuesday, December 19.*—Addison Road. Chris is gone. Ada prostrate. Oh! so sad a day!

Of all the many dogs they were yet to own and to love, none was ever what Chris had been to them; none of them usurped his place in their hearts, nor, at his departure, left the same shattering sense of loss behind. To them indeed he was "the most wonderful dog that ever was." Everyone who has felt a wrench at his heart over a mere temporary separation from his pet, and everyone who has read *Memories*, Galsworthy's touching and beautiful tribute, will know something of what Chris took with him when he left his master; and many must have felt as did E. V. Lucas, who wrote to Galsworthy, when the volume including *Memories* appeared: "I turned at once to *Memories* and it made me cry. It is one of the beautiful things. I am giving a copy to the most tender-hearted dog lover that I know (after certain others) and he will cry too."

In a day or two the Galsworthys went down to Littlehampton, where he worked on the studies *The Grand Jury* and *Gone* and two poems, *Persia-Moritura* and *Hetaira*, also completing a revision of *The Patriot*. For the rest, he drove and walked with his wife, and in the evenings read; they met Israel Zangwill and had a pleasant lunch with him. Finally, on the last day of the year, a foggy Monday, they returned to London.

The year's output is recorded by Galsworthy as usual: three plays, eight essays, stories, and studies; twenty poems; and the re-writing of five more.

## CHAPTER X

### 1912: FOREIGN PARTS: *THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY*, *THE ELDEST SON*

JANUARY 1912 was spent almost entirely in rehearsing *The Pigeon*, and, except for two or three days at Littlehampton, was passed at Addison Road. One sketch, *Romance: Gleam II*, belongs to this month; otherwise the only event of note is a meeting with Henry James at tea with Hugh Walpole. On the 30th *The Pigeon* was produced at the Royalty Theatre, but the Galsworthys, though they were in London, stayed away from the performance; they were busy packing for departure from London the next day.

Dined with Mother, Mab, and Tom at Piccadilly Hotel. We went home, not seeing the performance. Lily, Mab and Tom came round to Addison Rd. after the performance with news. Half success.

The critics were more than usually contradictory, not only about the merits of the play, but also about those of the acting. *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph* were especially enthusiastic, and the *World* and *Eyewitness* printed discerning notices; but for the most part their colleagues were puzzled as to the intention of the play, and the general attitude was that, while there were humour and solid characterization, the piece as a whole was scrappy and inconclusive: and what exactly did Mr. Galsworthy mean?

The following letters give us the reactions of the author himself and of some of his friends; Hugh Walpole, Herbert Trench, Sir Martin Harvey and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy also wrote warmly.

We must first, however, make a slight retreat in point of time, and return to the autumn of 1911; for Professor Murray had, as usual, been given the opportunity of reading the new work some months in advance. As usual, also, he had stimulating comments to make, but this time his judgment of the play as a whole had not been very favourable. But four months later, after the

production of the play, he wrote to Galsworthy about the chorus of praise which reached him from those of his friends who had seen it.

[*From Professor Murray*]

Oct. 8 [1911].

82 WOODSTOCK ROAD.

MY DEAR J. G.,—As I told you, I have been devilish indisposed, and this may have made me grumpy. But somehow *The Pigeon* does not seem to me to be up to your standard. I may be wrong altogether, and may be missing dozens of points that will come out on the stage. But I will pour out my abuse for what it is worth.

The dialogue [is] of course admirable: neat and clean and effective and completely unlaboured. I mildly suggest possible suppression of two phrases where I seemed to hear a lecherous snigger in the stalls. Characters: well, they seem to me, by your standard, a little stagey. (By ordinary standards they are right enough). Pigeon himself Dickensy, and Ferrand (though perhaps he is more real than I happen to know: you seem to have the same man in *The Island Pharisees*) strikes me as a rôle, not a man. Professor, Magistrate and Parson—too much mere caricatured types, though I admit I was startled at the Prof.'s accepting rum for tea. Theme: well, I take it that your point is that, when we have done all we can in the way of social help and better legislation, etc., there still remain some unimprovable persons for whom the only thing is just to show them all the kindness you can—unreflecting and purposeless kindness—till they go finally to pot. That seems to me a good and moving theme, but two things in your treatment rather get on my nerves. One, the omnipresence of rum. I can stand Dicken's brandy-and-water because it belongs to that date, but nowadays the rum seems aggressive. Of course it helps you to your nice final curtain, but that does not need quite so much rum in Acts I and II. Second, the constant implication that the regular social workers and students are all imbeciles and their work useless, the only true and sensible way of loving your fellow-creatures being indiscriminate tips and general easy-going. I could only accept that thesis if it were put with savage despair. And I can't help feeling that your audience is already quite sufficiently prejudiced against serious social work. . . .

I jot down my impressions in this sharp way not because I think they are right, but because their existence may perhaps show that



you have not got your idea properly through. Perhaps again I am over-sensitive from having lived so much among people who were engaged in reforming drunkards and looking after "friendless girls," and so on. So that I may not be a good specimen of the public. Anyhow, sorry to grump so much.—Yours ever,

G. M.

Oct. 10, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.—It was jolly of you to grump out frankly, and I take it very well—believe me—always from you. Of course *The Pigeon* does bring out all that which the reforming instinct would and does consider unsound in me—all that sort of inherent disposition to believe that nothing's any good that doesn't come from oneself and from within, and to hold my tongue in my cheek at myself for trying to force my views on others. And secondly, of course, the conceiving mood of the play is nightmarish—almost fantastically satirical. And I think this really negatives your second point of the implication against social workers. The Prof., Parson and Magistrate are, of course, but *points of view*, not human beings, not even types. It would have meant another play to have vitalized them. You say you would have liked that other play, perhaps; but that one can always say of anything.

. . . You state what theme (as it were) there is correctly; except in so far as the play, being satire and nightmarish, must not be too rigorously scrutinized for definite meaning. My justification for taking the theme would be that the whole of modern tendency is to institutionalize everything. And that Institutionalism runs always the gravest danger of becoming inhuman; and ought to be informed of it occasionally; especially as it is the line of least resistance. The Magistrates, or rather the Hoxton point of view (not the same thing), of this life institutionalizes in its way as much as the Calway or the Bertley. The Wellwyns alone don't fail with the hopeless, but I think it's sufficiently indicated that they fail with everything that requires sustained effort.

As to rum: I didn't mean it seriously, or to have any point; it seemed natural on a cold night. The Professor's rum is a bit cheap anyway; I'll take that out, if you wish; but I thought it supplied perhaps just that touch of unverisimilitude that was wanted to prevent people trying to see themselves in the part—I mean—wanted to make it, what it is, a point of view, and not a person, or even a type.

Ferrand, I think, is the only person I ever lifted clean out of life—this, of course, is what you smell about him. He was a vagabond—dead now, poor fellow—of whom I saw a great deal about ten years ago. He was an exceptional vagabond in every way, and that's what makes him a voice; the spirit of vagabondage was expressed by him articulately. Most are not articulate.

But when all's said and done the play is satire, is nightmare, is decoration—and to myself justified only by being a doubting exposition of all the currents and cross-currents of feeling that one has in face of reform which is founded, after all, on the definite assumption by one human being of the right to act as if he were the superior of another, which something inside me is always tempting me to doubt. Dissolvent, you see. But then dissolvents are sometimes healthy, and perhaps just now this is. I shall try and restore your confidence with another play before long.

We are *so* sorry that you have been seedy. I do hope you're getting right again. And thanks again for being grumpy.—Always yours,  
J. G.

[*To Frank Lucas*]

Feb. 14, 1912.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR FRANK,—. . . We have not seen the *The Pigeon* except at dress rehearsal—a good one. The bird was a great worry to get off the ground, and when it flew it did not fly faster than the critics' lead, slow as that was. It will yet perhaps get across the boundary, but it will have to buck up this week to do so. If only the blooming politicians would go and take their blooming wives. And to think that I shall never write so "popular" a play again.

We shall probably be back at the end of the month.

We long to see you both, and send you love.—Always yours  
affect.,  
J. G.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

Oct. 10, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,—. . . In regard to my plays: It may perhaps be as well to bear in mind that I am not a reformer—only a painter of

pictures, a maker of things—as sincerely as I know how—imagined out of what I have seen and felt. The sociological character of my plays arises from the fact that I do not divorce creation from life; that, living and moving, feeling and seeing amongst real life, I find myself moved now and then—not deliberately and consciously—to present to myself the types, and ideas, and juxtapositions of life that impinge on my consciousness, and clarify it all out in the form of a picture.

Each of the plays *The Silver Box*, *Strife*, *Justice*, and *The Pigeon* of course incarnates a main idea. *The Silver Box*, that 'one law for the rich, another for the poor' is true, but not because society wills it so, rather, in spite of society's good intentions, through the mere mechanical wide-branching power of money. *Strife*, that the sword perishes by the sword—the extravagant strong-willed type meeting the extravagant strong-willed type exhaust themselves and are snowed under by the sheer weight of mediocrity. Please note that in *Strife* the fatal thing is strong will minus self-control and balance—in other words, it's an illustration of the predestined doom of *ἰβρις*—violence, rather the notion of the old Greeks.

*Justice*, that Justice is a blind Goddess in the hands of men—quite unable to fit punishment to crime—a disproportionate creature—blundering along in obedience to the herd instinct to stamp out, and protect [itself] from the weak and diseased.

*The Pigeon*, that we are all human beings and not physiological specimens, and all reform uninspired by sympathy and understanding is dead wood in our tree. I called this play a fantasy, because it was fantastic in its conception—a sort of nightmare that must present itself to anyone who sees and thinks deeply about this question of reform. It is purely naturalistic in treatment—in technique.

But though each of these plays incarnates a main idea, they have their inception in observation of human nature in contact with life—they are not sermons deliberately written; at least, if they are I know nothing of the processes of my own mind.

The deeper symbolism of *The Little Dream* is so personal to me, so intimate, that I rather despair of making it clear in prose.

It would help you to grasp it if you read the first poem, *A Dream*, in my *Moods, Songs and Doggerels* (Heinemann). My view of the universe is that of a perpetual conflict between opposing principles, dark and light, life and death, ebb and flow—even in mathematics you have it: thus one law says that in 1000 tosses a coin will average 500 heads, 500 tails. Yet if you spin a coin and it comes

down heads ten times running, it will still by another law have an equal chance of coming down heads the eleventh time.

Between these conflicting principles in nature there is a mysterious and by us not to be appreciated point of reconciliation.

In moral and spiritual spheres there is just this same perpetual state of conflict through which the human mind and spirit travels towards the mysterious Harmony, which stills and reconciles this conflict.

The little soul in my play is passing through this world of conflict (typified by Lamond and Felsman as Town and Country: Civilization and wild nature: adventure and peace) on her way to the unknowable, mysterious and everlasting reconciliation or Harmony.

I hope this will help you.—With all good wishes, I am, Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

On January 31st, then, the Galsworthys went to Paris, where he wrote his preface to *Bleak House* which appears in the Waverley Edition of the works of Dickens, then on to Grasse and Beaulieu. From Grasse they went over to Cannes to see the Arnold Bennetts, who returned the visit; and on their way to Beaulieu, passing through Nice, they coincided with the Battle of Flowers, which Galsworthy dismissed as "tomfoolery." The most important events of this trip, however, were the beginning, on February 7th, of *The Dark Flower* (which he started with the second part, *Summer*),<sup>1</sup> and the decision to go to America for some four months or so to produce *The Pigeon* in New York, and then travel about. Pausing only for the final excitement of a visit to the casino at Monte Carlo, where between them they lost £2, they posted back to England.

MY DEAR G. M. (he wrote on the 22nd to Professor Murray). Lo! We are going to America on Saturday, to partake in production of *The Pigeon*, thence about March 27 to Japan. *Keep it dark* till I've got to N.Y. March 2. *But when do you reach those States?* Send me a wire or postcard to Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. It would be jolly for us to see you. . .—Always yours,  
J. G.

After a few days of active preparation they boarded the SS. *Campania*, en route for the New World, on February 24th, only a week from the day on which they had decided to go. "Ship 12,900 tons: smallest

<sup>1</sup> Whether the whole novel, *qua* novel, was at that time projected in J. G.'s mind is uncertain.

of the Cunard fleet," noted Galsworthy. "We have a good cabin, and servants are excellent."

The whole voyage (he continues), was the apotheosis of monotony. One has got much too accustomed to employing one's time to tolerate the inaction. Brain work impossible to me owing to movement. We both took Mothersill and neither of us have been ill; though it has been an ordinary winter Atlantic crossing. Slept a great deal at first.

He wrote again to Professor Murray:

Feb. 28, 1912.

R.M.S. *Campania*.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I hope we may see you. We did have the notion of going on to Japan, but this voyage has bored us so that it seems impossible to face seventeen days on the Pacific. If then we don't go on we'll look for you on the 29th of March. Our address will be:

Charles Scribners,  
153-157 Fifth Avenue,  
New York.

I suppose I've got out of the way of steamer travelling, but the enforced and utter vacuum is appalling. I am reading *The Moonstone* for the third time—it seems to be the only thing I can do except eat Mothersill, and Ada is in the same condition.

Our love to you all.—Yours always,

J. G.

On the morning of March 3rd they reached New York, where he "escaped all reporters but one. This unfortunate encounter brought on me a pack of others during the next week." *The Pigeon* was

found to be in rather queer condition. Fourteen hours' rehearsal the first day, and afterwards a week's close attention to business, coming on top of an honest foundation, produced a good result at the Little Theatre, 44th Street (Winthrop Ames, proprietor), of which it was the first play.

The Diary records that exhaustive (and doubtless exhausting) rehearsal:

New York. Rehearsed *The Pigeon* from noon till two at night. It improved wonderfully, especially the second act. We went through each act three times.

By a curious arrangement there were no less than three *premières*, and after he had fetched his wife from Lakewood, New Jersey, where she had been spending a week to "get fat," they went to the second, which "went very well and took the audience. Ames gave us and the Company a very jolly supper afterwards."

His wife had obeyed her instructions faithfully.

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

THE WOLCOTT,  
THIRTY-FIRST STREET,  
BY FIFTH AVENUE,

March 12.

NEW YORK.

DEAREST MABS,—We are having a brisk, hustling, merry time! Jack has been interviewed about sixty times, I should think; the whole of this morning has gone that way, but they are very decent and really stick to what he says, for the most part.

I've been undertaking a mild rest cure in a jolly country place among pines, and calmly added 11 lbs. to my weight in the week. Came in yesterday afternoon, and last evening we attended a sort of first night of *The Pigeon* in New York feathers. In my humble opinion it is *very* much better than in London, but Jack does not go with me in my transports. They were so very bad when he first tackled them that I think he is unable to see them as they now are. They all play with so much heart, they convey the threads to the audience (and you know they sometimes are rather knotty and snappy). As for their broken sentences picked up by another speaker, by-play, and all that sort of thing, I thought them quite wonderful. Ferrand gave an ideal performance; I doubt if he could be as good every time as last night.

It was a quite enthusiastic audience. Jack made an excellent little speech, and this new little theatre is the prettiest thing you ever dreamed of.

We go to Boston on Thursday till the following Tuesday, then south to Washington and Virginia, then New Orleans, California, Salt Lake, Chicago, New York, and home to Wingstone in mid-May.

Do excuse a hustly letter, this is the 18th this morning, and there are others! . . .—Ever lovingly,

ADA.

The Press was, with few exceptions, very favourable, and its verdict may be summarized in a headline of the *New York Times*: "Has Humor and Heart-Beat."

On the 15th they went on to Boston, where the "Tavern Club

gave me a lunch; I made a little speech." Five days later they were back in New York, but next day moved on to Chicago, and thence to the Grand Canyon, managing to put in a little work on *The Patriot* in the train.

On the way to Chicago both husband and wife plied their pens:

[*To Professor Murray*]

March 20, 1912.

ON TRAIN TO CHICAGO.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Though we have abandoned the notion of Japan we felt we must see the Grand Canyon, California, and New Orleans, so we shan't be back in the East till about April 25, on which day I expect to fetch up at Natural Bridge, Virginia, for a week to see Virginian life, then a day or two of Washington, and back to New York, May 4. We sail, May 11th, on the *Titanic* (White Star—45,000 tons) which puts us off at Plymouth. I'm afraid you'll have gone before all this, but if it's at all possible do let's catch a glimpse of you. Why not take the *Titanic* if that's about your date of return? If so, book at once, for she's new and popular. This country is full of good things to eat; there are also Professor Baker, much hospitality and true politeness, a Venetian Palace with a real Giorgione, and a most lovely *little* Raphael (Mrs. Jack Gardiner's at Boston), a queer melancholy fascination about the negro faces; and above all the East Side streets in New York between 6 and 8 p.m.—the broad-faced swarming vitality there—don't miss it.

You must see Ames's Little Theatre, where there is quite a nice version of *The Pigeon* being given.

We got rather to like New York.

The best address I can give you is:

Thomas Cook,  
515 South Spring Street,  
Los Angeles, California.

which will be our travelling headquarters till, say, April 15th.

We send you both affectionate greetings, and much hope that we may meet.—Always yours,  
J. G.

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

March 20.

ON TRAIN TO CHICAGO.

DEAREST MABS,—If you'd been leading our life, even you wouldn't be able to tell if you had written home that *The Pigeon*

was and is most successful, beautifully acted in quite the prettiest little theatre in the world. Jack had some very tough days rehearsing, but the company were so willing, and the result is wonderful. A good deal better than in London, in my opinion. Interviewers have not been at all unprincipled; they have been simply legion, all day and every day, but what they made of the information has been in the main quite good and truthful. This was a great comfort—and surprise. I took a week's laziness at Lakewood, a pleasant place in New Jersey among the pines. Jack came out and rested when he could, and we came in for the first night of the play. It was crammed, enthusiastic, and he made a charming little speech. We had supper after with the theatre company, and I rose and made a speech of about ten words. New York is the brightest place, not only mentally; the air makes one feel as light as a feather. We were dined and lunched and spoiled generally, and went off to Boston last Friday, where the same sort of thing awaited us, only rather more so, as the time was shorter. Boston is much more like England, with a touch of Holland. . . .

We went to Harvard on Saturday afternoon, and to the symphony concert in the evening; a lovely orchestra, but nothing much in conducting. Max Fiedler. Perhaps he made them as good as they are, but his readings are no fun at all! On Sunday we saw the most wonderful collection of pictures in the only *palace* in the States—the property of Mrs. Jack Gardner—one of the loveliest early Raphaels, a Giorgione, a Masaccio, simply heaps of interesting work of every kind, and every date, from Italy to China, and put into the ideal setting, the house built to them, so to speak. Again dinners and lunches, and on Monday such a collection of Bostonian intellectuals at a tea, as I have hardly recovered from. Jack and I had rival courts! I'm so sorry *mine* was on the hearthrug. I feel his ought to have been, but these things happen before one knows. It felt rather like little von B. taking the middle of the Gaiety stage after *The Little Dream*! Yesterday (Tuesday) morning we left Boston, and between trains at New York went to see a new play, then began our journey to Chicago, which is still going on, as you can see by my writing.

Life is terribly interesting over here; not really difficult to see into, I think, and so alive and clever. I expect Chicago will be rather a staggerer, but we are told Jack is more widely read there than anywhere else. I expect they are frightened not to be up-to-date, and there certainly is a most appreciative world for him over this side. They quote his books and poems by the page!



After repeating their plans for the remainder of their stay, which included a visit to the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson, the letter continues:

Again I don't know (having no memory) if you knew of the plan to go on to Japan. Anyhow, we have abandoned it, being unable to face the terrible tedium of 17 days at sea. It is not the sickness, we had none, but that horrible feeling of the heart of the world having stopped beating, no threads, all cut round the miserable little ship all alone in that really hideous, infernal, scandalous waste, the Atlantic. I loathed it and always should; he too. So if ever we go to Japan it will be by other ways. . . .

Jack is hoping to get some quiet writing done, perhaps at one of the Californian places, or in Virginia. His book of poetry comes out *chez* Heinemann on March 21 or 22, and here a little later. He had to give up the title *Wild Oats*, it having been recently used. It is now called, as originally planned, *Moods, Songs, and Doggerels*. . . .

We are steaming through a snowy blizzard, and are beginning to wonder if we shall get in to-night. . . .—Ever most lovingly,  
ADA.

On the 26th they arrived at the Grand Canyon, Arizona:

The most wonderful sight and masterpiece of Nature in the world, I think. Morning and afternoon, walking and gazing at that marvellous, mysterious, beautiful, rhythmic piece of shifting form and colour.

Next day:

Rode with A. down into the Canyon on mules. Seven hours' steep riding. Interesting, but better to stay on the top. Sublimity is lost as you go down.

A day or two later they were in San Francisco, where

In evening we counted 150 passers-by in the hotel corridor, of whom only three—a lady with a double chin, a little boy, and a Chinaman—were passably good-looking.

Here, too, he

Met old Saugeen school friend, Charlie Street. who showed me photos of self, Father and Mab. Very quaint.

After a night at the Del Monte, Monterey, they moved on to Santa Barbara, on the journey to which Galsworthy began the second part of *For Love of Beasts*, and finished it the next day; during the next week or so he wrote the famous *Memories*, a poem *Aspiration*, the third part of *For Love of Beasts*, and revised *The Fugitive*. After this came *Magpie on the Hill*, which was finished at Los Angeles, "very unlike its name, a crowded, rather loafing, modern city." Here he "had news of the *Titanic* disaster. Truly awful!" (The boat by which they had proposed to return. . . .)

He was apparently acquiring a defensive technique, for he notes: "Avoided reporters in this town for the first time. Hard work doing it." On the 17th they took train for New Orleans, travelling through Arizona and New Mexico. "Fine desert of country—rather enjoyable;" Texas—"dismal desert country at first, then green and fertile;" and Louisiana—"green and swampy." On the journey he worked at his *Meditation on Finality*.

At New Orleans:

Drove with Ada in little Victoria—darky driver—all through the "old-time" places and cemeteries. St. Louis Hotel in ruins—most poignant. Old French market and surroundings, very interesting and dirty. Great poverty and general slovenliness.

Next day:

Began *That Old-Time Place*. Drove again with our talkative nice old darkie through the prosperous residential parts. Some very good houses. Saw "old Southern homes." Train to Washington at 8 p.m.

In the train:

Through Georgia and South Carolina. Some of the most charming country we have seen. Trees all coming green—great variety—red soil—quite beautiful all day—the wild cherry lighting up the woods. Finished *That Old-Time Place*.

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

ON ROWTE (as they say here)  
TO WASHINGTON.

April 23.

DEAREST MABS,—We were so glad to get your news at New Orleans, where we spent two days. We were so limp with the

damp heat there (grey thick-soup heat) that all we did was to drive leisurely in a little horse victoria, very comfortable, and learn reams about New Orleans history and people and every mortal thing concerning it, from a most delightful old—well—Quadroon, I suppose, who drove and talked all the time. It's half-and-halfer, a most queer place, and we are glad to have been there. The first thing we halted at was the old slave-market, built for an hotel, with slave-pen and auction counter put in, as we nowadays would add a department for buying railway tickets, etc., I imagine. Then it was used as a House of Legislature, then again, "after the war," as hotel and sort of apartment house, gradually decaying, but in use up to 1898. The hand-wrought metal work, black and white marble floors, bas-reliefs of various worthies, the name of the last slave-auctioneer painted above the counter, all are there or partly there, and water drips and drips, and papers peel, and scrap-heaps of odds and ends abound, and across the broken marble floor stalked an old horse to meet us! His stable was among it all, somewhere. For gruesome unfaked melancholy I've never seen anything like it.

The best music (except for the Boston Philharmonic) we've heard was in the New Orleans hotel—just four; violin, viola, 'cello, and piano, the better half of their winter orchestra, which numbers eight: such beautiful delicate playing—and they seem to play nearly all day and every day—nothing short of a miracle how they can keep such quality. They're French and Italian of course! (that is, *not* American in any sense). I've come to the conclusion that the American is, roughly speaking, the most unmusical of natures. Rhythm they've got, but nothing else—and rhythm has been so worked and worried that it is almost come to being non-rhythm.

I think you have all Grand Canyon, San Francisco, Santa Barbara news from a letter to Lilybird. The memory of the first will never leave us. From Santa Barbara we went to Los Angeles, which is a big, noisy, ugly town, out of which one can't *see*. Pasadena, ten miles away, is a charming, villa-built sort of place, growing tremendous quantities of oranges, nice for staying at, but not so nice as Santa Barbara. The journey to New Orleans meant three nights in the train. . . .

Jack is working a good deal. Santa Barbara instituted the habit of a morning full of work again, and it has continued. He has the most wonderful letters and appreciations from all sorts and places; one feels that (over here) they are just longing to

make a spiritual leader of him! and a little hurt if they don't see signs of his stepping on to his throne! . . .

Georgia (through which the train is marching) is more like England than anything yet, in spite of dark visages. The earth is very red, and the foliage looks like our spring green. The fear is that "the South" will soon be too prosperous, i.e. the good-looking country to be covered with cotton factories and dirty chimneys, sidings and scrap-iron, and boilers.

We sail on May 11th, not, alas! on the *Titanic* as intended and booked, but on the *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm* of N. German Lloyd, which also goes to Plymouth.

We have had, as yet, no adventures in travelling, though on the Mexican frontier, along which we sped, we "sensed" that the train was being looked after by a few heroes in khaki whom we had on board. At the frontier place Mexican rebels had made two attempts to blow up the bridge, and they held a town a few miles away, but we saw nothing particular. The Mississippi, which promised to flood New Orleans, has more or less expended itself higher up, so we move along "between the drops."

We've just heard that *The Pigeon* was a tremendous success in Glasgow. Eleven "curtains" at the end of performance on the first night. This may be very old news to you, but we only got the wire at New Orleans. We don't know yet if the poems are out, either in London or here; but imagine Scribner awaits Heinemann's date for publishing. . . .—Ever your,                      ADA.

At Washington they led a busy and social life:

*Friday, April 26.*—Washington. (Slight attack of lumbago.) Wrote *For Love of Beasts*, IV. Went with A. to baseball match. 'Ra! 'Ra! The queerest exhibition . . . you ever saw. Evening in. Bed early.

*Sunday, April 28.*—Washington. *For Love of Beasts*. With A. out to Chevy Chase Club to lunch with Mitchell Innes the *Chargé d'Affaires*. Met there Borden, the Canadian Premier, and his wife and a Miss Cameron. I walked back with M. Innes whom I liked very much. After dinner we went to his house and met various ambassadors and sich-like, also young Lord Eustace Percy of the Legation—a nice fellow, and Senator Lodge, whom I like immensely—best type of American, and so kindly and honest.

*Monday, April 29.*—Washington. *For Love of Beasts*. Drove out and saw the St. Gaudens statue of grief. The most beautiful

piece of sculpture since the Renaissance. A wonderful thing. Noble. Simple. Great. . . .

*Tuesday, April 30.*—Washington. Senator Lodge took us to a sitting of the *Titanic* Disaster Commission. A queer jumbled business. We heard the unfortunate Ismay give his evidence very quietly and well. The system and public is to blame for the miserable calamity; and, of course, the same public is **all** agog to fix the blame on some unhappy shoulders.

Tea with Mrs. Lodge. To the *Trovatore* at the Opera. Phew! what rococo!

*Wednesday, May 1.*—Washington. *For Love of Beasts*. Lunched with the Camerons, and we went with them to see Washington's old home, Mount Vernon—Charming. Dined with the Byards. Various admirals . . . at dinner.

*Friday, May 3.*—Washington. Finished 6th *For Love of Beasts*. Went with Ada to Richmond, Virginia, by train. Drove about there, an untidy modernizing town with a lovely smell of tobacco and a fine site. Back by train to Washintgon. Packing. Have enjoyed this Washington—a leafy place.

On the 4th they returned to New York, where he met President Roosevelt for a few minutes: "He is full of vitality and has for me no charm." He met Theodore Dreiser at dinner, and attended the Night Court. "Revolted with all my heart at that barbarous thing. We have no right to touch these women with the penalties of the Law." On the 9th they boarded the SS. *Baltic*—"Fine steady ship, 24,000 tons. Good cabin"—where they found the Gilbert Murrays—"A great blessing having them on board." Next day they sailed:

The record of this voyage is simply working at revision of *The Patriot*; *The Fugitive*; *For Love of Beasts*; *Memories*; Reading; Talking; Eating; Sleeping. Nothing eventful occurs. We are not seasick, having taken Mothersill. The weather is fine on the whole.

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

*May 16.*

S.S. *Baltic*.

DEAREST MABS,—We are now a week on board, and expecting to arrive in Liverpool late to-morrow night, landing on Saturday early, and making off to Wingstone the same day. This is a large,

stiff, steady boat, not fast, but yesterday and to-day she is wallowing somewhat.

The Murrays are here, and a great comfort as companions. The[y] are pretty good sailors, but not heartlessly good.

I can't remember where my last news was from, but will risk saying we enjoyed Washington *very* much, staying there ten days and meeting many interesting folk. Then we had from Saturday till Thursday in New York, as busy as we could well be with police courts, lunches, dinners, Roosevelt, and others.

I should always be ready to come across again, in spite of the senseless size of the Atlantic. . . .

These plans were duly accomplished, and, "the country looking beautiful," they reached the beloved Wingstone in the evening of May 18th, and "found shoals of letters."

The note-book records Galsworthy's more general impressions of America and the Americans at this date:

Found a curious state in America of aspiration towards good literature and art, but practically no present production of it. Success still the standard, not the thing for thing's sake, but success meaning less perhaps monetary success than it did. Terrible disposition to short cuts in everything, especially among dramatists. Drama in the hands of commercial Jews mainly, and no one making resolute front against this. No central radiating point for Art of any kind. New York trying but not yet succeeding. Therefore no standard. At the same time much apparent wish for change, to judge by talk. Found politics in a most interesting state. Just hesitating on edge of chasm between the old Republican *v.* Democratic parties—now academic, dead—and new state of Capital *v.* Labour: hesitating to jump, but will jump. Roosevelt's new policy, in which he doesn't properly believe, cannot fail to disrupt everything and drive politics to this new departure. . . . Anything may happen here in the next twenty years. In fact, America very much at the mercy, during this next generation, of the chance outcrop of some men of genius—failing this, in a bad way spiritually. Lack of roots everywhere more and more, instead of less and less, apparent. Curious phenomenon, superficially; but natural considering the speeding-up of communications and increased drifting tendency of the population. New England traditions snowed under, Southern traditions mainly broken up, movement a whirl of everything everywhere, on the top.

For the rest of May, on through the whole of June, and into July the time passed peacefully and quite uneventfully at Wingstone. All this time Galsworthy was working at *Summer* for *The Dark Flower*, which had been on the stocks since February, and as recreation they rode a great deal. The most exciting events were the purchase of a horse for Mrs. Galsworthy to ride, and a fall that she had through her new Mexican saddle slipping. It was "a great shock," but she was able to ride home, and was out again in the saddle the next day. One note of the diary during this period is striking:

A very brutal letter on Masfield's long poems in *Saturday Review*.

Mem: Never to let fools of 3-hen power minds and bitter pens disturb one's equanimity.

On July 13th:

Saw one B——, author of sketch called *The Fugitive*; made arrangement with him that he should not use the title and paid him £25 for same.

It was also the second day of the Eton and Harrow match, which he duly attended, only to see Harrow beaten: "When," he wrote sadly, "will they ever win?"

On the 15th they left England again, bound this time for their old haunt Cortina, which they reached in three days' time.

This is the record of a month at Cortina: Work every morning and tea to dinner at *Summer*; finished it, revised it, and re-revised it. Then took up *The Patriot* (*The Lost Cause* as it will be called); rewrote much of Acts I and II and thorough revision. Revised proofs of *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Wrote about two-thirds of a paper called *Some Awkward Remarks* on the new movement in drama for reading at Bradford, Huddersfield, and perhaps Oxford. Revised *For Love of Beasts* for pamphlet form. Wrote two chapters of the first story in *The Dark Flower*, to be called *Spring*. On the whole a good month's work for a holiday.

Had a good deal of worrying correspondence over a Payne Darragh cycle of my plays for the autumn, which ultimately fell through. Took a walk every day of two to three hours, and, some days—about eight—took whole day for long walks. Did Drei Zinnen hutte; Tondi di Floria; Crepe di Zumeles; Nuvolau; Pieve and Auronzo; home via Tre Croci—14 hours, 50 miles—20 foot, 30 carriage; the Pfalzgauer hutte; Slopes of Cristallo.

Weather very uncertain and thundery; but the hay harvest going on, and everything sweet.

Some nice people—a Todd family abroad: a Colonel Olivier, brother of Sydney Olivier. A Miss Kingsland with the Todds, with really beautiful eyes, a nice girl. Mostly, however, the people were a poor lot. Why are the bourgeoisie, Italian especially, so inferior to the peasantry in looks and manners? This comment on our civilization is unpleasant.

The last day of their stay was his birthday: "I am forty-five. Confound it!" Next day found them at Brennerbad, where

I scrambled up the hill at the back and down again in two hours and a quarter. Quite an athletic feat. On the whole we are both still as good walkers as we were.

[*To R. H. Sauter*]

BAYRISCHER HOF,  
MUNICH.

*Aug. 19, 1912.*

DEAREST "OLD MAN" RUDO,—Talk of handwritings with a German nib, and a morning of Paulo post futurism pictures in one's gizzard; and mine is never of your copperplate clarity! Here endeth the German nib—enter a groggy old English "J."

It was a jolly screed you wrote me and more than I deserved, especially all those "paulo posts." You seem to have been having a fine time. We also. Left Cortina on Thursday and stayed on the Brenner Pass for two days. Whilst there I was tempted to scramble up a grass hill as steep as bejiggered, and high as—as—and now I'm as stiff as a rocking horse. It was so steep that I lost my hold several times coming down, and glissaded on my face 30 or 40 yards at a time, for all the clawing in the world would not stop me. However I did not go over the precipices that were about, as luck would have it. You've no idea—unless you've tried—how helpless you feel gathering speed all the time. Now we are here till Tuesday, when we train to Ostend to stay there till Thursday night and then go back to London.

Tell your respected Father that we dine with the von Bartels to-night, and expect to put our feet into it. Your captious Aunt loved your letter and the illustrionings.<sup>1</sup> She says she ain't captious. She also sends her love and wishes she were having a

<sup>1</sup> Almost illegible.



THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

month with you all on the Riffelberg. So do I. Instead I'm going to have a front tooth put in, and write a blooming tale.

Oh! me. Pause, while I change my cunning clothes for the dark and respectable garments of high life.

We have dined with the von Bartels and drunk beer, sauterne, claret, port and champagne all at once.

We shall not be happy unless you and your respected Mother come to us at Wingstone sometime this autumn, when your Poppa is reposing in the Rhineland.

Oh! Gee! the Americans abroad—ain't they nuts!

Forgive this unworthy answer to your high-brow proposition; and record me, my dear old man, Your loving but curious,

UNC.

To these days belong the following letters. The two latter, especially, offer remarkable and convincing proof of his sagacity and sanity in regard to things both of the world and of the spirit.

[*To R. H. Mottram*]

HOTEL CRISTALLO,  
CORTINA.

*Aug. 12.*

MY DEAR RALPH,—. . . You pay me a great compliment and make a very rash request in your letter to Ada. Do you seriously think the subject would interest you, after the first glow had worn off. I do not think it is right for you to undertake it as it were in hot blood, not, that is, without a real feeling of certainty that it would not become a great bore. As far as I am concerned, I should like no one as well, and no one is more likely to understand me or to be more thoroughly sympathetic and at the same time incisively intelligent. As to biographical detail, that would be in any case out of the question; biographies during the life of the party concerned are odious, I think, and he had better be dead before anyone knows whether he should be biographed. Curiously enough a man whom I don't know wrote to me three days ago and asked if I had any objection to his writing a critical study of my plays and novels, to be published in book form. He wanted biographical details as well. I replied that I could not give biographical particulars, but that I could, of course, not object to his writing a critical study of my work. Since hearing of your wish I have written to him again to say that I hear there is another

study of my work in hand, but whether he will stay his mad career or not I cannot say, and whether you will do the same on hearing this, I know not at all.

Once more, if you do start, be quite certain that it amuses you.

We leave here on Thursday; so address 14 Addison Road.

Our love to you.—Always yours,

J. G.

[*To Dorothy Easton*]

BRENNERBAD,  
TIROL.

*August 16, 1912.*

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—What a terrible experience for you all! The sea is a cruel thing, and a treacherous; and yet it is so big and moving, that we forgive it over and over again, and forget its depths of impersonality. The poor Mother! I take it death is always terrible only to the living, who are left. I incline more and more to the feeling that to dwell on death and what comes after it, with anxiety and even with curiosity, is childish. We do not, or we should not, dwell on the hazard of each to-morrow with fear and trouble. Why then on that to-morrow which is death? For that particular to-morrow is only one more link in the chain of continuity—as obvious and necessary a link as is every fresh one of our sunrises and the day it brings. Whatever is, is right, whether it be extinction of our consciousness or persistence of our consciousness; or, as I suspect with you, something that is neither life nor death, as we know them.

But partings for the living left are real terror and sorrow, and one can only bow, and pity, and hope for the best. . . .—Yours always,

J. G.

[*To Mrs Sauter*]

*Aug. 14, 1912.*

CORTINA.

DEAREST BIRD,— . . . I've not seen Mrs. Fawcett's letter, and knew nothing of this change of policy of the non-militants.<sup>1</sup>

I incline to think it right in the main; I am only a little doubtful whether tactically they had not better have waited for the off-chance of carrying an amendment to the Voting Reform Bill.

It is sound (barring that) to ally with the Labour Party—for two reasons. First, the Labour Party are the only party solid for them. Second (and much more important) the Labour Party

<sup>1</sup> When the militant policy was adopted, Galsworthy's sense of proportion was offended, and, while remaining sympathetic to the cause, he refused to lend it any further support.

is going to play the part that the Nationalists played in the eighties, if I'm not much mistaken, and paralyse our party politics for some years to come. It will be a most potent alliance, and things may come of it all round. How far the Lady Carlisle and pukka Liberal lot will throw in their lot remains to be seen, however. If you have Mrs. F.'s letter send it on to me.

We shall see a Labour Government within twenty years, I expect.

The whole situation is intensely ironical now—especially over Home Rule and the Veto Bill. The Liberals made two great mistakes. They ought to have established a Second Chamber with real power (elected and automatically equalized between parties) instead of the Veto Bill. And they ought to have brought in Home Rule as part of a scheme of Home Rule for Scotland, Wales, Ireland, *and* Ulster. The quaint thing is that probably the only way out of the coil that is gathering will be for the *Tories* to bring in both these measures, which they detest.

The Liberal bolt is shot. They've done a lot of good work and one mustn't be too hard on them; and especially not on the woman question—it was the fortune of war that some of them were such staunch anti-suffragists. Can't blame them for sticking to their principles, even if they're bad 'uns. . . . J. G.

After a couple of days at Brennerbad they moved on to Munich, which he found "a pleasant town, but the people very plain"; and three days more found them at Ostend. By August 23rd they were back at Addison Road, where he settled down again to work. After a fortnight, of which the only incidents were toothache and a visit to the Conrads, they went to Manaton, where they stayed quietly on into October. All this time he was working on *Spring*, which was finished on October 13th; they had not left Wingstone except for one night in Manchester for the last night of *The Pigeon*. During this time, too, they motored over to Wembury with his brother Hubert and "saw the ancestral field." Immediately after the completion of *Spring* they returned to London, and then began a busy period of lectures and rehearsals. His lecture *Some Awkward Remarks* (written at Cortina) was duly given before the Playgoers' Society at Halifax and the Huddersfield Playgoers; he rehearsed *The Little Dream* at the Kingsway Theatre and *The Pigeon* at Liverpool: all this in the space of four days. On his way back in the train he notes a "long talk with a Tory lady" (some pearls

must have been dropped on that occasion!). Back in London, he took the chair at the Playgoers' Club for Miss Horniman, meeting E. F. Spence, the dramatic critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, rehearsed *The Eldest Son*, visited a number of slaughter-houses at Hampstead and Islington, saw Dr. Addison at the House of Commons on the subject, and met H. G. Wells in the Tube. Then north again to Liverpool and Ilkley for the dress-rehearsal and production of *The Pigeon*: "quite a good performance considering, and well received." During these days, too, he even found time to write an article on the slaughter of animals for food. On his return to London there were more rehearsals, and another visit to a slaughter-house.

[To Professor Murray]

Sept. 29, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.—How and where are you? I'm so glad you've finished the *Ædipus at Colonnus*; when is it to be seen?

We saw Rosalind in town just before coming down here. I would like to send her one or two introductions, but we haven't got her address. I expect, however, that she will soon meet everybody she wants to.

I have not much news—have been working pretty steadily at a rather original form of book. A sort of novel made up of three stories. I've also revised *The Patriot* (no longer called so) once more, and made certain considerable alterations. It's now better than it's been yet. *The Eldest Son* follows the *Voysey* at the Kingsway. And there is to be a fortnight of *The Little Dream* at the Court Theatre from Oct. 28, on. *The Pigeon* at Manchester to-morrow; and at Liverpool on Oct. 28th.

I feel unhappy when I think of poor Dennis. I say, what about Persia? Greetings from us both to you both.—Always yours,  
J. G.

[To Edward Garnett]

Nov. 15, 1912.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thanks, my dear fellow, for your good letter. I've got the plays back all right. I see by the way that I gave you unrevised copies—there was a good deal of revision in *The Patriot*, and is more now; for I'm revising very drastically. From the point of view of light and shade and character *The Fugitive* has it over the other, no doubt. But the other will have

four times the sheer emotional effect *when it's cleaned up*—if I can ever get anybody to play it. *The Fugitive* has in it barely enough drama for the stage. I get more and more to see how we literary folk misjudge that medium. It has all to be very strong, rather coarse, meat to get across those blankety footlights—not that I shall ever, I hope, emulate Mr. Melville. I've secured three dress circles for Nov. 23—*Eldest Son*.—Our love to you all, J. G.

Nov. 29, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thank you for your good letter. Freda was not perfect, too lachrymose, but there was great value about her—she kept your eyes on her, a great asset in that almost impossibly still part. She is Irish.

I didn't express myself well in my letter about *The Patriot*. What I mean is that we literary folk are inclined to think that any subject and any mood is fit for stage treatment if faithfully and subtly rendered. I quite agree that one must not stoop when once one has chosen one's subject, but I see more and more clearly that the subject and mood must be right, and that no treatment will make it carry if it isn't fit. It is no use playing to one man in ten in your audience—too great an irritation even to the tenth man, who sits up to the neck in a sea of indifference. Vide *Joy*!

Will you please thank Constance very much for her jolly letter. I would write to her but am weary of the pen. Look out for some articles of mine on "Slaughter of Animals for Food" in next week's *Daily Mail*.

Good-bye dear boy.—Our love to you all,

J. G.

The Galsworthys had been thinking of moving into a flat, and now they discovered what they were looking for in the shape of No. 1A Adelphi Terrace. Having settled on it, they set off for Manaton, where the first thing Galsworthy did was to write another article on the slaughter of animals.

Meanwhile *The Inn of Tranquillity* had appeared on October 24th. It "was a good deal liked, especially the reminiscences of our dog, *Memories*" (we have already read E. V. Lucas's letter about it) "and a sketch, *Quality*." Its reception by the critics on both sides of the water was polite, though a trifle dubious; the following correspondence is of greater interest.

[*From Joseph Conrad*]

CAPEL HOUSE,  
ORLESTONE,  
Nr. ASHFORD.

1st Nov., 1910.

DEAREST JACK,—I send back *The Windlestraw* by return of post. In this sort of apologue you are simply incomparable. I revel in your grave, earnest slyness going deeper and deeper, leaving no nook unexplored, and always managing somehow to achieve some bit of fine and beautiful expression. The direct, almost naïve, preciseness of meditation fits a mind capable of taking a serious departure from a newspaper par. Through that trait your "certain writer" is a perfect creation. His Truth-Conscience is as fair a shape as one ever need wish for a dream-vision. But why it should be scared away so swiftly by the most fatuous thing on earth—a journalistic phrase—I don't know, though I feel that it must have been so. For one cannot gainsay the force of a public utterance.

That *chose introuvable* the public finds us out in many shapes. We can't find it and we can't avoid it.

Almost with everything you write I feel like that pool which the Angel came down to stir. I become troubled. I have no healing qualities—in fact I am of no use in this world—but not being yet quite stagnant water, I feel moved to talk back to the Angel.

As an exposure of that contemptible mode of thinking which for want of better invention I must call "newspaper cant," nothing could be better, nothing more effective; but with you, both the mastery of your process and your almost passionate impartiality prevent you from stopping short where the commoner sort of honesty would think it had done enough. To leave our brother, for the sake of perfectly impartial irony, at the mercy of every wind that blows, is to expose him to an unworthy world only too ready to pour its scorn and its compassion on the head of "that kind of person."

A public is not to be found in a class, caste, clique or type. The public is (or are?) individuals. *Le public introuvable* is only *introuvable* simply because it is all humanity. And no artist can give it what it wants because humanity doesn't know what it wants. But it will swallow anything. It will swallow Hall Caine and John Galsworthy, Victor Hugo and Martin Tupper. It is an ostrich, a clown, a giant, a bottomless sack. It is sublime. It has apparently no eyes and no entrails, like a slug, and yet

it can weep and suffer. It has swallowed Christianity, Buddhism, Mahomedanism and the gospel of Mrs. Eddy. And it is perfectly capable from the height of its secular stability to look down upon the artist as a mere windlestraw!

As to your "certain writer's" feeling of elation—I don't know. Perhaps. Perhaps an uplifting puff of inspiration may be a fine thing whichever way it drives. But we know what becomes of straws blown by the winds: they settle in dark corners and find their end there in obscurity and decay. . . .—Ever yours,

J. CONRAD.

Nov. 3, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST CONRAD,—It's good of you to give such thought to my little *reductio ad absurdum*. I think you have poked a little fun at me, haven't you, with that sentence? "But why it (the Truth Conscience) should be scared away so swiftly by the most fatuous thing on earth—etc.," which sounds as if you thought the scare was serious. No, the scare is only part of my involuted *reductiones ad absurdum* of those most fatuous things in the world. I confess I have assumed that the readers in Manchester will credit me with not believing that the artist is or should be a "windlestraw"—especially just after having been dosed with *Justice*; and as its ultimate place will be a volume of satiricals, I don't think it will risk missing its point. No, on re-reading I see you twig all that, only you think it dangerous; but honestly I give the Public—that is, that section of it which will read this—credit for sufficient *nous* to see the point.

"The feeling of elation" is intended for that of a gentleman puzzled by life who throws himself into a deep pool. Perhaps some word is wanted there to make that clearer. *Qu'en dis tu?* . . .

Our love.—Always yours,

J. G.

Of course the Public is humanity. The sketch only deals with that idiotic newspaper use of the word.

J. G.

It's not my uncommon honesty, it's my malice and instinct for a little mystery to disguise and subtilize that malice which makes me push the thing on beyond the point where "common honesty" would stop. The malice is honest and warranted; and mystery is a pickle or preservative, almost the only one, being divine.

J. G.

Tuesday.

CAPEL HOUSE.

DEAREST JACK,—No, I was not taken in. Yes, I thought it might be dangerous: and I wrote with the earnestness befitting the occasion. But I must confess that I was not “wholly serious” (like Mrs. Humphry Ward in her novels) when I compared the public to an ostrich, and an empty sack, and called it sublime.

I am willing to trust without reserve the judgment of your Manchester readers. The public! We can’t get away from it. And in this connection, judging from the ecstatic convulsions of the d[ai]ly papers, *The Quaker Girl* is what the public wants just now.

No. Not a single word more (or other) is wanted in your paper. The thing is perfect as it stands, even the last two lines. Your postscript opens a larger question—a very large question. It touches upon the very essence of *all* your writing—or I should say the essential principle guiding your art. There is material for much talk there: admitting naturally (it couldn’t be otherwise with you) that the malice is honest (and warranted) and that mystery is a sort of emotional pickle and preservative of the highest things, being—as you say—divine.

I am, however, a little in doubt of your *precise* meaning. Not much in doubt, but just a little. It seems to me at times as though I had, to some small extent, lost intellectual touch with you. Why it should be so, unless from the general weakening of my grasp over things, of which (rightly or wrongly) I have a dismal consciousness, I don’t know. Perhaps it is only that, of late, we have been physically apart for long stretches of time? There is something in personal contact which clarifies the mists of preconceived ideas each of us carries about him like a sort of private atmosphere. It is quite possible that I have never understood you thoroughly—*à fond*, as the French say—or, at least, as much as it is possible to understand. If so, I must have appeared to you more than once as insufferably and even perversely dense. . . .

Nov. 22, '10.

CAPEL HOUSE.

DEAREST JACK,—Simply delicious—the description in the *Inn of Tranquillity*—nothing less. No one can write that sort of thing with that directness and delicacy, express the truth of natural beauty in such apparently effortless combination of simple words. And when one thinks that it is done as it were by the way as the



mere setting of the thesis, one can only marvel at your riches—and perhaps envy you a little.

As to thesis—no one could deny the spirit of it. Its form could only have come from you. It is as unique as the setting—but whether as perfect? That's another question. But as I could not write a piece like that to save my life, I don't know whether I have the right to criticize. But as a mere reader, one of many, I have a right to state my impression. Shortly, it is that the elaboration, the careful sequence of the states of mind weakens the general effect. At the same time I am not at all sure that the effect could be produced at all by any other means. Perhaps such a train of thought *cannot* be suggested and must be *developed* if it is to be conveyed at all? Perhaps——

If I weren't afraid of over-stating my position I would say that there is a sensation of neatness. To give a matter of feeling (even if exposed intellectually) a conclusion is a very fine thing, but not the finest thing, and perhaps not even the most convincing.

But all this is mere *rabâchage*. The answer to it is that you know what you are doing, and that anyhow certain things must be done if the written word is to have any influence on mankind at all. . . .—Ever yours,

J. CONRAD.

*Saturday.*

CAPEL HOUSE.

DEAREST JACK,—It's wholly excellent and certainly fascinating. It's like having a peep at your very mind quietly thinking in moments of pause. It's more characteristic of your very own self than the *Commentary*, I think. The memory of poor Chris is delightful.

Of course I had read many of the papers before. The clear concreteness of thought (clear as a bell), allied to the spirituality of the attitude, is what excites my envy. The only truly allegorical piece has a wonderful atmosphere—not of mist—oh no! (there are no northern fogs about you)—but mysteriously softening the essential harshness of the conception—both in its “facts” and in its irony. Well! Well!

Altogether a very finely wrought cluster of things of the heart in a rather—I won't say austere but—simplified setting. Perhaps severe would be the word. I mean severe artistically, not morally; severe in the sense of the lines of Greek architecture, for instance. The unswerving directness of diction conveys that impression. But I feel too stupid yet (after three weeks of worry) to say exactly what I mean.

Dearest love to you both.—Yours ever,

J. CONRAD.

In addition to letters from Hudson, Masfield, and Herbert Trench, Galsworthy received one from Max Beerbohm, in which, after praising *The Inn of Tranquillity*, he made an interesting reference to a phrase in his parody of Galsworthy in *A Christmas Garland*:

As to that phrase about which you ask me: "Because it takes more out of us." I think I may claim that I "divined" it. I don't *think* it is in any of your books; and I don't think you ever said it to me: you would have adjudged me too frivolous for such a confidence. I must have read it in your eyes—particularly in the unmonocled eye!

Dec. 22, 1912.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR BEERBOHM,—I am truly grateful for your letter—for I covet your appreciation. It was almost too angelic of you to write while you were actually in this conglomerate heaven or roof of hell. Some day I shall ruthlessly appear at Rapallo, and insist on discussing the earth with you over a cup of coffee. You are the nearest approach to the Yogi that our western civilization produces; and I want to hear your *apologia* for withdrawal from the world; and your plea for the attainment of Unity by means of isolation. And I shall hope that you will convince me—almost seriously.

Sometimes I think that "Because it takes more out of us" is rather decent; sometimes I think it's quite awful—simply the apotheosis of the competitive spirit. I suppose it *is* that really—dear! dear! Then there is that other question—meet for the lucid and perfumed breezes of Rapallo—How far shall a man try to become what he is not, or how far shall he express himself out, as he is, to the power of  $x$ ; or how far shall he combine the two, and why? And these things require the light radiating from your instinct turned on to them—me following over the marsh. I'm having a copy of *The Pigeon* sent to you. I don't want you to think that I'm a man of principle in social reliefs. *Tout au contraire*, as the Frenchman said when asked if he had lunched on the Channel boat.

Best of New Years to you!—Always yours,

J. G.

After a week of riding and work on *Spring* Galsworthy and his wife returned to London. The two articles had already been sent to Dr. Addison, and Galsworthy had another interview with him at

the House. For the rest, rehearsals loomed large, and finally, on November 23rd, *The Eldest Son* made its long-delayed appearance. "A good house, a good performance," wrote Galsworthy. "Moderate enthusiasm. The Masfields in our box. Winston opposite." The Press reception pleased Galsworthy, who, contrary to his habit, noted in his diary that it was good.

By a curious coincidence, both this play and *The Pigeon* were rather widely and pointedly compared to plays by other dramatists, owing to a fortuitous similarity of theme; in the case of *The Eldest Son* Galsworthy had foreseen this, as the first of the following letters shows.

[To Stanley Houghton]

HOTEL CRISTALLO,  
CORTINA.

Aug. 4.

DEAR MR. HOUGHTON,—It was good of you to send me *Hindle Wakes* and I have read it with much interest. I thought the 1st Act very good—after that I think—bluntly—that your characters talk too much, and feel too little; and that your situation has perverted some of your psychology. I hope it will be very successful.

I am afraid that when my play *The Eldest Son* is at last produced, as it should be this autumn, there will be a certain amount of comment on the similarity (not of plot and character but) of situation and the philosophy underlying it. If there is, I shall have to tell the Press that *The Eldest Son* was conceived in 1906, written in February and March 1909, and delivered complete to Charles Frohman for his repertory scheme in June of that year. The circumstances that have held it back are not worth mentioning. Coincidences in plays are difficult to avoid, I know, but in this particular case I should say the garrulity of the Press would require checking.

With good wishes.—Yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To the Editor of The Sydney Bulletin]

Oct. 29, 1912.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph and letter appearing in *The Bulletin* in reference to similarity between Mr. Haddon Chambers' *Passers-by* and my play *The Pigeon*.

I'm afraid I must confess, to my regret, that I have never seen or read *Passers-by*, or indeed any play by Mr. Haddon Chambers. *The Pigeon* was finished just before *Passers-by* was produced. Your readers may rely on it that, if there be any similarity, there was no plagiarism.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From Haddon Chambers*]

14 WAVERTON STREET, W.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—In reply to your letter of Oct. 29th I wish very emphatically to assure you that I have never for one moment thought that the similarities between *The Pigeon* and *Passers-by* were the result of plagiarism. Neither the suspicion nor the offensive word itself ever entered my mind in this connection.

I should like further to assure you that even such personal friends of mine as saw your play and recognized some likeness in *motif* and conduct, never suggested that in writing it you had been influenced by *Passers-by*.

I have not seen the *Sydney Bulletin* paragraph to which you refer, but I think I can explain it. Lila (Mrs. John) Rooney is my sister. She wrote to me from Sydney some time ago enclosing a cutting from the *S. B.* in which some notice was taken of the published book of *The Pigeon*, and a comment was made on the similarity between the two plays in such a manner (I am sure unintentionally) as might lead its readers to suppose that I had taken your theme. I immediately wrote to her explaining the circumstances and particularly why the publication of *Passers-by* had been withheld for the time, viz. with a view to circumventing the American play-pirates. If in giving a lack of financial success as the reason of the immediate publication of *The Pigeon* in book form I was in error, I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my regret.

My sister evidently wrote to the *Sydney Bulletin* and made quotations from my letter. Obviously her feeling in the matter was a very natural one.

I'm extremely glad to know that *The Pigeon* has done so well, as I find your work unfailing in interest and loftiness of aim.—Very truly yours,

HADDON CHAMBERS.

Nov. 2, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERS,—Cordial thanks for your very kind letter. I quite understand. Those who know how very secret and intimate a thing the source of imaginative work is are chary of making fools of themselves by glib talk of plagiarism; but there are not many blessed with this knowledge among journalists. And not too many who understand that the bare idea of working on another man's ideas dries up the wells and blows out all the flames in certain souls.

I look forward to seeing or reading *Passers-by* before long.

With good wishes.—Yours very truly, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

With regard to his friends' reception of *The Eldest Son* the following letters are of interest. But the play's eventual fate, as recorded in the note-book, was a "fairly good *succès d'estime*, and the usual commercial failure."

[From John Masefield]

March 14, 1910.

30 MAIDA HILL WEST, W.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have now read *The Eldest Son*. Many thanks for letting me see it.

I like it; but if I don't like it so much as I like some of your other plays you must put it down to the *comparative* slightness of the plot. It is a good piece of thought, full of excellent drama, and a very good piece of portrait painting. But I feel that you have thought down some of your characters to too great fineness.

Freda is, I feel, too much like Garnett's girl in *The Breaking Point*, too much a bag of nerves. I want more of her personality.

I feel the same want in Lady Cheshire, in Christine and Joan and Keith and Harold. Even Sir William wants more:—gout, say, or a fondness for cat's-cradle, or little children, or diabolo. Bill is excellent, Freda's father fine and Dot very nearly fine. The others do not quite walk out of the scene and say "We're alive. We don't want this setting, really. We're human beings, not limited to this play."

I think one wants to know how Bill got entangled with Freda, and what it was he saw in her, and she in him.

The end couldn't be better. That is something quite new and strong. The end of the 2nd Act is almost as good.

I'll keep the MS. for a few days if I may, and bring it to you on Thursday, when we'll talk more about it. Mind, it is an excellent acting play as it stands. I only ask from you, for some of the characters, some of the life which no actor can give.

With kindest regards to you both.—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

*April 17, 1910.*

30 MAIDA HILL WEST, W.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Here is the play. Very many thanks for letting me see it in its corrected form. The prologue is first-rate; a model of exposition. I like your corrections too. I feel that I was not half appreciative enough when I last wrote to you about the play. It is a fine thing, very sharply felt. But I feel one want. I think this, that if you adopt your present end, with its suggestion that Lady Cheshire will arrange for Mabel to delay not her departure but her judgment, and perhaps marry Bill after all, you must indicate, a shade more strongly, Mabel's attitude towards the seduction. Yet, no. I don't know that I do think that. Only people might, perhaps, think that Lady Cheshire is just running out to tell Mabel that she needn't go, since all is well. No. It is a fine, subtle end. I wouldn't alter a word. Yet I'm not sure, neither, that it isn't an anti-climax. You want the curtain down mighty soon after the keeper goes. And this minute and a half. Well. It is a fine thing, and you have your choice of two fine ends. I think the present one is the completer, and has the more life, so that ought to decide you.

All good fortune to the play and its onlie begetter.

With kindest regards to your wife.—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[*From Joseph Conrad*]

*Sunday.*

DEAREST JACK,—This is extremely fine, and the exhibition of mastery in dealing with psychology and situation gave me unalloyed delight. At the end of each act I got up and walked for a while in a sort of exultation over the sheer art of the thing. To criticize the psychology, if I had the wish to do so, I would feel myself racially incompetent.

The simplicity of all the characters is from a theatrical point of view admirable. Everything, every individual is as clear as a

bell. Given the *millieu* [*sic*] there is never the slightest jar on one's conviction, not a single false note! And the action is intensely interesting all the time. Intensely.

Two remarks I'll make—one on psychology, the other on stage "business." *First*:—Studdenham in the last scene seems to me too Olympian just a bit; (and incidentally the word (*plaything*) seems (with all deference) to smack a little of the stage "rustic." Why shouldn't he say "When you got tired of my girl you forfeited your right" or "*the girl*.")

I've been made slightly uneasy there.

The point of stage business is this:

When Sir William feels hot (while his wife sits shivering) you make him speak to *her*. It's too pointed (though it's a stroke of genius to establish their difference even in the physical effect of the situation). It's too pointed. Some idiot in the audience is sure to laugh at it and start some other donkeys. Now to my mind no risk of that should be run. I think that, letting Lady C. shiver (through the scene as it were), Sir William might just put a handkerchief to his forehead and mutter "*they have infernal fires here*," or something of the sort. The intelligent will perceive the trait, the asses will miss it probably, but no opening for an inept guffaw will be given.

It's late, dearest Jack. C. Graham was here all day. He is immensely pleased at the prospect of meeting you at lunch somewhere, very soon. Elsie Hueffer came in the evening. This is the first free moment I have to-day to write, and I am writing after a second reading.

Our dear love to you both.—Ever yours,

J. CONRAD.

[From Sir James Barrie]

LEINSTER CORNER,

LANCASTER GATE, W.

Saturday.

MY DEAR G.,—My heartiest congratulations on the plays. I've enjoyed all of them, but very particularly *The Eldest Son*, which grips more and more from the first page to the last and is to be, I'm quite sure, a noble addition to the Galsworthy theatre. I have no criticism to offer at the present. It is you so entirely that suggestions from the outside should only come after much more consideration. Let me see it again when you've quite finished with it, and I'll enquire more incisively for flaws. In the meantime it's certainly fine. I return all MSS. (they will be

sent off on Monday). I go to Paris to-morrow for a week.—Yours  
ever, J. M. B.

I'm confident there is not the slightest fear of the Censor  
meddling in this case.

[From John Masefield]

Nov. 24, 1912.

13 WELL WALK,  
HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I write just a line to tell you how much  
we enjoyed your play last night and to thank you very much for  
giving us a chance of seeing it and you. I don't like *The Eldest  
Son* as much as some of your plays, but it is a fine and beautiful  
addition to your gallery of country-house people; and some of  
your people, notably Dot and the mother, haunt the mind as  
presences long after one has read or seen the play. There was  
besides a great deal of quite perfect natural acting, and that  
niceness and *netteté* of presentation which is in all you do. With  
many thanks and congratulations and all good wishes for the  
play's continued success.—Yours ever, JOHN MASEFIELD.

By the way, we appear to have swapped hats, so I am sending  
you yours to-morrow.<sup>1</sup>

On the 25th Galsworthy paid a flying visit to Oxford, where he  
rehearsed *The Pigeon* for five hours, and next day he and his wife  
were off to Wingstone, where they stayed till the middle of December,  
he working quietly at *Autumn* (the third part of *The Dark Flower*).  
The stay was broken only by two nights at Clifton, where he lectured  
to the Bristol Playgoers, giving, as before, *Some Awkward Remarks*,  
which he also sent off to the *Hibbert Journal*. On December 16th  
they returned to London, where he had a busy week of business,  
Christmas letters and dinners, including one at which the Arnold  
Bennetts were his guests. Besides this his three articles on the  
slaughter of animals came out in the *Daily Mail* at this time,  
and he was deluged with correspondence. Then, his wife having  
recovered from a chill which had laid her low, they set off for  
Paris, where they spent Christmas, again dining with the Bennetts,  
proceeding next to Moulleau, near Arcachon, where, with Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Galsworthy wrote a humorous verse on this occasion, included in the final  
edition of his *Poems*.



Galsworthy again unwell—this time with a heavy influenza cold—they saw the year out.

Galsworthy's own summary of the year's course may aptly end the chapter:

*Record of Work done this year:*

*Pigeon* and *Eldest Son* produced in London.

*Pigeon* produced in America, Liverpool, Oxford.

Sketches for *Inn of Tranquillity* written: *Romance*; *Memories*; *Old-Time Place*; *Finality*; *Things as they are*; *Felicity* = 14,000 words.

Proofs of poems corrected:

*For Love of Beasts* 5,500 words, *Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Labour Unrest* 4,400 words, *Daily Mail*.

*Spring* 28,000 words.

*Summer* 28,000 words.

*Autumn* (unfinished) 17,000 words.

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73,000 words.

*Some Awkward Remarks*, 5000 words.

Slaughter Articles, 6000 words.

Creative work 84,000

Literary 10,500

Articles 10,500

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105,000

Besides this a lot of work was done on *The Fugitive* and *The Patriot*.

A lot of travelling this year. Two visits to Paris; Grasse, Beaulieu; America; Tirol; Munich; Ostend; Arcachon.

Ada well on the whole, after arrival in America onwards.

A good deal of riding.

Lots of acquaintances made, especially in America: but on the whole few friends. Reas at Liverpool; Miss Fyffe at Wingstone; the Chevrillions: Lodges (America).

Have hopes that reform will come of my articles on slaughter.

But, of course, it did not. A Bill, based on the Admiralty Report of 1904, was introduced under the auspices of Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., but, in spite of the widespread public support induced by Gals-

worthy's articles, nothing came of it—as was to be expected. One thing, however, was gained: the Municipal authorities of Croydon did themselves honour by passing by-laws enforcing humane slaughter. Truly the way of the humane reformer is hard: his the well-nigh impossible task of stirring the feeble imagination and the fatty heart.

## CHAPTER XI

### 1913: *THE FUGITIVE: THE DARK FLOWER*

THE Galsworthys found Moulleau to their liking, for they stayed on there for some time:

The view from our little sitting-room extraordinarily Japanese (records the notebook); little squat pines with big roots on a sandy soil, blue water beyond, many curlews fighting in curiously beautiful hieroglyphic formation. Excellent riding in the great wood that covered all the country, and on our little horses Tapa-geur and Jupiter (a *froid caractère*) we covered many miles of sandy tracks among the trees. But the great attraction were our friends the André Chevrillons. . . .

DEAREST SWEET MAB (he wrote to his sister towards the end of February), . . . we are both well, and hang on here—working, walking, and riding; reading a little—French; writing letters; and listening to André Chevrillon reading aloud the French translation of *The Man of Property*. Very good fun in French. His niece has made the translation with his help. He is a rather distinguished French writer and critic. He and his wife are both very nice and are at a villa in Arcachon for the winter. We see a good deal of them. . . . I had the Draft of the Humane Slaughtering Bill yesterday to peruse. It's full and elaborate—rather too much so—but I hope Arthur Lee, in whose charge it is, will get it or some part of it through Parliament next session. I finished my quasi novel; and have since practically written a new *Fugitive*, bigger and better than what you saw; but it'll not improbably be censored, and can hardly please the pigs anyway.

The “quasi novel” is, of course, *The Dark Flower*, the last part of which, *Autumn*, had been finished on January 23rd. “Revision, of course,” he wrote, “will still go on.” (After the innumerable polishings already recorded, this announcement is scarcely a surprise.) This rewriting of *The Fugitive* took Galsworthy from the

11th to the 23rd of February, and the inevitable revision lasted till the 7th of March; whereupon they prepared to strike their tents. On the 8th he wrote:

Our last day—have never been ten consecutive weeks in any hotel before—nor ever so comfortable or so friendlily treated. The servants all so good and willing; and the Fournier family charming. . . . Rode with A. and said good-bye to our little horses . . . and the dog Dick. . . . Rather melancholy day.

Talking of horses, a characteristic little incident belongs to this period. One day in February he "walked into Arcachon with A. Saw a most monstrous case of cruel use of a horse. Never saw such knees in my life. Instructed Bronstet, our riding man, to buy horse for me and have it destroyed; he promised to." But alas! two days later he "found that owner of the poor horse would not sell it—ruffian!" It was the saddest touch in a very happy stay. "D'Annunzio," adds the notebook, "had a villa close by, but though we saw him on his bicycle, followed by borzois, we rather avoided making his acquaintance."

March 9th found the Galsworthys at Argelès, which proved "very lovely," after an all-day journey complicated by the missing of their connection at Pau but "very beautiful on the whole." Here they stayed till the 17th, walking a lot and (for a change) revising *The Fugitive*. Their fellow-guests in the hotel roused all the mild savagery of which J. G.'s heart was capable: "Hotel full of the most—all English. Lord God!" And again: "More blighters arrive, including our old delights of Grasse, Sir John and Lady —, who suggested the Dedmonds *père et mère*." From here he wrote to André Chevrillon:

HOTEL DE FRANCE,  
ARGELES.

March 16, 1913.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Very many thanks for your letter and for all you say in it. I quite appreciate your feeling about the play. I am beginning to understand how almost impossible [it is] to write plays that are fit for rendering into foreign tongues, when one tries to render faithfully the characteristics of our home growths and environments, and not merely a theatrical situation. The Russian plays, Gorki's, Tolstoi's, and Tchekhov's, that we witness from time to time in our Stage Society performances in England ought to teach one this if nothing else will.

It is the peculiar British Idealism that makes the ironic strength of the situation in *The F.*, I suppose. The idealism in Clare of her body and spirit belonging to each other, and of not taking when she is not giving; in George the idealism of the accomplished fact—the towering responsibility thereof—the ideal of the proper married man. It will be (nicely, ironically) difficult for an English audience to condemn George for not taking a mistress, and letting his wife go her own way without pressing those attentions on her which are natural from men who have no mistresses—because theoretically we do not approve of married men taking mistresses. I take it that the more practical French mind would say: “Oh! D——n the idealism!” Or, have you, as a nation, ideals in these matters of marriage, which I do not grasp? Supposing for instance Clare had been a Roman Catholic Frenchwoman without *dot*, or whose *dot* had been given to her husband; would it never have occurred to her to strike if her body had remained in thrall, her spirit having flown? Or would it have been in accordance with French ideals to remain in her husband’s house denying herself to him? Or, having left his house, to retain his support? Or—what?

Or—another point: I gathered from Madame R. G. that an *open* scandal finishes a woman in France; but that what is not open is winked at, though well known. Is this so? I am awfully puzzled. Much that I hear leads me to think that woman’s position in France is distinctly lower than in England—that she is even more the creature and slave of opportunism with you than she is with us. On the other hand, you have said things that seem to show you think her more emancipated. I sometimes think that she seems more emancipated only because she has not hitherto even tried to tackle her own situation—only when she does (as she is doing in England) will it be seen what a lot of network there is round her, what a gelatine of male desire and design she is fixed in. But perhaps she will never even want to tackle her situation. If not, will this show a higher or a lower state of spirituality than belongs to the women of Scandinavia and England, who certainly are tackling theirs—who are making a gradual but increasing effort towards economic, sexual, social, and even political equality with men?

I am not at all sure that the progress of sentimental laxity in marriage that you speak of in France is any sign of the emancipation of women from male desire and male design. It seems to me more likely to be a mere change of channel due to the

paramount power of male convenience, and not to the principles of a wider humanity, or of a stricter self-respect. No doubt the French woman is freer *within* the ring of sex; the give and take is greater—perhaps more natural, perhaps less natural—who knows? For instance, English women (with very rare exceptions) who have lovers don't remain on marital terms with their husbands; I am told that this is not at all infrequent here. But whereas the attempts to relax marriage in England are mainly attempts to get outside the ring of sex—in France they appear to be attempts to get nearer the heart of that ring.

I don't think *The F.* would strike a French audience at all as an attempt at further relaxation. I think they would much more likely reject it as a piece of ferocious Puritanism—a cut at male dominance and sensuality, not at all welcome. But I quite agree that it would be almost impossible to get some of the characters rendered.

This place is all blossom, birds, and mountains; and we are in love with it. All the same we travel to Paris to-morrow night. Thank you so much for writing to your friend. I shall be delighted to see him.

Madame Chevrillon tells my wife that you are off on a journey. If so, all good fortune to you, and may you see many things with your wonderful clearness.

Our most cordial greetings to you both.—Always sincerely  
yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

We think of you both often.

On the 17th, then, they left Argelès in the afternoon, dined at Pau, and after "an expensive and not good night in the Côte d'Argent express, reached Paris early next morning. Here they spent four days; one evening they visited the famous Moulin Rouge: "Our first visit: not impressed. Vice is a dreary business." Finally, on the 22nd, they returned home via Calais and Dover, and were fortunate enough to have "a good and lucky crossing between two gales."

In London life ran its normal course, with revision and other work, one or two short country visits (including a day trip down to the Conrads near Ham Street), and preparations for their coming migration to Adelphi Terrace House. One evening he notes: "In evening finished reading my *Man of Property*. It really isn't bad. Can only hope my next book may be as good." The last half of

April was chiefly taken up by rehearsals for a revival of *Strife* at the Comedy Theatre, which came off on May 3rd. Barrie was in a box, and Galsworthy was able to record: "A fine performance, and a fine reception." He "left as the curtain fell," and friends brought his wife home. The notebook adds that Norman McKinnel, who was responsible for the revival, and Fisher White retained their original parts:

and a very good production it was, better, I think, than the original. It had a very warm reception and the usual "good Press" (*Strife* always has a good Press), though it was amusing to see that certain critics, a little afraid that they had overdone their praises the first time, were "hedging." It ran for only 50 performances, which might have been worse, for one of my plays.

This was evidently what had kept them in London, for the very next day they were off to Manaton, where, after a day during which they "were both very tired and sleepy," he began *The Free-lands* on May 6th. For a fortnight or so they rode and walked, and he worked at the novel; then began a more energetic existence. On the 23rd he came up to London for the night, returned to Wingstone the next day, two days later returned to London, and, after a busy four days (including a large dinner at the Duchess of Marlborough's, where he met Barrie, A. E. W. Mason, and other friends), set off with his wife on one of those family pilgrimages to Malvern, Redditch, and Tardebigge, noted in our prologue. After three days' conscientious and eagerly interested revisiting of old family houses and vaults, they returned to Wingstone, where they found with joy that a favourite mare, Peggy, who had been very ill with paralysis of the spine, was on the way to recovery. Before leaving for Malvern he had written: "News came that my dear Peggy is very ill. Shall I never ride her again?" but now it was: "Found poor Peggy much better but looking very sadly. The men have all been angels. They put us to shame in contact with primitive troubles." All, however, went well, and he was able to write later: "My poor Peggy has been very ill, but made a wonderful recovery and is now out all day—at first they despaired of her, but her constitution's very sound. It was very jolly to see how awfully kind everybody was to her—sitting in her box and generally treating her like a 'Christian'."

*The Dark Flower* was now finished in its final form for press and sent off to the publisher; a few days of "odd jobs" followed, and then began "a story or novel called *The Stoic*." At this he worked pretty steadily till the end of their stay at Manaton, with interruptions from proofs of *The Dark Flower* and a ninth and final revision of *The Patriot*, alias *The Mob*. "This play is at last ready," he wrote on June 22nd, "and curiously enough is called by the name I gave to the first notion of it four or even five years ago." July 7th is the last date on which *The Stoic* is mentioned: we have read of his struggles to be born, and may conclude that the present effort was now given up as abortive.

On the 10th they returned to London. He wrote a couple of letters to *The Times* on the vivisection of dogs, saw various actors with an eye on the coming production of *The Fugitive*, and generally made ready to depart. Of the first letter, when it duly appeared, he noted: "My letter on Vivisection of Dogs appeared in *The Times* and *Westminster*: much quoted in other papers. Too late to do good." There followed a week-end at Stoke Court with their friends the Allhusens, from which they returned to a house which was to shelter them that night for the very last time. Next day, July 22nd, the entry runs: "14 Addison Road to Hotel Cecil. Melancholy getting out of the little old house. Sorry when one has time to think of it: but the heart went out of it when Chree died . . ." The notebook tells the story more fully, referring to "1A Adelphi Terrace, a flat on the top floor, whither the feeling that we were spending too much money in a house which we inhabited so little constrained us to move. It was rather sad, after eight years, but when Chris departed the house was never the same again, nor the garden."

On the 26th they moved into their new flat, 1A Adelphi Terrace House, which they found "very comfortable." That very same evening they agreed to go to Switzerland with the Sauters! and on the 29th they were off. (Curiously enough, Galsworthy himself did not realize this, for in the notebook he gives the date of this trip as about a fortnight after the move.) Reaching Berne after a good journey, the party went straight on to Thun, where they stayed a night, going by lake to Interlaken, which J. G. found "rather beautiful and very stuffy," and getting a "fine peep of the Jungfrau": then on to Meiringen, the Rhone Glacier Hotel, and



Zermatt. Here they got their "first view of the Matterhorn from the Swiss side. It looks like a huge Indian warrior, all eagle feathers to the waist, screaming defiance at the sky. Undoubtedly a great mountain." He wrote in greater detail to his friend Frank Lucas:

Aug. 7, 1913.

RIFFELALP.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Here be we, looking at the Matterhorn—instead of camping with you. The Matterhorn, Sir, is a very fine creature—alive as no other mountain that I know of. We have just watched it in a duel with the moon—a young moon about the size of a moth or butterfly. This moon set itself to fly in the Matterhorn's face, but the Matterhorn would not have it, and stared so constantly and with such black spirit that the moon flew lower and lower till it vanished into the folds of the Matterhorn's black cloak. And there the creature stands, black as death, and proud as the devil. It is very pleasant to watch it thus, while behind us the little backfishes and their partners jig and saw, and to think that when we and the little backfishes and all have vanished, and the earth is cold as that moon, it will still stand there and offer its defiance to the sky.

From Zermatt itself we have seen it in shape of a gigantic Red Indian Chief, eagle-feathered to the waist, with his face turned a little up, and his mouth distorted by his scream of challenge. Apart from this creature the country lacks for us the sensuous glow and charm of the Tyrol, lacks the animism of its mountains, and the friendliness of its people. It might have been friendly and delightful once, but now it is a place fit only for the English, who are here in their prosy swarms together with many French wondering why.

Are you coming to see us for a few days on your way back from Cornwall? Our plans for Wingstone are complicated by the production of *The Fugitive*, which according to latest advices is timed for September 16th at the Court—matinées. If you'd like to come I'll write, or Ada shall, later when I know what time we can get there.

The little dog play,<sup>1</sup> now called by the appropriate name, *A Trifle*, may *possibly* be played before *Nan* in the evening bill at the Court, Aug. 31st, and on for three weeks. It is fairly neat at last. I am working at a novel. How are you all—a line here will be welcome. Our love to you both.

Always yours,

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> Presumably that now known as *Hall Marked*.

They spent four days at Zermatt, followed by ten at the Riffel Alp, and J. G. was able to get in some work at *The Freelands*. On August 12 he wrote to his sister Mabel:

DEAREST MAB,— . . . We remain faithful to the Tyrol, in spite of the much greater expanse of snow here, in spite even of that really great mountain the Matterhorn, which looks wonderful nearly always, and has the animistic quality we have learned to look for in Nature. But the whole country has little or none of the essential charm and pagan flavour of the Southern Tyrol.

We were up at the Gornergrat yesterday with the Bird [Mrs. Sauter]. It's a marvellous panorama, but though at dawn it must be really beautiful, it's too much "twopence coloured" at 4 o'cl. of a fine afternoon, the mountains are not mysterious and far enough. Also fifty people on a circular platform, a railway, a dungeon of an hotel, and a stream of people going up and down recall Hampstead of a Sunday. We are very well off at the Riffel Alp, but go on to Montana on Saturday at latest. . . .

Your most loving,

J.

And on the Saturday, August 16th, to Montana they went, having parted from the Sauters, who went on "more austere" to the Riffelberg. They stayed there six days, working at *The Freelands* and going for long walks. They met the Headmaster of Dover School (who was also the husband of J. G.'s old friend Monica Sanderson); the then Dean of Rochester—"a nice unaffected old boy with much sense of humour"—and others, who shared some of their excursions. On the 22nd they proceeded to Geneva, where they spent two nights; the second day was occupied with visits to the abattoir and to a dentist. The abattoir "struck him as pretty good, better than anything we have, which is saying little." Finally, the entry in the diary for August 24th reads: "Back through Paris with a fresh crossing to Adelphi Terrace House. All serene."

Instantly there began rehearsals for *The Fugitive*, which continued—broken only by a couple of days at Liverpool rehearsing a revival of *The Eldest Son*, a rehearsal of *Joy* for production by Esmé Percy's company, and a couple of nights at Littlehampton—till September 16, when the first performance took place at the Court Theatre, the first of a series of matinées—"not bad, and well received."

We know the ceaseless revision which the play had undergone, and the pains its author had taken with it; he had even consulted his doctor in confidence as to whether the choice and the working of Claire's poison were plausible: the plans and negotiations for the production were almost as varied and chequered. With regard to America the position was simple, for it was accepted at the beginning of May by Charles Frohman, and there was an end of that matter. But in England things were otherwise. The late Laurence Irving was the first to read it, and wrote enthusiastically on May 11th:

I have just finished your great, your wonderful play—I want to say nothing extravagant—yet in any terms of common praise I cannot write of such a work. This play is a summit—it soars up amongst the highest peaks of drama. But there—I am all stirred and broken up by it: and I shan't write anything meet or fitting about it. To play such a part would be to me like paying homage, in terms of the art I have worked at for twenty years, to the spirit of Tolstoy—the spirit I most revere amongst the dead . . .

"Thank you warmly for your letter," came the reply, "which lit a little fire of pleasure"; terms were agreed, contingent on production being secured by the end of October and the author having "a distinct voice in the casting," and the matter seemed settled. But some hitch occurred, and by the end of May the play was being submitted to the late Sir (then Mr.) Gerald du Maurier, whose opinion of it makes piquant reading:

*May 28th, 1913.*

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have had a talk with my partner, Frank Curzon, and we should be very pleased to produce your new play for a series of matinées in the Autumn if we think it a suitable play for our little theatre. I know I shall *like* the play, as I have always admired your work, and should love to produce a play of yours, but I would not embark on it unless I could see my way to effectually stage it, and with the limited accommodation here, you will realize that I could not play two pieces concurrently if yours demands a large setting.

May I have the play to read, and if I find I can do it, there will be no difficulty in us coming to an arrangement about its production.

Kind regards.—Yours sincerely,

GERALD DU MAURIER.

May 28, 1913.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR DU MAURIER,—Thank you very much for your note. The play does not require a large setting by any means, and I think therefore I may send it you; but in doing so I do beg you most earnestly to note how fatal it would be for me if the situation in the fourth act were spoken of, and leaked out into the air, however indirectly.

It is just one of those stage moments which any dramatist might assimilate and reproduce, quite innocently. And so, after you have read the play yourself, will you please hold it without showing it to anyone else until you have written to me your own feeling and opinion about it, so that I may judge whether it is worth while to run the risk of its being read by your partner and reader. Relying, then, on your absolute discretion, I am, with kind regards.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The part that I naturally thought of for you is that of Malise.

June 3rd, 1913.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have read your play, and do not know how to express what I feel about it.

It depressed me, angered me, and I have come to the conclusion that I do not understand it. I don't know quite what you mean. If it is merely the tragedy of a "fey" woman; or else a suggestion that an urgent reform is needed in the marriage contract, and that no woman should be bound to a man when she discovers that she no longer loves him. Yes—that is it. But it is not clear, and the man she grows to adore—Malise—is to me unbearable, a carper, a sneerer, and a bore. The last act will prevent several people from visiting the theatre, and I was terribly disappointed when she killed herself. I made certain that she was going to become a harlot and sink lower and lower, and that the whole play was to show the natural end of idleness and selfishness. But no, it is not that. It isn't that I do not care for the play or think it would fail. I positively *dislike* it, even if it were to be an enormous success. This is the reason that I feel I cannot produce it, and do it justice. I am sure you will understand. Many thanks for letting me read it, and I do hope that you will give me another opportunity of producing a play of yours.—Yours sincerely,

GERALD DU MAURIER.

P.S.—Would you let me know if I am to send it to you to Devonshire or Addison Road.

(Private)

June 5, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR DU MAURIER,—Would you please send me the play *here*. I am really grateful for the frankness and honesty of your letter, the more so, since it does show me that there is a clinch wanting, a sentence or two of “ramming home” and “clearing-up” lacking.

No—the play is the tragedy of “ladyhood”; of women bred and brought up to being all right if things go reasonably well, but neither hardy nor coarse-fibred enough for the cross winds of life. Of women too fine to sink really low, and not fine enough to make good in spite of everything. Of women bred and brought up with the pluck to take any fence in life, but not the pluck to drag and slog through ploughed field after ploughed field of dreariness.

It is quite a depressing subject—truth sometimes is. I did not want you to like *Malise* as a person, indeed I thought you would dislike him, but he would not have been a bore in your hands.

Your dislike of the whole thing is certain to be shared by most people.

I know you won't speak of the play to anyone; and once more thank you for being honest.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Then Milton Rosmer and Mr. Greig entered the field, and we find Galsworthy writing “an informal *pourparler*” to the former, stipulating for at least eight *matinées*, to start not before September 17th at the earliest, for a royalty of “5% on all takings up to £100 per performance, and 10% on all beyond £100 per performance, the thing to be reckoned per performance, not per week, unless the play is transferred to the evening bill for a run,” and finally insisting that Mr. Greig was not to see the play till the writer and Mr. Rosmer had come to provisional terms. We may take it that this duly happened, for on June 30 Galsworthy sent the play to Greig “*in the strictest confidence*, whether you accept it or no. The last act especially, as you will realize, must not, please, be spoken of in any way—there is great danger of a situation like that being caught up—if not in England, abroad. Please be careful.” And in the end Milton Rosmer duly appeared in the part of *Malise*.

The play "met with a mixed but, on the whole, favourable reception." Most of the critics found some defect or other in it, but the general tone was respectful and even laudatory.

[To Dorothy Easton]

Sept. 19, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—Your very sweet and warm letter cheered me up a lot. One is always depressed the day after the production of a play, no matter what its reception (in this case not a bad one). The thing has gone out for better or worse—generally worse, and there is an end of illusion; an end of one's own vision; and generally a taste of ashes in the mouth, and a sense that one has not succeeded in conveying to more than a handful the sense and heart of the matter. Well, all one can hope to do is to make the blood of one's audience flow a little faster, whether they leave the theatre for or against.

I'm glad to get away to quiet; and ultimately, I hope, a creative mood again. . . .

If *Age* is fit, send it along, for a second overhauling. Plays are never finished.

Our love to you.

J. G.

The heather was jolly: and by Jove those prawns were scrumptuous.

[From and to Professor Murray]

Sept. 20, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing your kind heart which once I was a gentleman like yourself but what with my daughter getting married and my son he have took to aiviation which is just as bad and not a crust in the house indeed Sir I have seen better days and trowsers is always welcome if it does not fit it can be cut down but most of all I would like it sir if you would be so kind as give me a tickit for the *Fugitive* say Tuesday Sept. 30 which I shall be at Dr. Wheelers house where I have temporary got a job and scorning to beg believe me.—Yours gratefully,

SIMON MAGUS.

alias G. M.

Sept. 23, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

SIR,—Though it is quite contrary to my principles to indulge in indiscriminate charity, I have decided in consideration of your

son being in aviation and risking his life for the benefit of his country, to direct my secretary to tell the Manager of my theatre to cause some seats to be sent to you for the evening of Tuesday, Sep. 30th, at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

At the same time I must impress upon you that this must not be taken as a sign that I can continue my assistance. I have no trousers to spare.—Yours truly,

KINGSTON AND HAM.

*alias* J. G.

Sept. 24, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I replied to your tender and touching appeal, which took my wife in when I read it out—she regarded it, of course, as the limit, and was for having it framed.

Three tickets will go to you c/o the Wheelers for Sep. 30 evening at the Prince of Wales Theatre, to which *The F.* will be transferred on Friday.

Where and when can I see your little book on Euripides?

I am not quite clear that the case for dogs can be kept off the rocks of sheer reason, but I am clear that most of the attacks on it are rotten, and still more clear that I love dogs and the honour of men enough to get dogs off if I can, which is unlikely.

When I see you I'd like to have a crack over the Library Censorship—and other things, Sir.

Our love to you all.

J. G.

I hope to send you my new novel published about the middle of October.

[From H. W. Nevinson]

Oct. 5/13.

4 DOWNSIDE CRESCENT,  
HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I've been writing so hard all the week that I've not had time to thank you for the *Fugitive* tickets.

I have seldom been more deeply interested by a play. It seems to me the best kind of drama: at all events, it is the only kind I care for, except an occasional splendid farce.

Modern drama I mean. My only real criticism is that the scene is hardly modern enough. Twenty years ago its truth would have been more overwhelming than it is now. I have no doubt in most cases it is true still, but I've known women in very much that situation who still have escaped the restaurant.

THE FUGITIVE: THE DARK FLOWER

I sent you a little notice I wrote on it from that point of view. Perhaps I was too hard on Malise. Well, I do hate that type, and I know it so well.

No matter; it is all fine, and the last act a superb piece of perfectly constrained art. . . .—Yours very truly,

H. W. N.

[To Edward Garnett]

Sept. 26, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Warm thanks for your letter. *The F.*<sup>1</sup> goes well enough to be transplanted to the Prince of Wales Theatre evening bill. It begins there to-night. . . .

That old criticism of yours would be true if you worded it "would generally have someone to go to," and to that extent no doubt it is a weakness in the play that it's not quite an average case. But that it is by no means always a well-founded notion I know from my own experience. Women always *seem* to have someone to go to till it comes to the point, and then—they simply haven't, especially in that class where appearances have still terrific value. Women who don't mind planting themselves on others to the inconvenience and even harm of those others, *have* always someone to go to. But there's the rub, and some women are built so that they can't do that same. Another thing, women in that milieu often have no spiritual friends—I mean friends as we would understand the word—their whole lives seem planned so that they shall and must not.

. . . Our best love to you all.

J. G.

Two days after the first performance on September 16th—noted in his diary as "Not bad, and well received"—the Galsworthys went to Manaton, where they spent about a fortnight, walking and riding. Needless to say, *The Freeland's* also engaged J. G.'s attention. The night of October 3rd was spent in London, and next day the Galsworthys were off to Vienna.

We had both seen Vienna once before, many years ago. The town quite impossible of understanding or description in a short visit. Racial types very strongly marked and interesting. Buildings fine, and life cynical.

<sup>1</sup> *The Fugitive*.



After a smooth crossing and an excellent journey generally, they reached their destination on the 5th. On the 6th they attended a rehearsal of *Kampf* (the German version of *Strife*), and, in the evening, a performance of it—"pretty good performance: a very good Roberts." Next day there was a rehearsal of *Justice*, and on the following evening the first performance of *Justice*—"a big success. Seventeen curtains: unfortunate me much hauled before curtain."

*Justice* (says the notebook), received a rather marked ovation, and was on the whole quite well played, but the actress who played Ruth had hysterics after she saw the reviews, because she had not been allowed to indulge her melodramatic habits. No doubt at the second performance, with the author's eye removed, she went back to what pleased the Viennese public.

With regard to *Strife*, "which had had a great success two or three months before," it continues:

There again, though the performance was quite fairly good, the standard of acting was not up to that of our own country, neither so natural nor so subtle. Glibber and more *cliché*. I believe this applies to the great majority of theatres on the Continent. The new school of acting in England is something of a revelation of sincerity on the stage.

Two days later they were at Frankfurt for the night, "at an impressively swell hotel," going on to Wiesbaden, where he began *The Great Man*, "a short satiric study." Here he went in for a course of baths and massage for his shoulder, which he had damaged in June

by the swinging back of a heavy gate which he was holding with a riding-whip at an awkward angle. — the bone-setter had operated on it in September and broken down adhesions, but it did not get right, nor were the baths and massage any good. Wiesbaden, very charming as a place, as usual, was full of very plain people, and the music was detestable.

On October 18th he noted the end of the run of *The Fugitive* at the Prince of Wales's. At the same time he continued his work, and another satiric study, *The Critic*, was also written during this visit, which had lasted just over a fortnight when, on October 26th, the Galsworthys returned to London. They were glad to be back, for "neither of them enjoyed the stay."

Meanwhile *The Dark Flower* had appeared and fluttered the dovescots. For this book Galsworthy felt a rather special affection, and he always regretted its not finding more favour in this country. Time and again he was misunderstood; and misunderstanding—in England, though not elsewhere—has clustered thickest about *The Dark Flower*. His purpose was at once ambitious and simple: to depict physical passion spiritually, and to depict this physical-spiritual passion in a manner at once true and lyrical. To the multitude who think (if at all) confusedly, this may seem—as it did to the commercial moralists of 1913—a contradiction in terms; but it is in reality nothing of the kind. There exists a physical passion which is purely material, finite, and temporary; such passion has no spiritual overtones, and is nowhere commoner than amongst the prudish. But obviously there is also physical passion which—and not through its denial or repression—represents a form of spiritual experience. Once this is granted—and not before—clear thought on the subject becomes possible. The veil of the ecclesiastical tradition—now at last slowly lifting—has for centuries helped to obscure the simple truth that the formula “one life one love” can be as false as it is arbitrary, that convention, whether romantic or commercial (and this is both), is strong; and the sexually frigid or cowardly stood instantly at bay before a story which dared to exhibit the sexual urge—*plainly recognized as such*—as a possibly spiritual force.

Galsworthy himself, with his mixture of unobtrusive dignity and obvious self-control, presented to the world an equation which it never came near solving. He was widely regarded as an austere personality verging on the ascetic. Nothing could be further from the truth. Asceticism and a sense of beauty, though they may co-exist, can never harmonize; and Galsworthy's serene yet passionate love of beauty left no room for any jarring element. In truth he was a better, wiser, and more gifted man than is commonly found in a generation; for the rest, he was a man as others are. Only natural prudery, then, could have been capable of supposing that to his all-embracing love of beauty one form alone should prove elusive. He loved his wife as few men love theirs; that did not mean that he could feel the charm of no other woman. He realized, in fact—as many do not realize—that it is love rather than marriage which matters. If, when he was attracted to a

woman, it amounted to nothing that mattered, it was not because he was married, but because he loved so profoundly the woman he had married. And if such a passing attraction was not destructive of self-respect in a singularly fastidious and self-respecting nature, we may conclude that Galsworthy was right in putting before a public in some need of instruction a point of view which it was reluctant or unable to discover for itself.

To say that all objections to the book were based on stupidity or cowardice would obviously be an exaggeration. There were many people who sincerely and deeply believed in an ethical code with which *The Dark Flower* was hopelessly at variance, and anything but a disapproving attitude to the book could not fairly be expected of them. But in the main the cause of its comparative failure was the mixture of mental indolence and timidity prevailing among its readers.

Certain letters and a critique are appended; it may be added that the latter, while more or less typical of the attitude of the critics in general, is more courteously and temperately phrased than many others:

[*From Professor Murray*]

82 WOODSTOCK ROAD,  
OXFORD.

Oct. 17, 1913.

MY DEAR J. G.,—The marriages are over; there is a lull in the funerals; and the divorces have not begun, so I sate down to *The Dark Flower* the day before yesterday, and read it slowly and in peace. It is a beautiful thing. Very queer and haunting; and I like the effect of the three fragments. Mark Lennan is one of the most delightful people you have ever created, especially when he is a boy. And Sylvia is jolly good and convincing. And Mr. and Mrs. Colonel, though I suppose they are comparatively easy to do, are awfully good in their place. I do not remember the don. I cannot think of anyone like him. But likely enough that is my blindness; I may be living in the midst of him, or he may be recognizable as me to all my friends.

You are thundering good as a Scriptor Eroticus, and it is a very good thing to be. But I rather wish you could treat in a novel the sort of broader theme you treat in your plays. But I realize that that is the sort of remark that is unpermissible; only to be answered by a footstool thrown at the head,

THE FUGITIVE: THE DARK FLOWER

I think I hardly ever read a book so free from dead wood or from slack moments. It is all intense—almost as a detective story is intense, though in such an utterly different medium. Perhaps it is really the form which the long poem is taking in our age. The effect to me is more like poetry.—Yours ever,

G. M.

[From John Masefield]

Oct. 23rd, 1913.

13, WELL WALK,  
HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,— . . . I have read *The Dark Flower* with a great deal of pleasure: I think it is in many ways your best piece of work, in the sense the old poet meant when he wrote

“for circumcised wit

And for the cleanly carriage of it.”

And the portraits of your women are notable, all of them; but the fault I find is that as I read it, I do not really get to know the man any better; possibly you meant really to represent Everyman, and in that case I think you are diabolically clever, for certainly I felt the lure of all the women much as your man did. . . .—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[From Hugh Walpole]

Sunday.

THE COBBLES,  
POLPERRO, CORNWALL.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I can't tell you what pleasure your sending your book to me gave me. I didn't expect it. I had just finished my own and was feeling the reaction—rather depressed and left and gloomy—and then your book came.

I've thought of you so often this summer, but I haven't felt that you wanted to be bothered with a letter. You must have had so many things on your shoulders. I'm so delighted that *The Fugitive* is such a success—partly for selfish reasons, because now I shall see it next month in London.

I read the book yesterday, and in many ways I think it the most beautiful that you have written. Beauty seems to me strained and pressed through the pages so that they are heavy with it. It has, more than any of your books, that quality that I would give anything to possess a corner of—the “value” of page by page—word ringing after word like coin on a plate.

I liked the first episode least and the last best, because I think that Dromore and his girl are the most sharply etched characters

in the book. I don't "feel" Lennan sufficiently—I see him more as a peg for the theme than as a character, living both before and after the period of the theme. Well, a book like that is a fine "whip-up" for a writer like myself.—It does help one to go on. . . .  
—Yrs. affectionately, HUGH WALPOLE.

[*From William Archer*]

11 Oct., 1913.

27, FITZROY SQUARE, W.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—A very beautiful and penetrating and poignant book—a symphony in three movements, without a commonplace or a jarring note. I have read it with extraordinary pleasure, and, having just finished it, I send you this hurried scrawl while the immediate impression of the admirable third movement (the finest of the three) is upon me. . . .—Yours ever,  
WILLIAM ARCHER.

[*From a Review by Sir A. Quiller-Couch in the Daily Mail*]

It is giving me real pain at this moment that before reading Mr. Galsworthy's *The Dark Flower* I imprudently promised to write about it. For I admire Mr. Galsworthy greatly as an artist, and only on this side idolatry as a man telling necessary truths to this generation; and, as it turns out, I do not like this new book of his at all. Let the disappointment evident in what I have to say of it be measured and excused by a high belief in its author.

The book hurts me because it reveals a weakness in that philosophy of life which, as I share it, I have hitherto delighted to watch Mr. Galsworthy illustrating, expounding, enforcing. . . .

. . . Now we all have to draw the line somewhere, and Mr. Galsworthy must accept the criticism with the compliment when I say that while his natural hatred of cruelty seems to me as clean as Shelley's, it seems to me also to overlap into weakness just where Shelley's did. The fate of those who preach against cruelty, that most odious of vices, does (in my constant observation) overtake them when they go on to assail the cruelty so often involved in marriage and are driven into the position that "no duty survives where love does not"; a position from which the artist and the philosopher, if they be logical, have alike to seek refuge in sentimentality, "free love" and philandering, as Shelley undoubtedly did, and as Mr. Galsworthy does in this book—unless I wrong him.

. . . Put thus, it all seems pretty fatuous, if not pretty sordid; and I don't think it unfair to put it thus, because, stripped of Mr. Galsworthy's delicate writing, it all works out as something pretty fatuous and pretty sordid.

For, to begin with, there is not a child in the book; and while willing to allow that on this or that point I may be wrong, on one I will speak with no doubt at all and maintain that no book about marriage in which the child is ignored can even begin to be a true book. . . .

Secondly—and still to put it brutally—I agree with Dr. Johnson that the *femme incomprise* is, and has always been, usually a fraud; that not once in a hundred instances will a man leave his wife unless she has been negligent of pleasing. . . . The indelible wrong it does to a state by confusing progeny—I hold the chief glory in justification of love to be that it leads to a tremendous vow. To keep that vow may be infernally hard; and no one knows better than Mr. Galsworthy that life is hard; but a love which shirks the vow, the obligation, the possible torment, strikes me as indistinguishable from loose indulgence. . . . In spite of Mr. Galsworthy's art, I retain the conviction that if the good man she married really wore that expression after fifteen years, she had been "negligent in pleasing."

There is much beautiful writing in this book; and it goes without saying that Mr. Galsworthy has spent a hundred times more thought in writing it than have I in reviewing it. Therefore I have to admit the likelihood of his being right, while sure in my mind that he is wrong. But the general question is one upon which, as an older man, I have probably spent as much thought as he; and my general conclusion is that he would enervate the judgment in a matter upon which it behoves men rather to harden their opinions, if only for the sake of preserving from weak indulgence the noblest of human passions.

[To Sir A. Quiller-Couch]

WIESBADEN. Oct. 21, 1913. 1A ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
LONDON, W.C.

MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH,—I have just been reading your critique of *The Dark Flower* in the *Daily Mail*, and was greatly touched by the generous friendliness of its opening

words. It was good of you to write of me like that; and it was right of you to say so frankly what you thought of the book.

Your friendliness has tempted me to this letter. That and the fact that you are a fellow-craftsman rather than a critic.

And first I want to say that I did not intend my book to be anything but a study (I hoped a true and deep one) of Passion—that blind force which sweeps upon us out of the dark and turns us pretty well as it will. Since others have taken it for what I intended it to be, I cannot help thinking that some expectation or predisposition in your mind as to what I ought to write—some expectation that I would be trying to “get at” something, or to reform something—made you take the book for some sort of a dissertation on Free Love, or attack on Marriage, or incitement to Freedom, or what not.

I did not think it an unworthy thing—nor indeed either quite fatuous or sordid—to try and paint Passion in terms of its spirit rather than as so many have painted it, in terms of the flesh; especially in a land whose Life and Art seem in a sort of perpetual conspiracy to blur and sentimentalize all the true values of the greatest force in life.

You may, however, temperamentally disagree with me in that, and think that it was not worth doing.

But anyhow, since you, a man of brilliant gifts, have not perceived my intention, it is quite certain that thousands of others will not, and I will assume with you that the book is a treatise on the theme “no duty survives where love does not”—(a definition, indeed, which perhaps might apply to my play *The Fugitive*). Let me then now take your premises and endeavour to engage you thereon.

You use the word sentiment. Now, the longer I live the more constantly I notice that hatred of suffering, abhorrence of cruelty, is called sentiment only by those who have never fathomed, or truly envisaged the nature of that particular suffering or cruelty, and I am going to say quite frankly that though you are an older man than myself, of possibly wider general experience, you can never have looked first hand into the eyes of an unhappy marriage, of a marriage whose soul has gone or never was there, of a marriage that but lives on the meanest of all diet, the sense of property, and the sense of convention. You have never at first-hand—as I have—seen souls shrivelling in bodies under that possibly worst form of suffering and worst kind of cruelty in the world. I am probably the most happily married man in England. I have seen at

first-hand the two extremes. I know, as few of those—I would say as none of those—who glibly uphold marriage at all costs know, the value and beauty of a perfect union; and I know, as *certainly none* of them knows, the shrivelling hell of the opposite. And my gorge rises within me when I encounter that false glib view that the vow is everything, that people do better to go on living together (for nothing else *is* marriage) when one of them, or both, sicken at the other. A more fiendish spiritual destruction I would not wish any man than that he should continue to possess a woman who revolted at his touch; a more cruel existence for either man or woman I cannot imagine than that daily longing of their spirits when they try to live in comity, love not being there. I speak strongly, because I feel strongly, and know what I am talking about.

Now I come to the gravamen of your charge that I “would enervate the judgment,” etc. This is my answer: Marriage in this country is an institution of tremendous force, an institution that, in spite of the alarmists, there is not one tittle of real evidence to show is weakening in any vital or worthy aspect. The falling birth-rate follows economic laws, and does show not any weakening of the demand “one man one woman.” The movements for increased facilities of divorce are to the real observer a sign of reasonable and civilized desire to strengthen marriage by removing from it cruel and hypocritical conditions. Marriage stands by mutual love—by a feeling between man and woman that they want to go on together, and for this very reason marriage is in no danger. It is no service to marriage to bolster it up by talk of vows. It knows its own mind; it knows its own strength. It knows that the more men and women recognize the utter and fundamental reason of its existence, the stronger and cleaner it will be. It knows that the less it is served by cruelty and suffering, the more attractive it becomes.

I cannot and must not be told that when—in our land of facts and almost terrible love of propriety, with its innumerable forces of authority, convention, property, and fear, all fighting for the preservation of the body of Marriage—some voice here or there makes itself heard to say: “All this is little worth if the spirit be gone”—I cannot be told that this is sentimental, dangerous, destructive; and so forth. It does not ring true to my ears; it sounds the note of extravagance and disproportion.

All this is said presuming that my book was on the theme “no duty where love is not”; which it most emphatically was



not, as I believe you will admit if you read it again, which is quite too much to expect of a mortal man. True, I have not beaten the drums and tambourines of self-sacrifice; but you will find it in two of the stories for all that, if you look hard enough. And the only moral that I myself can find drawn in the whole book is the moral that I believe you must approve, that one must not indulge oneself at the expense of a loved one's suffering.

I must not go on boring you. Please forgive me for having written—as man to man, tempted by the friendliness of your words, and having for you, believe me, the best of feeling.

Cordially yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Professor Murray*]

Oct. 25, 1913.

1A ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—It was refreshing to get your letter. The few opinions I value seem to be in favour of the book. The critics (what I have seen) either are concerned entirely with its morality or immorality (which to me doesn't apply) or intolerant of so much amorosity in so little space; or rather in love with the book.

Well, imagine Andrew Lang, with a dash of the Balfour, and a strain of something narrower and not so brilliant, and you have my idea of Stormer. After all, he's only the merest sketch; but I think there is that type of intellectuality that a little laughs at everything for fear of being laughed at, and fundamentally cannot believe in women.

We come to Town to-day.—Always yours,

J. G.

After three days in London, during which he was occupied with revision of *The Mob* for McKinnel (Irving having abandoned it) and rehearsals of *Strife* for production at Leeds, the Galsworthys moved on to Wingstone, where they spent four weeks. On November 1st he began *The Little Man*, and finished it in five days. As usual, his time was devoted chiefly to work and to riding: to this period, in addition to work on *The Freeland*s, belong the sketches *Fairyland*, *The Plain Man*, *The Housewife*, and *The Superlative*. (Thus, by the way, the diary; but it should be mentioned that the notebook says: "To Wingstone, where I dropped the writing of *The Freeland*s and began the story called *The First and the Last*." The version of the diary has been chosen as being contemporary—

which the record in the notebook is not—and therefore more likely to be the true one.) From Wingstone, on the 27th, they went to Manchester, where they “saw *Joy* done by Esmé Percy’s company; and enjoyed it hugely, especially the last act.” They then proceeded to Ilkley, within convenient reach of rehearsals at Leeds, and there followed for Galsworthy two busy days. On December 1st he made a twenty-minute speech on Repertory Theatres at the Leeds Luncheon Club, and in the evening attended the first night of *Strife*—a “good show.” On the 2nd:

Leeds back to Ilkley. Ada went early; I stayed and visited the Leeds training college. Made a tiny speech to the students. Thence to lunch at University: thence motored with Wilsons to see his pictures. . . . Thence back to the University and gave a reading of *The Pigeon* which people said was successful. Thence by train to Ilkley very tired.

They stayed on till the 8th, during which time Galsworthy wrote his speech for a meeting in Kensington Town Hall on the Treatment of Performing Animals; this duly took place on the 15th:

The meeting was held to protest against cruelties to performing animals. Very crowded meeting; Cunninghame Graham in chair. . . . My speech characterized by a trainer present as “very fair.”

Meanwhile there had been rehearsals of *The Silver Box*, which was revived by Granville-Barker at the St. James’s Theatre on the 17th. Next day, finally, suffering from heavy colds, they fled the English winter and set forth for Marseilles. Thence they proceeded by the s.s. *Maloja* to Port Said—“a blow in the Gulf of Lyons and both ill”—and on to Cairo and Heliopolis, where they saw the year out. “On the ship were the Massinghams, bound for the same, and we made joint weather of it.” On the 30th they lunched with Lord Kitchener:

impressive, but seeming rather to have lost edge. He was going up flying that day for the first time. Spoke a little of the “five feddan law” which he had just introduced, and was affable to A., contrary to his reputation.

Finally, the death of the old year saw the birth of yet another play: *The Full Moon* (known to the public as *A Bit o’ Love*), which he began on December 31st.

## CHAPTER XII

1914: "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

[*To Frank Lucas*]

Jan. 21, 1914.

S.S. *Nefert-Ari*.

MY DEAR FRANK,—On this yer boat returning to Luxor from Assouan, just going through the lock at Esna, amid the cries of "Bahksheesh" and the invocations of Allah, I write these lines, sending you greeting. May the body-pride of you all never grow less, and your spirits climb the trees of God!

I will give you the itinerary of our carcasses in few words: Arrived Heliopolis Dec. 23 in poor condition; recovered gradually in the largest (and one of the best hotels) in the world; lunched one day with Kitchener. There seems no question of his value and success out here; but he's such a bloomin' autocrat that, when he goes, there'll be the usual devil to pay.

I hope he'll stay here and do his full whack, and not go off to India. He is, here, the protector of the poor, and it is pre-eminently a country, at the present time of speaking, for benevolent despotism by one thoroughly convinced that the happiness of the country is the happiness (damn the pen) of the fellaheen, and not of the educated gent. who would soon batten on him if left to his Syrio-Turkish-Graeco self. He (K.) is much feared and disliked by the financial classes; but the simpler folk have nothing but good words for him; and the country generally rests (I gather rather happily) in the consciousness that they can d——d well not do as they please. Whether he has not a bit overdone his autocracy with the Nationalist Press is perhaps another matter. It might have been better to have left some blow-holes. (The Nile is the lowest since the days of Ptolemy, and we spent most of yesterday bumping on sandbanks.)

After seeing Cairo, and recruiting Ada, we went up by train to Luxor, the Capua of this country; and—having spent there five days of temples and tombs, and begun a play—steamed on to Assouan; where there is nothing to see but the dam in the

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middle of which Philae now reposes. 'Tis a fine work, and after all there's something to be said for the work of man that benefits man, and not the gods.

Jotted down on the way up the Nile two impressions.

"Desert—a great moon rising pale—the little trees like men amazed below her—a light moving across—the sky lavender, and some stars creeping out in it—a line of date palms crossing space like a caravan of Arabs—one dog barking—the smell of burning maize-stalks—a dhow sailing up, and the shadows of her crew dark in the gold water."

"First of morning—Edfu—up at the top of the immemorial brown mudbank two brown oxen going round and round with a brown woman squat on a board going round and round behind them—the brown pots dipping into Nile below and tipping into trough above for ever and ever amen—a flight of white pigeons over it."

A whole week at Assouan riding and writing at the play, that may, I trust, be ready to read to you when you come to us at Whitsuntide or thereabouts, as we trust you are preparing to do.

The stupendous sunniness of this land frightens one, 29 days and not a smell of rain—how return to Dartmoor? And yet I'm homesick sometimes.

To-day we return to Capua—more play, more tombs and temples. Then Mena House, and preparations for the desert, whereto a picturesque scoundrel with the mind of a Hatton Garden epicurean, the manner of a screwdriver, and the dress of a Persian monarch will conduct us in company with the Massinghams, with whom we have been journeying ever since Marseilles till yesterday. Then on February 14 we shake off the dust of ages (it is dust) at Alexandria for Syracuse. Spend a fortnight or so in Sicily (never seen) and come home by Rome and easy stages. We ought to be back about March 15, and shall be seeing of you soon, I trust. The hotels are good and the "dimshies" who wait on us pleasant mild civil things. The idle rich are as usual idle and rich. On this boat we are somewhat free of them, having instead, Item: An old American lady doctor entirely devoted to eating non-uric acid food. Item: A bushy-bearded burly pard in dark blue and a yachting cap, who spends life and income solely in moving from country to country. Item: Several gone-off Americans. Rich item: One retired British drug-manufacturer, pink-red face, set in grey fringes; pig-conformation; heavy snore; three times Mayor of —; his is a happy life—what with my business, and my Municipal work, and my bowls,

and a little (bashfully) religious life—quite a happy life! He is a flower of the fields, I do assure you, and has a granddaughter who is the very essence of that great undiscovered tract of land that lies God knows exactly where.

We know nothing and care little about what is happening in the other countries of the world—what's the use, when it's all been buried, dug up, and buried again by the Press before it reaches us? Was there ever so complete a machine for the instant consumption of its own production as this "great" XXth century Press?

We gather that Bonar Law has invoked God; that several murders have been committed; and a volcano consumed the unhappy Japanese.

Forgive this doggerel drivelling shaken by the paddles, broken by glimpses of the mountains of the moon, and the onslaughts of three active little Egyptian flies.

When this travel is over I wish to be made the Governor of an island, and have done with it.

Ada sends her love to you all, and so do I.—Always yours,  
J. G.

Their second stay at Luxor was followed by an expedition into the desert. The Massinghams accompanied them, and the whole party included fifteen Arabs, men and boys, eight camels and three donkeys. The venture lasted eleven days, and was thoroughly enjoyed :

We start about 10, ride till 1.30, lunch off eggs and things, ride again till 4.30. Set up camp; have tea, laze in a chair watching the sun down; then a bath and dinner. A great life to rest every faculty except that of doing nothing with joy.

One night, in the Fayoum.

Embarak got us a dancing-girl. An experience. Her dancing was just primitive love-making to us all, women included. The Arabs very excited.

Another evening our Arabs were dancing dervishes, which was rather disgusting and alarming; on the Prophet's birthday. They also ate a ram whole, beak and bones.

*[From a letter from Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds]*

From EGYPT.

Here we are, very badly done [photographed], at the end of 11 days camping here and there in the desert; 15 men and boys,

all Arabs, 8 camels, 3 donkeys. The Massinghams (in the picture) are on donkeys, Embarak the dragoman has raceglasses and a hand on my saddle, the cook high against the sky, as well he might be, for he gave us the most miraculous cooking and was absolutely *clean*. My camel, with the cane balancing across her head, was the most beautiful and amiable ever known; a great racer, and of the very softest pink imaginable—by name Daisy Bell! Her boy, peering over her head, was the life and soul of the party, age 13, and the quaintest little rascal.

This group, even worsely photographed, was meant to show a dance, with music. These pipes are very sweet. The savage crouching in front was a most interesting creature, and a fine singer, though in a strange fashion. They used to dance, sing and play for us in the evenings; pipes and a resounding hand-clapping for the rhythm, as music; and the singer improvising short stanzas between the dances. All very queer and jolly. We enjoyed every minute. The nights were more wonderful than I ever saw before. . . .

They had had a thoroughly good time.

Egypt (wrote Mrs. Galsworthy) does lay hold of one in retrospect, especially if one has "kept the good wine till the last," as we did. From the second visit to Luxor to the end was for us a steady crescendo. Light, marvellous light, *including*, as it were, sunlight, is what remains most in one's spirit. I'd never seen what light could be till then. Not that aching white Riviera devilry, but a bathing of all in such beauty that sometimes one felt one simply must float out into it; unimaginable beforehand.

This concluded their stay in Egypt. After a day in Cairo they moved on to Alexandria, whence they sailed to Syracuse. There they said farewell to the Massinghams, and proceeded to Taormina, which they reached on February 16th. The entries in the diary are almost unvaried: "Work and walk." On the 20th he noted:

Wrote my letter to *The Times* complaining of heartlessness in politics.

and six days later:

Met Robert Hichens at tea with some Americans. Finished *The Full Moon* 2nd time through at Taormina.

But at this point the diaries are supplemented by the running

accompaniment of a second notebook, similar to the first, but happily more voluminous:

Syracuse (it records), was very interesting and old-feeling; the old theatre, the quarries, the Ear of Dionysius, etc. We went about with a fellow-traveller called Wyndham-Forbes, who was returning home from Malay States; a nice, and rather queer man. Indeed, we went on with him as far as Taormina the same day, where we stayed at the San Domenico hotel, an old converted monastery. Had a jolly room with a jolly terrace attached, looking over to Etna, with almond-blossom in the foreground. Plenty of snow on Etna. Taormina is very lovely, and the Greek theatre, just over the sea, a rare place. Met Robert Hichens there. Spent a fortnight there, and rambled about the hills. Finished a play: *A Bit o' Love* there, and wrote the two short sketches *Hathor* and *Sekhet*. Also a rather fiery letter to *The Times* about the cold-heartedness and delays of Parliament, which created some rumpus. (The diary noted: "My letter to *The Times* has created a regular hum. Every paper has leaders.") From Taormina we went through to Viareggio, most disappointing Americanized grave of Shelley. Two nights there, then on to Genoa, Hotel Bristol. Thence to Paris, saw Marianne St. René Taillandier and dined with her parents. . . . Came back to London in time for the production of *The Mob* in Manchester, which occupied most of the time during three weeks; Milton Rosmer playing More, Miss Rooke Katharine, Lomas Sir John, a good steady performance. Very good reception.

This was on March 30th; the diary reads: "Great applause. I made small speech." With reference to the play itself, the letter below, written during rehearsals, is worth quoting:

[To Miss A. E. F. Horniman]

March 16, 1914.

1A ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAR MISS HORNIMAN,—Warm thanks for your letter, and your oysterity. *The Mob* is an awkward play to talk about without creating a wrong impression; and I'm anxious that the Public should not ride off on the idea that its main motif is a plea for little countries. Its main motif is the duty of a man to stick to his guns in the face of popular disapproval, so long as his convictions tell him he is right. In the matter of little nations, for instance, I personally am sometimes moved and sometimes not.

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It depends on the circumstances, but it never depends on the circumstances whether or no a man should abandon his principles when they *shine* to him like stars, does it?

I enclose you a little cutting, which appears to me dangerous in view of the fact that — may let me down badly. I am not afraid of the production, but candidly I am afraid of him in this part. I don't want him to feel I am, of course, or it doesn't give him a chance; but the fact remains, and I speak it out *for your ears* alone.

I'm so glad the Gaiety has had a triumphant season again; I knew it would. Let's hope *The Mob* won't knock the gilt off too much.

Best regards and hoping to see you soon.—Yours very sincerely,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I thought the performance of *Justice* excellent.

Now came a few days at Littlehampton, whence J. G. wrote to Edward Garnett:

THE BEACH HOTEL,  
LITTLEHAMPTON.

April 5, 1914.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Your letters gave me great pleasure, and relieved my mind. My words were inadequate.

*The Mob* was received very well indeed by the audience, and slanged moderately in *The Guardian* and *Courier*, for absolutely contradictory reasons. The man who wrote in *The Courier* wrote a totally different notice in some other paper of the opposite persuasion, praising where he had blamed, etc. It's most quaint. Politics play a vast part, it appears, in criticism.

I'm not much in love with the play myself; but you can see it if you like at the Coronet on April 20th and ensuing fortnight.

I'm reading the *Karamazov Brothers* a second time; and just after *War and Peace* I'm bound to say it doesn't wash. Amazing in places, of course, but, my God!—what incoherence and what verbiage, and what startling of monsters out of holes to make you shudder. It's a mark of these cubistic, blood-bespattered-poster times that Dostoevsky should rule the roost. Tolstoy is far greater, and Turgenev too. . . .

Again, in another letter to Edward Garnett, he made it clear that *The Mob* was no favourite of his:

I suppose one always feels inclined to take up arms on behalf of one's work when it is attacked, but in passive moments I care



very little for *The Mob* myself; it lacks intimacy and the comic spirit which does succeed in hovering a little somewhere or other about all my other plays.

And to Professor Murray he wrote:

*The Mob* (once *The Patriot*) is running this week at the Coronet. I never got to like it very much—it lacks I don't quite know what. Still, it's not so bad as some of the Press tries to make out.

There followed a few days at Littlehampton, a few more in London, and a week at Manaton, all uneventful; then, back in London, he attended the function alluded to in the preceding letter:

*Monday, April 20.* Rehearsal 11-4. The Masefields dined with us at Verreys, and we all went on to first London night of *The Mob* at the Coronet. A somewhat rough performance. Much applause, and, having to go on the stage, I got an embarrassing reception.

The previous day occurs the entry:

To Westminster Union Infirmary at Fulham to see poor old Joseph Reed (the old butler in *Fraternity*); found him wasted to a skeleton. He is going, poor old man. Extraordinary self-centred tenacity.

The end, it may be added, soon came, for in a letter of May 8th J. G. wrote: "I've just lost the original of the old butler Creed in *Fraternity*—at 82."

The Galsworthys now returned to Manaton, where, with two short breaks, they were to remain till the second week of July, taking in Exmouth on the way so as to see his mother. At Exmouth: "G. K. Chesterton suddenly walked into the lounge after dinner." At Wingstone life flowed on undisturbedly as the last good days ran out.

Rode a good deal on Dartmoor in very lovely weather. The Frank Lucases came to stay. Went over to Exmouth and stayed with Mother at the Imperial Hotel. Visited Sir Walter Raleigh's house, Hayes Barton, near Budleigh Salterton. Lovely old Tudor House, now a farm, with large hydrangeas in the porch, and rooms with doors across the corner. One or two windows of the original glass.

To this period belong *The Bright Angel*, *A Simple Tale*, *Ultima Thule*, *Sekhet*, and *Desert Song*—the two latter fruits of the visit to Egypt; and there were *The Freelands* and *The Full Moon* to work on, the former getting the lion's share of his attention. On May 8th he noted:

Reading Lloyd George's new Budget. He is the man; the only man who can put steam into the machine.

At this point comes a visit to London, spent partly in rehearsing *Justice* at the Coronet Theatre, and partly in receiving treatment. On May 10th, the day they came up to London, he notes: "Full of the idea of a new novel, and of laying aside *The Freelands*," but six days later, on the day of their return, the entry runs:

Read over most of *The Freelands*. An idea came to me, shall not lay it aside. On the contrary.

Wingstone was a pleasant place just then:

Yes (wrote Mrs. Galsworthy on May 17th), your country sounds splendid, but we don't seem ever to get to the end of *these* moors. Yesterday we made a most thrilling discovery; the far side of Grey Tor just now is bloomed over with bluebells, and above them quantities of crab-apple trees in the most marvellous beauty of blossom. I never saw a whole *collection* of crab-apple trees before, and that they should settle to bloom just with bluebells that are as thick as blades of grass together, is a great joy.

We go off in this lovely weather about 1 o'clock, ride an hour, then tie up the steeds, lunch under a hedge, and ride on till tea-time, after.

So glad the concert was good and pleasant. We were up from Sunday last till Saturday (10th till 16th), mercilessly busy. Jack was rehearsing *Justice* which is on with the Horniman people this week. It seems all right, indeed good.

And still the peaceful sands ran invisibly out. On May 18th Miss Horniman revived *Justice* at the Coronet; on the 27th J. G. went over to Torquay for a couple of hours with Eden Phillpotts. During the last days of his stay he wrote about Cunninghame Graham for a Glasgow paper. On June 8th came the second break; a visit to the Masfields in Berkshire: "By motor to Newton with A. and Miss Fyffe; bust *two* tyres but caught train." There followed a couple of days in London, where Galsworthy's shoulder

was X-rayed and a specialist consulted; and on June 13th they were back at Wingstone. During the ensuing days *A Simple Tale* and "a phantastic sketch called *Passing* on the forlorn Bills of Suffering" were written, and *The Freelands* received serious attention.

On July 7th they returned to London for a fortnight; on the same day

*Passing* appeared in the *Westminster*. Don't suppose it will do the least good. Present system of private members' Bills to remove cruelty is hopeless.

A visit to the Little Commonwealth in Dorset—"a most interesting experiment; pure democratics applied to 32 young delinquents, male and female. Awfully jolly atmosphere the result"—followed by a night in the country with friends, was succeeded by the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lords. This was a sad affair. In the first place Mrs. Galsworthy was not well enough to go, and that was enough to take the salt out of it. Only a fortnight before, at Wingstone, he had noted in his diary: "Ada in bed with bad neuritis in neck. At once the soul of the place vanishes." And as if that were not enough, Harrow were "beaten for the fifth time running. I walked about Lords like a ghost cast out. Shall give up this match." (But he didn't.) The next three days are recorded in unusual detail:

*Monday, July 13.* 1A A. T. H. (A. still badly.) Dentist 9.30 crowned a tooth that hurt a lot. Walked home. Lunched with A. Went in and saw Heinemann. Back to tea with A. about 4. Walked a little on the Embankment. Dined with Jack Hills at House of Commons at 8, and met Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, and very charming they were. Home at 10.30.

*Tuesday, July 14.* 1A A. T. H. Dr. Barton to see Ada. Sorrowful petition from Birds Protection Socy. to do what I could for the Plumage Bill. Fate to be decided on Thursday. Wrote letter to *The Times*. Lunched with A. (still badly). Jack Hills came in 2.30 and took me to meeting of the Rural Housing O.S. at the Henry Bentincks' in Grosvenor Street. A good effort, I should think, in a small way at present. Tea with A. A little walk on to Westminster Bridge, North Street, and back through St. James's Park. Dined alone at Savoy Grill Room—hoping to see J. M. B[arrie] there; did not.

*Wednesday, July 15.* 1A A. T. H. My Plumage Bill letter in *Times* with others. Revising *Freelands*. Lunched in with A. (still badly). Walked to London Library and the Bank and home with flowers for A. and some for Lillah which I took in. After tea revising *Freelands*; but very sleepy. Went out (met Chisholm in Bedford Street), dined alone at the "Petit Riche." . . . Home and went in and saw J. M. B., who's in bed with high temp.

*Reverie of a Sportsman* was written a few days later, and then, on the 22nd, they went down to Manaton, where, with scarcely an interruption, they were to spend the rest of the year. Of the last days of all before the coming of the great Calamity let Galsworthy's diary speak for itself:

*Tuesday, July 28.* Wingstone. *Freelands*. Walk with A. Wrote for *Le Temps* a sketch of my favourite spot in England—that is *here*. Reading Scott's *Voyage of the Discovery*.

*Wednesday, July 29.* Wingstone. *Freelands*. Walk with A. 2nd sketch for *Le Temps*. Reading Scott's *V. of Discovery*. These war-clouds are monstrous. If Europe is involved in an Austro-Servian quarrel one will cease to believe in anything.

*Thursday, July 30.* Wingstone. *Freelands*. Motored with Ada, Miss Fyffe and her maid Laura, out to Two Bridges, Dartmeet and Lunsden. Tea out. War-clouds still black.

*Friday, July 31.* Wingstone. *The Freelands*. Things going on working up for this awful catastrophe. I rode and walked with A. The suddenness of this horror is appalling.

*Saturday, August 1.* Wingstone. *The Freelands*. Blacker and blacker! Little or no chance now! I rode: and walked with A. A Nursing fund meeting: decided to enquire about ambulance classes.

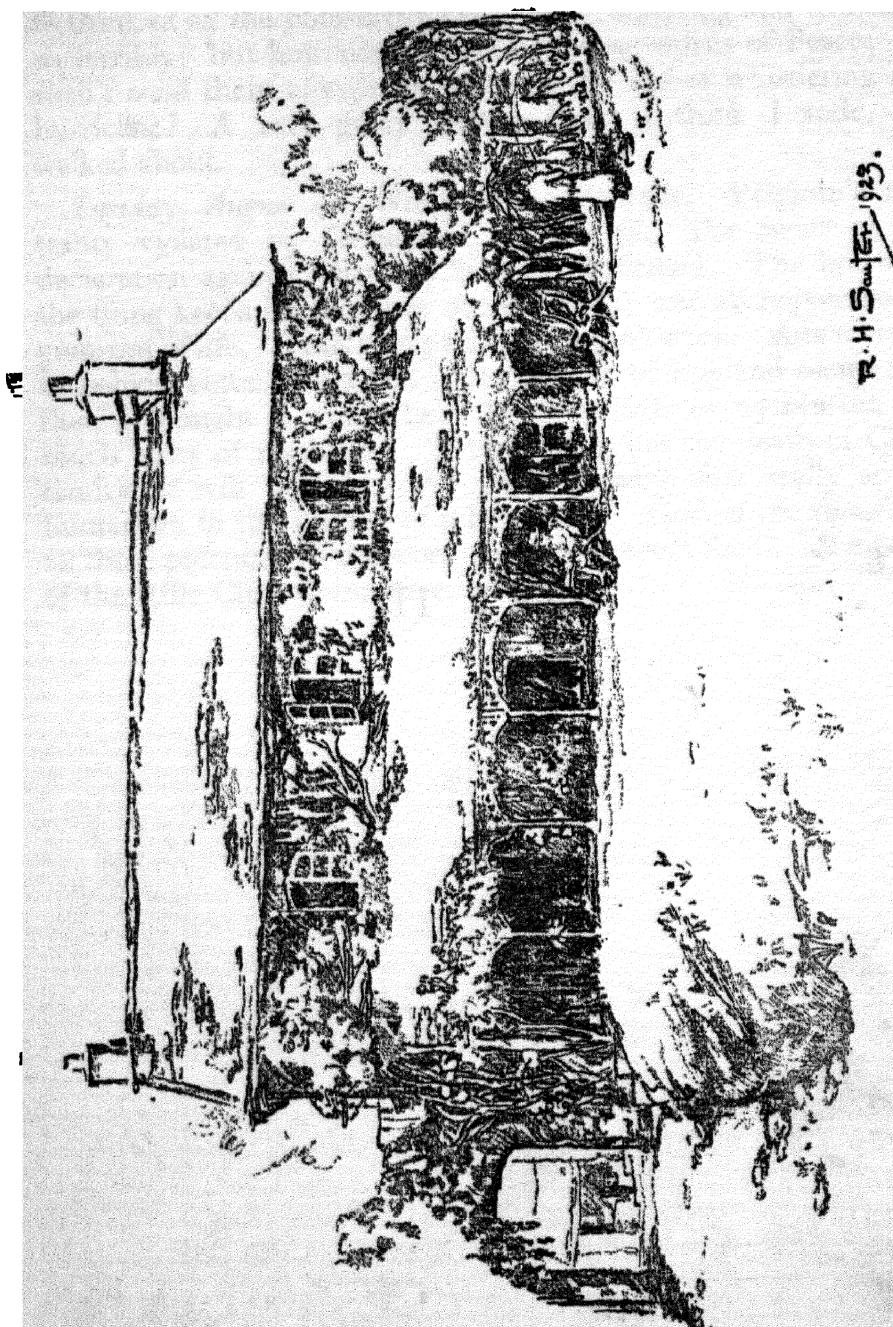
*Sunday, August 2.* Wingstone. War is declared between Austria and Germany v. France and Russia. Too ghastly for words. The European war has come true. The nightmare of it. We rode to distract the thought. I wish to Heaven I could work! Both Skip and Peggy are now *nearly* free from lameness.

*Monday, August 3.* Wingstone. A miserably anxious day, ourselves hovering on the verge of this war. The question of Belgium's neutrality to the fore. If Germany will not respect it, we shall be in. I hate and abhor war of all kinds; I despise and loathe it. And the thought of the million daily acts of its

violence and hateful brutishness keeps riving my soul. I try not to think of all the poor creatures who are suffering and will suffer so terribly; but how not to? Wrote some words of Peace; but shan't send them anywhere. What's the use of whispering in a hurricane? A very gusty wettish day. I think I rode, and walked about.

*Tuesday, August 4.* Wingstone. We rode. Belgium's neutrality violated by Germany. *We are in.* The news of war declaration against Germany is fully confirmed. The horror of the thing keeps coming over one in waves; and all happiness has gone out of life. I can't keep still, and I can't work. Ada manages to behave better, bless her. The temper of England seems finer than I thought it would be. There is little or no bluster, and much unity of resolution. If this war is not the death of Christianity, it will be odd. We need a creed that really applies humanism to life instead of talking of it. God in the mouths of all these potentates—the word does not beseem them. A meeting of the Rifle Club Committee.

## PART III



R. H. Saint 1923.

## CHAPTER I

### 1914-18: THE WAR: THE DIARIES

BETWEEN Moretonhampstead and Bovey Tracey, almost on the edge of Dartmoor, lies the little village of Manaton. The lanes in that part of the world seem to conduct their meanderings with little if any purpose, and the traveller encountering them for the first time will be lucky if he reaches his destination without losing his way once or twice. He will at best experience more than one soul-searching moment of doubt as to whether his feet are set on the right path. At last, however, he will come upon Manaton itself—a tiny place, with a church and exiguous tree-framed village green tucked away to one side of the road, and a desultory cluster of cottages on either side. But if he be coming from Moretonhampstead he need not go quite so far. Just before he comes to the village he must turn right, into an avenue of tall trees, and move down a steepish slope beneath their shelter. These trees run down towards the small enclosed farm-yard, and then fan out into a tiny copse, which shelters the east-fronting house to left and rear. One has one's choice of following them down, through an awkward gate, into the farm-yard, or, taking a gate halfway down on the left, of bearing right along a short drive with the copse to one's right, and so coming upon the residential part of the house.

Below the copse are the shrubbery and flower-beds, at right angles to which stands the house itself—a small two-floored building, dark, and with an air of wistful reserve about it, though it is covered at the appropriate season with the most spectacular masses of wistaria blossom. A verandah runs its full length. It contains a handful of squarish rooms, neither large nor small, neither high nor low, and is still very much as it was when the Galsworthys occupied it. The rustic atmosphere is intensified by the absence of a bathroom.

Standing under the verandah, with the trees and the flower-



beds to the left, one looks out, across a small lawn, over a meadow belonging to the farm (known as Cross Park), to a hill covered with trees, from the summit of which juts an observation tower. To the right come trees in both fore- and background, and above, against the skyline, very far away, a grey-blue ridge of hills. Sweeping across a row of big trees in the foreground, the eye (now looking south-east) next encounters the lofty mass of Hey Tor, with its two rocks just visible over the declining end of the spur which bounds the prospect along all its south side.

So much for the frontal outlook. If we walk to the middle of the lawn and turn right we shall be looking directly at this massive spur or ridge of moorland. From Wingstone the ground slopes down to the bottom of it, along which trees run irregularly, shading a little trout stream, the sound of which is never absent. To the left are more trees, and an outlying part of the Wingstone farmstead which runs oddly along the side of the ridge, some way up it, in a single band of meadows and ploughed fields, curving somewhat up the hill to an abrupt termination. Above this farm, and to the right, are yet more trees. Finally, higher still, and still to the right, is the summit of the ridge running high up across the sky. Further on it begins to become rocky, and, soon after the downward slope begins, culminates in the curiously shaped mass of rocks named Bowerman's Nose. The slope steepens; then all is lost to view behind the trees to the south of the farm-yard.

Just outside the garden stands a fine lime tree—the original *Lime Tree of A Motley*—around which cattle cluster. To the immediate south of the farm, invisible from the lawn, are an apple orchard—very dark, even on the finest days, beneath its close-packed branches—and the “Long Meadow,” surely the most complicatedly and variously enchanting thing of its kind to be found.

In *Buttercup Night* Galsworthy has given an account of how he first happened on the place during a walking tour in 1904. The meadow by which he entered is Cross Park, which stretches almost to the cross-roads by the church and village green. (The episode of the sick horse, however—here omitted—is taken from the illness of his mare Peggy, which as we know, did not occur until ten years later):

Why is it (he wrote), that in some places one has such a feeling of life being, not merely a long picture-show for human eyes,

but a single breathing, glowing, growing thing, of which we are no more important a part than the swallows and magpies, the foals and sheep in the meadows, the sycamores and ash trees and flowers in the fields, the rocks and little bright streams, or even than the long fleecy clouds and their soft-shouting drivers, the winds?

True we register these parts of being, and they—so far as we know—do not register us; yet it is impossible to feel, in such places as I speak of, the busy, dry, complacent sense of being all that matters, which in general we humans have so strongly.

In these rare spots, which are always in the remote country, untouched by the advantages of civilization, one is conscious of an enwrapping web or mist of spirit—is it, perhaps, the glamorous and wistful wraith of all the vanished shapes once dwelling there in such close comradeship?

It was Sunday of an early June when I first came on one such, far down in the West Country. I had walked with my knapsack twenty miles, and there being no room at the tiny inn of the very little village, they directed me to a wicket gate, through which, by a path leading down a field, I would come to a farm-house, where I might find lodging. The moment I got into that field I felt within me a special contentment, and sat down on a rock to let the feeling grow. In an old holly tree rooted to the bank about fifty yards away two magpies evidently had a nest, for they were coming and going, avoiding my view as much as possible, yet with a certain stealthy confidence which made one feel that they had long prescriptive right to that dwelling-place. Around, as far as one could see, was hardly a yard of level ground; all hill and hollow, long ago reclaimed from the moor; and against the distant folds of the hills the farm-house and its thatched barns were just visible, embowered amongst beeches and some dark trees, with a soft bright crown of sunlight over the whole. A gentle wind brought a faint rustling up from those beeches and from a large lime tree which stood by itself; on this wind some little snowy clouds, very high and fugitive in that blue heaven, were always moving over. But I was most struck by the buttercups. Never was field so lighted up by those tiny lamps, those little bright pieces of flower china out of the Great Pottery. They covered the whole ground, as if the sunlight had fallen bodily from the sky, in millions of gold patines; and the fields below as well, down to what was evidently a stream, were just as thick with the extraordinary warmth and glory of them.

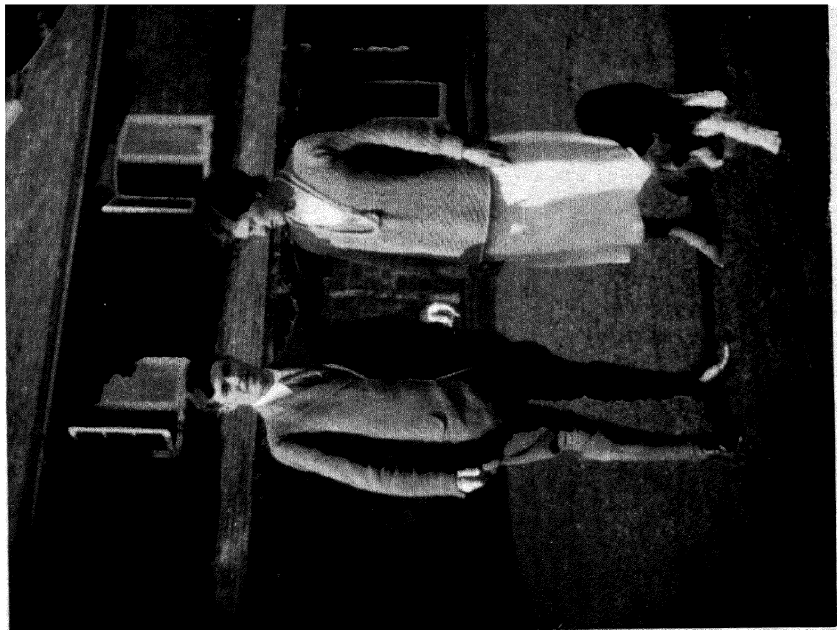
Leaving the rock at last, I went towards the house. It was long and low and rather sad, standing in a garden all mossy grass and buttercups, with a few rhododendrons and flowery shrubs below a row of fine old Irish yews. On the stone verandah a grey sheep-dog and a very small golden-haired child were sitting close together, absorbed in each other. A woman came in answer to my knock, and told me, in a pleasant, soft, slurring voice, that I might stay the night; and, dropping my knapsack, I went out again. . . .

. . . I moved off down the farm lane into an old orchard, where the apple trees were still in bloom, with bees—very small ones—busy on the blossoms, whose petals were dropping on to the dock leaves and buttercups in the long grass. Climbing over the bank at the far end, I found myself in a meadow the like of which—so wild and yet so lush—I think I have never seen. Along one hedge of its meandering length were masses of pink mayflower; and between two little running streams quantities of yellow water iris—"daggers," as they call them—were growing; the "print-frock" orchis, too, was all over the grass, and everywhere the buttercups. Great stones coated with yellowish moss were strewn among the ash trees and dark hollies; and through a grove of beeches on the far side, such as Corot might have painted, a girl was running with a youth after her, who jumped down over the bank and vanished. Thrushes, blackbirds, yaffles, cuckoos, and one other very monotonous little bird were in full song; and this, with the sound of the streams and the wind, and the shapes of the rocks and trees, the colours of the flowers, and the warmth of the sun, gave one the feeling of being lost in a very wilderness of Nature. Some ponies came slowly from the far end, tangled, gypsy-headed little creatures, stared and went off again at speed. It was just one of those places where any day the spirit of all Nature might start up in one of those white gaps that separate the trees and rocks. But though I sat a long time waiting, hoping, Pan did not come. . . .

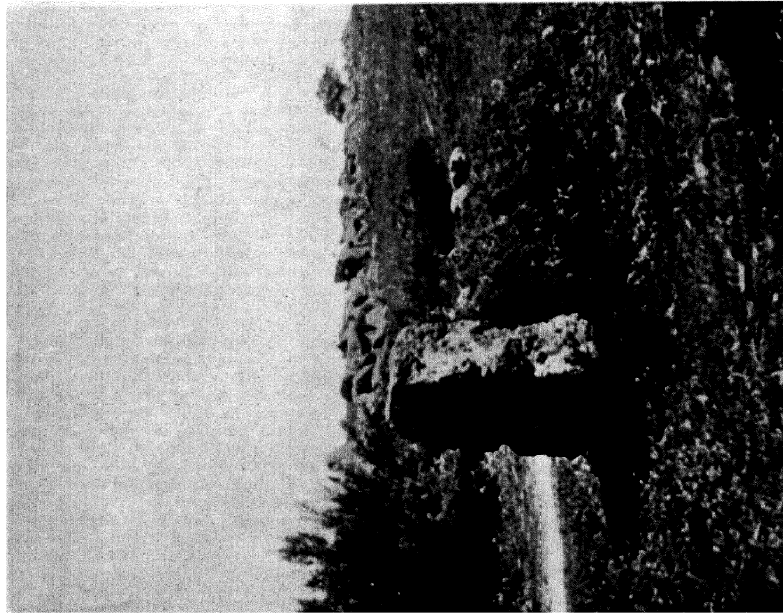
Such was—and is—the place which in 1908 the Galsworthys made their country home. By an unusual arrangement they took the whole of the guest portion of the house the whole year round; but, though technically lodgers, they were in effect masters of his part of the place, to the extent even of lending it sometimes to friends when they were not themselves in residence. This arrangement lasted happily for fifteen years.



A.G. AND THE MOON-CAT

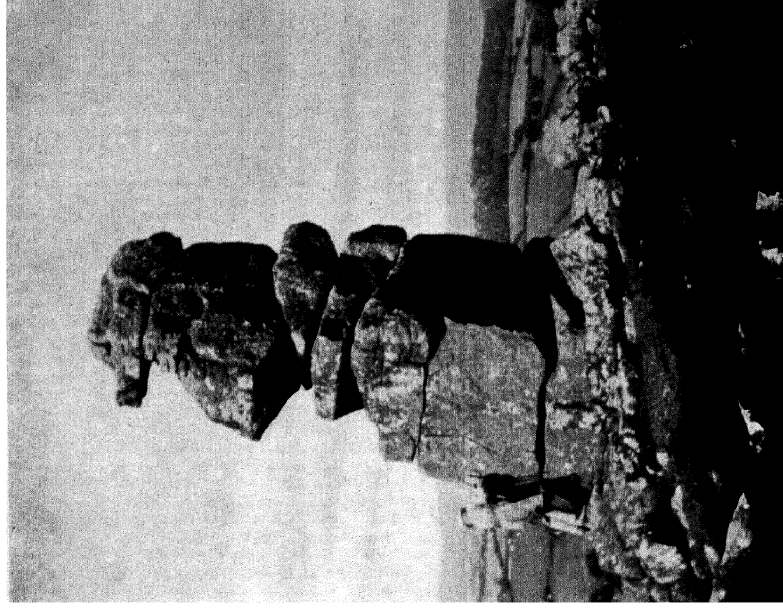


R.H.S. AND A.G.



JAY'S GRAVE

Subject of the Poem *A Moor Grave* and  
mentioned in *The Apple Tree*.



BOWERMAN'S NOSE, NEAR MANATON

It was here that those qualities of Galsworthy's noted in the prologue came out in fullest force: his simplicity and sense of continuity. He could never forget that he was of Devon origin, and to him Devon was home as no other part of the world could quite be. His ceaseless search for balance and harmony was here almost satisfied, for he was—and he knew it—in harmony both with his surroundings and with himself. And that greatest harmony of all, the love of his wife, could here be better appreciated than amid the fuss and business of great cities, or even than among shifting foreign loveliness.

Here his love of contact with Nature—with animals, and trees, and the soil—could be indulged in to his heart's content. All that imperfect life permits to a man of happiness was spread round him in this beloved spot. It was indeed a sane and wholesome existence. To sit and write on the verandah, with his wife bending gracefully and assiduously over the flower-beds which were her especial care, or making at the piano the soft music that was dear to both of them; to ride or walk over the countryside, of which every inch was familiar and every inch was loved; to share these pursuits with friends who could appreciate them—in a word, to live and create rationally and harmoniously, with heart and mind and body in full and true accord with each other and with their environment: such were his days at Wingstone—as satisfying as they were simple.

His nephew Rudolf Sauter describes him as he was in these surroundings:

I see him, as I first became conscious of him at Wingstone, sitting on the lawn of an evening, a blotter on his knee, a black spaniel and china inkpot on the grass at his feet and a "J" nib in his pen—his hair not yet so silver, but already a little thin at the top, and his face, pickled to a fine old leathery bronze, turned towards the lowering sun. Each time, as the tide of shadows crept to his shoes, as the cool shade climbed his knees and fell across the quiet hands, he would edge his chair bit by bit along the lawn to catch a little more of that life-giving sun which was the very essence of his being—and the spaniel John (known in private life as Chris or by some 98 other nicknames) perceiving that his own especial sun had left him, would get up and move in its wake. I remember my surprise at the simplicity

of his materials: typing paper (of a day before typing had become so universal among writers) on to which, later, his writing would be faithfully transcribed by A. G., a cardboard pad balanced on his knee, an ordinary inkpot, and that "J" pen to which he remained faithful to the end, for he was always impatient of everything which came between his thought and the written word. By that same token he regarded typewritten letters as soulless if convenient embodiments of thought, and confined himself to longhand in the writing of all letters.

I always envied the simplicity of his equipment, compared with my own cumbersome painter's paraphernalia, but it was characteristic of him to mistrust elaboration wherever simplicity was attainable. . . . I recall our long rides and walks over the moors, and those whimsical discussions in which he always seemed to hint at so much more than he said—each as much a part of his well-ordered day as the mass of work which he got through without flurry or waste of time. This tidiness and method he always acknowledged to be due to A. G., for he confessed to being rather untidy by nature himself and not temperamentally inclined to regularity.

On one particular ride, in 1915 I think it was, at a time when the "dot and dash" method of writing was at its zenith, I well remember asking him what he thought the next development in Literature would be; and my surprise when he said he envisaged the "three-decker" on the horizon again.

I remember, too, a walk with A. G. and Gilbert Murray and him on a certain morning of his birthday, when one of us remarked that the locals would be quite surprised because they had never seen him out in the morning before. For he made it a rule all his life to work regularly from breakfast till lunch whether at home or on travel (never altering this except in the train or aboard ship, which he said always induced in him a blankness of mind, suitable only to the reading of detective stories). The afternoon he would devote to walking or tennis or some other form of exercise, and the time between tea and dinner to revision or correspondence, leaving, at Wingstone, just time for a ride before dinner. . . . After dinner he usually read, occasionally aloud, and this was indeed a treat.

In two letters written at this time, Galsworthy gives a further picture of the happiness of Wingstone which, in common with all other happiness on earth, the war came to destroy.

[*To Lady Ponsonby*]

Sep. 8, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR LADY PONSONBY,—We think much about you in these days, and often send you greeting and sympathy along those spirit channels that are even more invisible than wireless lines. The beauty of Devon all this otherwise black summer is a thing I wish you could see. A very bountiful year too—our farmer assails me periodically, as I sit writing in the mornings, with the magnificence of his apples and pears. He is one of those men who manifest an ever fresh relish at the size of his own produce, from potatoes to his red Devon (South Devon) steers. I like that sort of farmer—don't you? There's a touch of the artist in them. It's a wonderful life—the farmer's—in a way. The delicacy, and elasticity of the knowledge required to cope with all the changes and chances that Nature showers on his acres! Here on this farm there is—most luckily for us—an abundance of good feeling between master and men. No skimping, and no grinding. It would be intolerable to live where the labourers had the starved life they have in so many parts of the country, or where they suffered the petty tyrannies of men and women controlling their politics, morality, and what not. And the country here is so beautiful that I verily believe—dumb as they are on such matters—the labourers—farmers and all—have a love and admiration of it very deep down.

I must say that I believe we have an absolutely unique existence here—richly sunk in all kinds of human and animal and bird life without any of the disgusting feeling that attaches to ownership. No servants—done for by the farmer's wife and niece and daughter—horses groomed by the farmer's step-son (who, by the way, has just enlisted), no dogs of our own, but all the farm dogs running in and out as they like. All our food (nearly) grown on the spot. And all the time extraordinary goodwill; and the wonderful serene beauty; and air that has moor in it, a savour of the sea, and generally the crowning scent of wood smoke. Garden beds, too, that have no wretched regularity, so that from day to day you don't know what's coming up, but which manage to be always pretty full. As to birds,—those supreme joys—never was such a place for owls, cuckoos, buzzard hawks, and yaffles. Jays, too, and all song birds in proportion. I can't find owls melancholy, or cuckoos monotonous—like some scents, such as larch and pine-wood scents, hay, and honey-



suckle—I would never be tired of them. I think the marvellous variety of the earth's garment of life strikes me more and more; a garment of which we are all just little threads. Fairyland to me is certainly in the feeling that all the flowers, shrubs, creatures, trees, even the rocks, have their elf shapes hovering and peeping out of them, implicit in them, and no more extraneous to ourselves. The people of these parts are pleasant to live among, when they know you, and know that you don't want to boss, or get anything out of them. It's a soft-mannered, hard underneath race, a little bit too "near," humorous in not too delicate a fashion. As you know, there's a peculiar brand of Devonshire humour—dry, and fond of the grotesque, and perhaps a little sardonic. I think there's an exceptionally independent turn to the folk on the borders of the moor, which have never been Squire- and parson-ridden. Here there is no large resident landowner (except perhaps one, who's a good simple fellow farming his own land), and the parson is an unhappy bird, who gets on with no one, except ourselves a little, poor man. He used to bombard me with fiery tracts, about it being better for a millstone to be hanged about my neck for not going to church; but he has given it up at last.

We had Harley here for flying visits from Torquay, where he was staying with the Shaws; and made him take part in the school-children's treat.

Alas! What a screed of rubbish to inflict on you! The owls are hooting desperately, and I must go to bed.

Ada sends her love to you and to Maggie (forgive my impudence); and I my homage and all good wishes.—Most sincerely yours, dear Lady Ponsonby, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Sep. 20, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR LADY PONSONBY,—I never thought you would write in answer to my miserable gossiping, and tell me those delicious stories. Yes, that touch of scepticism has the very flavour of the peculiar Devonshire brand of humour.

To-day in a rather rough ramble we started a heron at thirty yards, and a buzzard hawk at forty. These buzzards are glorious birds, and quite numerous here—I believe nowhere in England more so; we are proud of them. By the way, before this war began the Editor of *Le Temps* asked me (among other literary pigs) to write him a few words descriptive of the place I loved best in England. I wrote them—and the war began, so that they

will never be printed; but in case you like to see a thumbnail sketch—a little bit in the clouds—I send them to you before I put them in the fire.

It is a hard country to pick the favourite spot in; and I suppose we all love best that which we know best. My Father (who had no drop of any blood but Devonshire) used to tell a nice vulgar little story of a traveller who, having had set before him a Pasty at a remote Devonshire Inn, found it most excellent, and presently coming across a spiney bone, expressed his ecstasy to the landlady in the words: "Why, Mrs. Hannaford, there's fish in it too!" The old lady approached, looked at the bone, threw up her hands, and murmured: "Geminy! Darned if that beant our Billy's comb!"

The farmer's niece, Thyrsa (isn't that West country?), has just taken out the dogs. This happens every night. A solemn lifting out of armchairs, and off sofas by this motherly moon-faced child of seventeen. It's a pleasant sight. The other girl—his daughter Maud, sixteen—is acting groom to our horses in the absence of two youngsters who have gone off to join. They have a splendid training all round in practical work, these girls on civilized farms, and they're very unspoiled.

This communion with farm dogs, bees, guinea fowls, and other creatures, does occasionally leave with one a drawback that makes one say with the Frenchman: *Ce n'est pas la piquûre dont je me plains, c'est la promenade!* But enough of vulgarity.

We are within four miles of Grimspound, that best-known of the old prehistoric Dartmoor camps—pre-Celtic certainly. It lies at about 1600 feet on the slope of a scoop between two higher points looking full out into the heart of the moor. I never forget the feeling we had coming on it by accident on a quiet very lovely Sunday afternoon long ago; and lying there in spirit with the spirits of the "old men" who lived in those rude stone huts herding their cattle, under the flight of the ancestors of our present-day curlews and twentieth-century "Ashenjerry 'arniwigs"—as I once heard a Hartland man calling the crested plovers. To lie there and look into the smile over the moor—the sun dropping West, and have their spirits about one mixed with the scent of the bilberry shoots, and the slow warmth, and the stillness save for the songs of the larks! But though we've been dozens of times since, I've never quite recaptured the feeling. And that, I'm afraid, is typical of life—wherein one never gets quite the same sensation twice.

It was up there we once met a farmer looking for three ponies lost two years before. One comes slowly to a sense of the irretrievable in these parts. Tenacity is the Devon virtue, or is it vice?

And now, dear Lady Ponsonby, I won't take up more of your time. With my wife's love and all our sympathy, I am always most truly yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Why do I write in an armchair with an atrocious pen that will take up too much ink—I ask you, is it decent?—J. G.

*August 5.* Wingstone. Revising *The Freeland*s in despair of doing any new work. Rode with A. A constable came in and notified that Peggy must go in to Moreton to the horse muster to-morrow. Poor thing—but they can hardly take a mare who was lame a week ago, and still has an open wound, to say nothing of her desperate illness last year. Silas Harvey came in to consult about abandoning the Sports. We quickly arranged a meeting and wired to everybody. Unanimous feeling that they could not be held. I wrote an appeal to *The Times* for the instant starting of a War Relief Fund. Not a day should be lost. I hope to work on that.

*August 6.* Sent off my letter to *The Times* appealing for immediate institution of a Relief Fund for those on the verge of want at the best of times. Revised *Reverie of a Sportsman*. Find it impossible to settle to anything. Drove into Moretonhampstead to attend the army requisition of horses. Peggy was rejected as unsound. I am thankful—the poor dear wouldn't have stood rough work for a week. She seemed to know that something was up, and to be relieved as I rode her home. No news yet to speak of. Reading *Une Vie*.

*August 7.* Great anxiety. Thoughts on the War. Rode with A. More thoughts. Reading or trying to read Shackleton's *Antarctic*.

*August 8.* Very wet. Sou-Westerly gale. Thoughts on the War. A little walk alone. Thoughts. Reading Shackleton's *Antarctic*.

*August 9.* Very wet with Sou-Westerly gale. Thoughts on the War. Walked by myself round Barracot and Easdon. Thoughts on the War. Reading Shackleton's *Antarctic*. Have subscribed £200 to Prince of Wales' Fund, and £40 to the Devonshire Patriotic Fund.

*August 10.* Gradually getting fine. Thoughts on the War. Rode with A. Always anxious. Thoughts on the War.

*August 11.* Very fine. Thoughts on the War. Rode with A. Called on Mrs. Hannaford. Anxiety as to news very great. Thoughts on the War.

*August 12.* Very fine. Thoughts on the War. Rode with A. Thoughts on the War. Try to read in the evenings.

*August 13.* Very fine. Thoughts on the War. Rode with A. Called on the Perrymans. Revising *Freelands*. The strain of the War simply wears away a little the capacity for feeling; but every now and then the horror of it sweeps one.

*August 14.* My birthday. Forty-seven! Wingstone. *Freelands*. Rode with A. Granville-B[arker] and the Bernard Shaws suddenly dropped from the clouds and a car on to us about tea-time; then went back to Torquay. Heavy thunderstorm. Lull in War news.

They spent three or four days with his mother at Exmouth—one of their very few absences from Wingstone during the rest of the year. "After that, settled down to finish *The Freelands* and make money (for the country)." The Shaws and Barkers came over again on the 23rd, and on that occasion was taken the photograph included among the illustrations to this work. Two days later Galsworthy noted:

Am asked to contribute gratis to a volume issued by Methuen to help P. of Wales' Fund. Shall send *The Little Man*. Started my spurt to finish *The Freelands*. A big price is promised from Scribners for the serial. So much American money will come in handy for relief funds . . .

Work continued steadily, till September 2nd, when, summoned by telegram, he

went up to meeting (in London) of chief literary men at Wellington House to concert measures of putting forward principles for which England is fighting.

Next night was spent with the Masfelds, after which they returned to Wingstone, going out of their way for a night at Malvern. At Castle Morton, between Malvern and Gloucester,

the parson showed us the moated site of the Bartlets' old house there, burned down in the Civil War (Mother's family).

(This was duly made use of in *The Freelands*.) In the train between Lollington and Malvern he had written *Italy*; on his return to Wingstone he wrote a "Thought on the War," *Louvain and Culture*, and worked at a recruiting article; otherwise his time was chiefly spent "driving on with *Freelands*," with scarcely an interruption till October 1st, when he wrote:

This morning I finished *The Freelands* in the rough. It has been a pull to concentrate on it since the War began, but I have earned £1500 for the serial rights in Scribners, and this was the most substantial thing I could do for relief funds. The book was begun on May 1, 1913. Worked at from then till November 30, 1913, off and on. Begun again on April 11, 1914, and finished in rough Oct. 1, 1914. It is 100,000 words, and rather different in texture to any other of my books, rather lighter. Kirsteen, Frances Freeland, Nedda, and Felix are I think good. Derek only half a success. Rode with A.

Revision began next day and proceeded steadily, even through a day's visit to his mother, now at Torquay.

Very soon after, Mother became seriously ill, and from now through the winter we were over at Torquay frequently. On Nov. 19th settled her into rooms, where Mabel's Bridget was maid and nurse. For the rest of the time we were at Wingstone, and I was writing *The First and the Last*.

On the 9th he noted:

"Made arrangements that rabbits are not to be trapped at Wingstone";

And on the 10th:

"Sent £50 to *Westminster Gazette* Cigarettes for the Troops Fund."

On the 13th:

"The Bernard Shaws came over from Torquay to tea. Much talk";

And two days later Galsworthy "wrote to *The Times* promising a motor ambulance. £400."

The next few days were occupied by the writing of a poem: *Belgium, Hail!* an interview on the psychology of England and Germany, and a visit to London, where he saw Anthony Hope

about the said interview, went to see *When Knights were Bold*, and left *The Little Man* for the star comedian Jimmy Welsh to read. He also arranged to take charge of the Belgian painter Leon de Smet and his wife and family, whom he took down to Devonshire, and to whom he was indefatigably good throughout the war period.

On his return to Manaton he wrote and sent off *Reveille* for King Albert's Book, adding, as an afterthought, a poem: *Hail!* for Hall Caine, the editor, to choose between. (The choice fell eventually on the former.) Yet another visit to his mother at Torquay did not interrupt the revision of *The Freelands*, which was completed on November 10th.

November 7. Wingstone. Wrote a little thing called *France* for the *D[aily] M[ail]*, and any French papers. Rode and walked. *Freelands*. Cough bad at night. Sent off £250 to various War Funds, making £1250 to date. *i.e.* Motor Ambulance £400. Belgian Relief £300. Cigarettes £250. Prince of Wales £200. Authors and Actors £100. Small Funds £50. M. E. R. £50. Devon £50. Queen's Women's £25. Belgian Refugees £25.

November 9. Took up *Alpha and Omega*—new name for story begun last year's Spring and called then *The Stoic*. It seems quite worth finishing. I can earn £300 with it for Funds quicker than any other work will earn anything. In all day. Cough bad at night. Wakeful.

On December 4th it was completed; it was promptly revised, and on the 13th its author noted:

Torquay. Finished revising *Alpha and Omega*, the name of which must be changed, alas, for it has been bagged by Jane Harrison for a book of essays.

But to return. The entry for November 15th stands out as quite the most important and intimate in all the diaries and notebooks:

Wingstone. Work at *Alpha and Omega*. Walked with A. and rode. The heart searchings of this War are terrible; the illumination of oneself rather horrible. I think and think what is my duty, and all the time know that if I arrived at certain conclusions I shouldn't do that duty. This is what comes of giving yourself to a woman body and soul. A. paralyses and has always paralysed me. I have never been able to face the idea of being cut off from her.

In cool blood I suppose what I am doing—that is writing on—novels and stories—and devoting all I can make, especially from America—no mean sum—to Relief—is being of more use than attempting to mismanage Relief Funds, or stretcher-bearing at some hospital, or even than training my elderly unfit body in some elderly corps.

I say to myself: "If I were young and unmarried I should certainly have gone! There is no doubt about that!" But there is great doubt whether if I had been of military age *and married to A.* I should have gone. Luckily for my conscience I really believe my game shoulder would not stand a week's training without getting my arm into a sling. Moreover I suppose there is no one yet training as short-sighted as I am. Still I worry—worry—all the time—bald and grey and forty-seven and worrying. Funny!

*November 17.* Wingstone to Torbay Hotel, Torquay. *Free-lands* rewriting. Walked with A. Rabbit shooting with Endacott. The first shot for fourteen years. I am doing it to save rabbits being trapped. Don't enjoy it. By motor to Torquay with A. Lily told us grave things about Mother's health. The doctor saw us and confirmed. The shadow is over us.

So the year ended, in distress and tension of mind. He wrote an appeal for Horses in the War for the R.S.P.C.A., which appeared in various papers, and revised *Abracadabra* and *The First and the Last*; Mrs. Galsworthy's saddle slipped one day while they were riding: "Very frightening but no harm done, except wet." On December 27th, at Torquay, where they were spending Christmas with his mother, he began a new novel, and next day wrote a "little eight-line verse to God about Ada." He even executed "a little group—nude man and woman—in plasticene." But . . .

And so the year closes (he wrote on the last day of the year). Very happy till August. Very unhappy since. Nor is there any use in deluding oneself into thinking that next year will be any better. A Happy New Year is but a mocking cry." J. G.

1915

General note of this year up to June 29th.

The Diary in which events were noted was lost.

The first part of the year up to April 8th was spent between Wingstone and Torquay, where dear Mother was ill, gradually declining.

When I could get time and chance during this period I worked up my new novel *Beyond*.

*January 3rd.* Between this day and January 16th we were either at Wingstone or at the Torbay Hotel, Torquay, seeing Mother. I worked at the novel.

There followed four nights at Liverpool rehearsing *The Fugitive*:

Estelle Winword as Clare, very good. W. Armstrong, Malise. The play had some success, and created a good deal of flutter in the hen-roosts.

After this the Galsworthys returned to Wingstone via Torquay, and the same day their nephew R. H. Sauter, who was later to become as a son to them, came to stay for three weeks.

*January 28th.* Novel. Rudo. Stunts in evening. Larks. Music.

*January 30th.* Novel. Rudo and I ride every day, weather or not. Ada walks with us. The novel gets on.

*February 12th.* . . . Rudo's last night. He has been an angel.

Next day the Galsworthys went back to Torquay for three weeks. They had been there only three days, and their one festivity had been to entertain Eden Phillpotts and his wife to lunch, when Mrs. Galsworthy was visited with a very severe attack of influenza which lasted—now improving, now relapsing—till June. Except for one night in London for a rehearsal of *The Little Man*, the rest of the visit was spent nursing his wife and being with his mother as much as possible. On March 6th they returned to Wingstone, but on the 19th Galsworthy had to go alone to Birmingham to rehearse *The Little Man*, *Joy*, and *The Fugitive*. (He also saw performances of various plays; his comment on one—



a great success at the time, and even now not quite forgotten—was “H’m!”.) On March 22nd he noted:

Rehearsing *The Little Man* and *Joy* all day. Performance at night. Moderate. Good of *Joy*, very.

By the 25th he was back at Wingstone, working at *Beyond*.

*March 28th.* Went to see Mother at Torquay. Been requested by *Times* to write some articles dealing with after the war; after much cogitation have decided to have a shot—10 articles—calling them *And After?*

These articles, together with the story *A Strange Thing*, occupied his attention for the next few weeks. On April 8th the Galsworthys came up to London; they were not to see Wingstone again till the end of May. On the 26th the articles were finished—just in time; for five days later he was summoned to Torquay. There came a rally, and two days later he returned to London. Two days more, and he was back in Torquay, and was “with Mother in the evening.” The sad entry for the next day ran:

*May 6th.* Hazelmere, Torquay. Dear Mother passed away at 11.45 of the morning, Lily and I with her. Long, long hours of unconsciousness from 10 P.M. the night before. Her last words to me were: “Now darling, I think I’d like to sleep.” Dear soul! The long sleep be good to her! Back to London.

The notebook adds:

Her illness was wonderfully borne; she never once said a word about going, or made moan.

*May 8th.* Mother’s funeral at Highgate in Father’s grave. All of us there. Ge, Rudo, Mab, and Tom; Hue; Myself; and Ned. Ada did not come—she is not well enough yet. A beautiful day; and all the trees in blossom and young leaf. A brave soul at rest.

*May 9th.* 1 A. T. H. From now on till May 25th was rehearsing *A Bit o’ Love* hard with the Liverpool Repertory Company’s season at the Kingsway Theatre.

*May 25th.* Production of *A Bit o’ Love* at the Kingsway Theatre. They say it went well. I did not go. But walked about in Trafalgar Square, and watched the searchlights and a couple of lovers, and a drunken woman.

## THE WAR: THE DIARIES

*May 26th.* In the afternoon Ada and I went down to the Masefelds at Lollington, Cholsey, and spent the night there. Jan, as ever, good to see.

*May 27th.* Back to 1 A. T. H. from Lollington, and in the evening to *A Bit o' Love*. Yes, a good performance.

Next day they went down to Wingstone, where they remained uninterruptedly till the end of September.

*May 29th.* Wingstone. Writing a sketch called *The Recruit* for Pearson's album on behalf of blinded soldiers.

*May 31st.* Began again working at Gyp novel. From now on till June 29th wrote 127 pages.

*June 7th.* Most days we take our lunch out and walk. Very beautiful weather.

*June 9th.* Ada really well again, thank heaven.

*June 24th.* Novel. Walk and ride. Ran through some Verlaine and three Whyte Melvilles to see what the stuff was like that I loved so as a boy. Queer but something in it. Naff.

*July 3rd.* Got up 6.30. Started 7.15. Rode Peggy via Ashburton and Buckfastleigh and Ivybridge to M. T. Taylor's stud farm at Ermington, and left her there to be married and honeymoon, for a month. Trained back to Lustleigh and walked over the Cleave. Met Ada on top. 25 miles riding, 10 walking. Home at 7.30, bath and dinner.

On July 10th he finished correcting the proofs of *The Freeland's*, and noted next day:

*July 11th.* Novel. Walk with A. Novel. Reached the 200th page of MS. written in 38 days. Since returning to Wingstone May 28. With sketches—35,000 words in 44 days.

Exactly a week later he recorded "237 pages in seven weeks"; and on the following Thursday "reached end of Part I." Next day he was "writing Hints to Literary Aspirants for a Society called The Galsworthy Literary Society" in New York.

Life flowed uneventfully on. The new young chestnut horse came back from the breaker's; Peggy returned from her matrimonial adventure; revision and work on the novel proceeded steadily; and various friends made their appearance, among them the favourite Rudo, William Archer, the Bernard Shaws, Cyril

Scott, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. For over a week in the earlier part of September Galsworthy was forced by bad headaches to rest; but these passed off, and he had resumed the novel and completed *Second Thoughts on This War* and his Preface to the American edition of W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions* by the time he and his wife returned to London on September 28th. On their way they stopped at Dorchester to see Thomas Hardy: "Nice, alert old fellow; liked him."

A few days later they went to Tunbridge Wells, where Mrs. Galsworthy took the baths, and thence, after a brief stay, to Littlehampton, he taking in Queen Mary's Auxiliary Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton on the way. After a week's stay they returned to London—"Just missed a Zep raid in London; arrived there to find the Strand packed with sightseers, and chiefly windowless"—and after a few days proceeded to Wingstone and "settled in for our first complete winter there, 1915-6." All this time he had been working steadily at his novel.

At Wingstone he laboured on, and on October 31st noted:

Finished Part III of novel. 125,000 words, all told, so far.

Revision, as usual, began at once; by November 22nd the first two parts were finished for the Press; Part III was completed eight days later; and on December 11th he began Part IV, of which eighty pages were written in the ensuing fortnight. Further revision and the continuation of Part IV occupied the rest of the year.

The only other production of this period was an Appeal for the Belgians; towards the end of November he noted:

Tried to write Xmas appeal for Belgian Relief Committee. No go—too tragic.

A few days later, however, he got it written. His comment on Christmas Day was:

An unhappy year, but a terrible lot to be thankful for, considering what others have gone through. My God!

1916

The first event of 1916 came early in the year:

*January 2.* Wingstone. This morning finished *Beyond*, the novel which I began on Xmas Day 1914. One year and seven

days work; length 120,000 words—the longest book I have written. It is very different to any of my others, but most like *The Dark Flower*. Walk in rain. Read Mérimée's *Chronique*.

The notebook adds that *Beyond* was "with the exception of the *Country House* written in less time than any other" of his earlier books.

*January 7.* Revising novel. Walk with A. Came on the C——s' little brown spaniel—simply bones. Rode in a rage. Revising novel.

*January 8.* Revising novel. Walk with A. Bought the little brown spaniel of the C——s—too thin for words. We call it Brownie. A great pleasure to see it feed. Rode a little. Revising novel as far as the new beast would let one.

*January 14.* 1 H[olland] P[ark] A[venue]. To bank, invested in £300 Exchequer Bonds. Went and saw Barrie, and Lillah Barker at our flat, where she is installed. Lunch at 1 H. P. A. Mab and De Smet came. Left by 3.30 train. Reached Wingstone 8 o'clock. Ada well, bless her.

*January 24.* Finished revising *Beyond*. Sent off last part to Miss Pugh for typing. Motored to Okehampton, thence by train to Bude. Hue met me at station. We dined at Falcon Hotel and talked all the evening. He went home and I stayed at the Falcon.

*January 25.* Falcon Hotel, Bude. Walked by downs to Widemouth, thence by Marhamchurch and back by canal to Bude, looking for local colour for story *Manna*. By train to Okehampton. Motored thence to Wingstone. . . . Began *Manna*.

Two more days sufficed to finish it; two more yet for the writing of the squib *Unity—Begad*; the next five days were devoted to reading the whole of *Beyond* aloud to his wife, and to the composition of a poem called *England to Free Men*; and then:

*February 5.* Wingstone. Lovely day. Began new story *A Stoic*, writing out of doors in the sun. Walk with A. (out for first time for a week). Rode. *Stoic*.

*February 7.* Wrote letter of protest against curtailing tonnage for Relief Committee in Belgium; sent it to Committee to use if they thought right. Our Govt. won't see the starvation of these people till it stares them in the face. Walk. Rode. *Stoic*.

*February 8. Stoic.* Walk. Rode. Wrote appeal for R.S.P.C.A. to appear in *The Daily Graphic* "*For Horses at the Front*" and sent cheque for £50.

*February 13. Stoic.* Walk with A. Brownie met her fate. Family will arrive May 1 with luck. Spot was the lucky dog. *Stoic.* Finished Hugh Walpole's *The Dark Forest*. Very good pictures in it, and atmosphere, but incurably romantic at heart, and hampered and falsified by the form adopted. Still, an advance on the whole.

*February 17.* From Wingstone motored to Newton, thence by train to Lelant, Cornwall. Saw W. H. Hudson in his nursing home at Hayle. He has aged, got softer and whiter. Very fine still. Thence to the Ranee of Sarawak's rented house, at Lelant. Much talk.

*February 18.* At the Ranee of Sarawak's. Woodside, Lelant, Cornwall. Sou-West gale. Motored with her and saw St. Ives. Motored to Hudson's; found him better. Much talk.

*February 19.*—From Lelant back to Wingstone. Arrived at 2.15; found Ada well. Walk. Rode. Very sleepy.

On February 24th Galsworthy recorded the writing of a short piece, *The Great Tree*, for the Shakespeare Tercentenary Book, and a few days later an *Appeal for the Totally Disabled*. He was also reading a good deal: Nyburg's *The Conquest*; a book on Sarawak by the Ranee; Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Sussex Gorse*—"striking and very good, with one rather cardinal defect"; Mérimée's *Partie de Trictrac*, *Lokia*, and *Le Vase Etrusque*; Romain Rolland's *Above the Battle*—"Liked much; but *Above the Battle* itself is an outpouring of *inconsistent* feelings"; a book on South America; Muriel Stuart's *Christ at Carnival*—"Poem—very fine indeed"; Stevenson's *The Wrecker*—"the best of Stevenson's, a real good yarn"; and *The Ebb Tide*—"and jolly good it is!" But through all this *A Stoic* was forging ahead:

*March 22.* Wingstone. My cold still. *Stoic.* Before the fire. *Stoic.* Received a cable from Edgar Sisson, editor of *The Cosmopolitan*, that is to serialize *Beyond*, saying "Balance of novel here thank you for its superb quality." This is comforting.

*March 23.* Finished *A Stoic* first time through—about 30,000 words in 40 working days. Cable from Mrs. Hapgood in America

saying "Boston première of *Justice* great success notices superb."

*March 24.* All this next week having and recovering from the "flu." Read novels, and did practically no work.

The notebook adds that "he read *The Dynasts* straight through as it ought to be read. A very fine affair. Also some Stevensons, to which he ever turneth when indisposed."

As soon as he was better the Galsworthys went to St. Ives, where they stayed for over a fortnight. They saw a good deal of W. H. Hudson, and J. G. began *The Apple Tree*. "A great pleasure, Huddie. He is not really so ill, I believe, as he thinks himself. Quite the strangest personality in this age of machines and cheap effects. Like an old sick eagle." At last on April 18th they were back at Adelphi Terrace House—"First time at our flat for six months."

*April 20.* I A. T. H. Revising *Stoic*. With A. shopping. Bought Treasury Bill for £1000 at six months to provide against Income Tax in November. Frank Lucas and Massingham dined with us at Romano's—a jovial evening.

*April 21.* Finished revising *Stoic*.

*April 23.* *The Apple Tree*. Lunched at Lily's. Afterwards went with A. to see Father and Mother's grave at Highgate. Dined at Simpson's.

*April 25.* *The Apple Tree*. Sent in Petition and my letter to Home Secretary for G. Sauter's release from internment.

*April 29.* Appeal for the Maimed. Down with A. to the Masfields at Lollingdon. Much talk.

*May 1.* Appeal for the Maimed. Lunched with Massingham at Romano's. To Home Office. Interview with Herbert Samuel at 5 o'clock about G's internment. He has referred it back to Tribunal with my letter and the Petition.

*May 5.* From I A. T. H. to Wingstone with Rudo. Lustleigh station; reported Rudo to constable. Home at 4.45. All well. Getting straight. . . . Reading *The Rainbow*.

*May 7.* Sorting papers and MS. Walk with A. and Rudo. Arranging a book of published humanitarian and other writings to be called *A Sheaf of Wild Oats*.

In the middle of May he went alone to Liverpool, where he spent a couple of nights for rehearsals of *The Silver Box*. Thence he went to London, where he spent the night at his sister's.

May 17. 1 Holland Park Avenue to Wingstone. Saw Tom and Mab at 10 Tor Gardens at breakfast-time. Down to Advisory Committee on Ge's case at 10.30 in Westminster Hall. Gave my evidence; Secretary said there was little hope. Went to Home Office and saw Samuel's private Secretary; saw Pinker; and various small things. Back to Lily's. Caught 3.30 train to Devonshire, arriving 7.45.

May 20. *Apple Tree*. Lily came. Rudo and I rode down to meet her. *Apple Tree*.

May 22. Travelled up to Leeds by way of London to see Ge. at Wakefield.

May 23. Leeds. Queen's Hotel. Went to Wakefield (Loft-house Park) Internment Camp at 10 o'clock. Saw poor Ge. at 10.10 for one hour. Back to Leeds and travelled back to Devonshire, arriving at 9.30.

On his return he was busy for a fortnight with the preparation of *A Sheaf* and the writing of *Last Thoughts on This War*.

June 8. Wingstone. Got *A Sheaf of Oats* off to Pinker, and *And—After?* to Garvin. Walk with A. Began a paper "On England" for Stratford-on-Avon Conference, Aug. 5: *The Islands of the Blessed*. Walk with A. Rode with R. Bugged on Easdon. Garvin accepted the articles *And—After?* for *The Observer*.

Shortly after this the Sauters went back to London, and Galsworthy spent a couple of days with the Will Rothensteins at Far Oakridge, Stroud, sitting for some half-dozen portraits. On his return, except for one day, when he noted: "Tinkering at *Last Thoughts on This War*, decided to throw it out and split it up," he worked steadily at *The Apple Tree*, which he finished in about a fortnight:

July 8. Wingstone. Finished *The Apple Tree*, one of my best stories. The children's sports for Belgium. Up with them. Gave £100, and tea and prizes. Ada met Pinker at Bovey. Music.

July 9. Correspondence. Walk with Pinker. Rode with Pinker towards Buckland Beacon. Music, Pinker singing. I, too. Article on *Training* in *The Observer*.

July 10. Pinker read *The Apple Tree* and liked it. Soldiers came (70), wounded, to Manaton for tea, gave them the tea. Rode with Pinker round by Warren Farm, 15 miles.

July 14. Finished article on *Russia and England* for Anglo-Russian Review. Motored with A. to Torquay, shopped, and met Massingham at Newton on the way back. He looks pale and worn and wants air. Strolled with him and A. before dinner.

He was now chiefly occupied with proofs of *A Sheaf*, but he found time to begin a fantasy called *The Street*, and:

July 26. Re-reading *A Strong Character* and *The Mother Stone* for Marie José book and the *Nation*. Began story called *The Juryman*. Hayfield. Hay harvest finished.

On August 1st occurs the note: "Took up *The Foundations* play," but nothing came of it at the moment. On August 4th and 5th the Galsworthys paid their first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where they stayed at the Shakespeare Hotel and had *The Winter's Tale* bedroom; they also "came across Gilbert Cannan looking very ill."

August 5. Stratford-on-Avon. Read my paper *The Islands of the Blessed* to an audience of about 240—very attentive and good. Many felicitations. Lunched with Miss Stack and her Irish relations, etc., at the hotel. Went afterwards to Mrs. Leggett's at Hall's Croft—beautiful old house, once Susanna Hall's, Shakespeare's sister [*sic*]. Later by train with A. to Imperial Hotel, Malvern. Three very jolly days. Walked to British Camp and along to the Beacon, home. Lovely weather. From Malvern to Colwyn Bay, N. Wales. At Malvern I finished *The Juryman*.<sup>1</sup> Stayed a week at Colwyn Bay and did not care much for it. Walked a good bit, and one day made a big round by motor bus, to Bettws-y-coed, etc. Thence on to Beddgelert, the Royal Goat Hotel. Pullin's, very nice people. There were sundry merry blades there, Morley Roberts and his step-daughter, Naomi Hamlyn, Sir Frederic Fyson, and some others. William Armstrong, actor, came over to lunch one day. Good weather and nice walks at first, including one to the top of Snowdon. Beddgelert a pretty but rather stuffy place. We enjoyed it; and wrote an act of a new play, *The Foundations*.<sup>2</sup> Weather set in wet.

<sup>1</sup> On August 20th. The same day he began the story *Acme*.

<sup>2</sup> Between August 22nd and 26th inclusive.



Ada set in seedy. We departed for Caswell Bay near Swansea, where the hotel was gruesome, and the weather more so. News of the joining in of Roumania in the war, as we came out of Swansea station. Much good it has done us, or them! From Caswell Bay to London, arrived on September 1st.

*Sunday, September 3.* Our wedding day of twenty-one years ago; *de facto* if not as yet *de jure* (then).

1 A T. H. Awaked at 2.15 by Ada—sound of guns. Got up and watched searchlights and shrapnel on Zep, and about 2.23 a Zep on fire, brought down. Glad to say that enthusiasm did not *quite* prevent feeling for the thirty men roasting in the air. We went out and talked a few minutes to some policemen; the great cheering in the streets was over and they were empty. Back to bed and slept well. Began little story of *Judas* or *The Brown Dog*. Walked round Hyde Park with A. Then A. played Chopin. A wonderful hour with her from 7-8. Dined at Romano's. Bed at 12.

*September 4.* 1 A. T. H. Revision and story called *A Corker*. Went in and saw Barrie. Walk. We went in to tea with Barrie. Dined at Romano's and went to a Revue called *Piccadilly*. Fair, but rot, utter rot.

*September 5.* Story called *A Corker*. Pinker to lunch with me at Romano's—long talk. Morley Roberts came to tea. Went with A. to Promenade concert.

*September 8. The Foundations.* Went to Red Cross to offer 8 Cambridge Gate, our old house, as hospital for the war. Met Dorothy Allhusen on doorstep. ? idea of going out to work at her French hospital. Dined at Pagani's with A. and took H. G.-B[arker] to Promenade. 5th Symphony, Beethoven.

*September 10. The Foundations.* Walked with A. and went over 8 Cambridge Gate, our old house. Then walked on up with A. to Morley Roberts at 5 Manor Mansions, Belsize Park Gardens. Saw his very good water-colours. Dined at Romano's with A.

*September 11. The Foundations.* Dorothy Allhusen came in to tea and we arranged (Ada and I) to go out to her hospital at Die, near Valence, on Nov. 8, I as bathman and masseur, Ada as linen superintendent. French rheumatic and neurasthenic soldiers. Went with A. to *Peg o' my Heart*.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

Sep. 13, 1916.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAREST MAB,—Yes, we shall be here till Sep. 25th, and very glad to see you. Ring up when you get home.

So glad you've had a good time.

I offered 8 Cambridge Gate (for a Wounded Soldier's Club) (with a personal offer to fit it up to the extent of £400 myself). They may accept. Curiously enough it's Claud Douglas Pennant who has the matter in hand—he's one of their chief secretaries. I went over the old house on Sunday. It's a whacker when it's empty.

Our dearest love.—Your

J.

He at once began a course of lessons in Swedish massage, as a preparation for the new venture. (Among the Correspondence are letters amplifying the following account.)

*September 14. The Foundations.* Massage lesson. Ada acting as patient. Dined at Grand Grillroom and went to ——— revue—awful tommy rot. Came out.

*September 15. The Foundations.* Morley Roberts and his stepdaughter came to lunch with us at Romano's. Massage lesson. Dined at Pagani's with A. and went to Promenade concert. Beethoven's seventh symphony.

*September 19. The Foundations.* Walk. Pinker and Conrad lunched with me at Romano's. Conrad in great form. Massage lesson. Mab came in to tea. We had Claud Douglas Pennant (now acting secretary to the Red Cross), my old College pal, to dinner at Romano's.

*September 23.* Our lawful wedding-day, 11 years ago. 1. A. T. H. Correspondence. Interview with Sir Robert Morant at Athenæum Club on position of wounded soldiers. Massage lesson. Went with A. by bus to Kew Gardens. Saw a cricket match being played on the green (very queer pre-war sensations). Wrote a memo. on Wounded Soldiers' position. Dined the Lucases at Romano's. Zep raid at 12.35 A.M. and 1.15. Saw the glow of a burning Zep brought down; was out with A. on Adelphi Terrace.

*September 26.* Morning at Hammersmith Military Orthopaedic Hospital—wonderful things being done. Saw R.S.P.C.A.

on question of sale of cast horses in Egypt by the Military. Travelled up to St. Anne's to see Colonel Barron's Military Convalescent Hospital.

Two days later the Galsworthys went down to Manaton, where he wrote the article *Remade or Marred* (which duly appeared in *The Times* with a leading article thereon), and resumed the revision of *The Foundations*. He also began the story *Defeat*. On October 24th they left again, and, after a night in Birmingham, returned to London

and more massage training. At this time renewed acquaintance with Claude Douglas Pennant, my old college friend, now secretary to Stanley at the Red Cross. Went down to lunch with the Colefaxes at Old Buckhurst, where sundry fowl were gathered together, including St. John Hornby. Nice country, and a beautiful restored house. On Nov. 12 put on khaki, Anglo-Red Cross uniform, and we started for France on Nov. 13. Hung up 17 hours at Southampton by fog. Crossed rapidly and smoothly when we did go.<sup>1</sup> Blackbeetles in the state-room, and Gieve waistcoats handy. Arrived at Havre at midnight. Beautiful night and charming picture of harbour. Great sense of exhilaration at getting out of England.

*November 15.* From Havre to Paris by 7.30 train. Arrived midday and went to Hotel Regina. Usual Paris stroll—noticed very little difference from times of peace—far less than in London. Dined at Garnier's—(a little bit of both).

*November 16.* Hotel Regina, Paris. Lunched with the Chevrillons. More Paris strolling. Ralph Mottram turned up at 9 P.M. Long and voluble chatter on his experiences at the front.

*November 17.* Strolling. Ralph to lunch at Garnier's. Calmann (Michel) to see me in afternoon. Long talk about books. By train 8.15 to Valence and Die.

*November 18.* En route for Die. Arrived at the Hôpital Bénévole, Martouret, Die, Drôme, at 12 o'clock. Very windy and wet; but a charming spot circled by low mountains. Dorothy Allhusen, Miss Russell, Mrs. Broadbent, Mrs. Yorke (about to leave) form the staff. We have cosy dark quarters with a big hearth and wood fire. Both of us tired.

<sup>1</sup> By the s.s. *Vera*.

## THE WAR: THE DIARIES

*November 19.* Martouret. Settling in. A six-mile stroll. Men very nice (neurasthenic, shell-shock, and rheumatic, about 35 of them). Staff very genial; atmosphere good.

*November 20.* Began my massage; well installed; interesting; Ada all sorts of odd jobs. Weather better. Place beautiful in a strange way.

*November 21.* Do. Ada gets her linen under control; very busy sewing all day. I like the work.

Routine:            Breakfast, 8.15.  
                      Massage, 9.30 to 11.30.  
                      Luncheon, 12.30.  
                      Walk.  
                      Muller exercises with men, 3.30 to 4.  
                      Tea, 4.  
                      Massage, 4.45 to 5.15.  
                      Dinner, 7.  
                      Massage, 8.30 to 10.

*November 25.* Do. News from Curtis Brown that Alexander refuses *The Foundations*.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

Nov. 26, 1916.

HÔPITAL BÉNÉVOLE,  
MARTOURET.

DEAREST MAB,—Your letter came to-day. We've had a jolly good week, and are very fit. To-day, the day of rest, we went with four of our patients up a little mountain.

My massage seems—oddly enough—to be of some use. I do about ten patients a day, about five hours in all, and half an hour's Muller exercises with some of the men, and help to serve the dinners. Ada does linen, and sews pretty well all day long except from one till four-thirty. The people are awfully nice, and the men charming, and the natives pleasant, and the country queer and beautiful.

About 8 Cambridge Gate. I certainly wouldn't like it called Galsworthy House; and I really don't see how I can let it be described as lent by me when it's lent by all of us. I'll pay the rates, and shall be able to send a hundred or two towards the fitting up. By the way, the caretaker looks a good and capable soul, and I should think that she ought to be taken on if possible in some capacity. Quite right: M. F. is not the sort wanted there.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

Let me know how things mature. If Miss Heyneman can make an estimate of the initial cost, *and* the yearly cost, she might let me have it through you.

Our dearest love to you all.—Yours,

J.

*Saturday, December 9.* Martouret. Do. Cabinet changes in England. Alas, no changes of Ministry will remedy the inherent slowness of the war—change the Russian temperament; Roumanian lack of foresight; Italian selfishness; the French losses; the lack of genius in our high command; or the central position of the Central Empires. A little local speeding-up will be the sole result.

*Sunday, December 10.* Martouret. Day of rest. Many letters. Harrison of the Haymarket has refused *The Foundations*.

For the rest, his attention was fully occupied by his hospital work and by revision of *The Foundations*, which was accepted by Vedrenne on the last day of the year.

1917

The whole of January and February till March 3rd was spent with Ada at Dorothy Allhusen's Convalescent Hospital for French soldiers (rheumatism and shell-shock cases) at Martouret, Die, Drôme, France. I worked as masseur, missing no days except Sundays, and one day of motoring in to Valence. Ada worked at linen, and correspondence, and prisoner's parcels. The men and personnel and shop people were charming to us throughout.

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

HOTEL LIAUTAUD,  
CASSIS-SUR-MER.

*March 4, 1917.*

DEAREST MABS,—We left our hospital yesterday and made for Arles, where we are now, staying for two nights, for the place is so fascinating. To-morrow morning we go on to Marseille for a few hours and continue to above address for ten days or a fortnight; then Paris, then home on or about March 25th. Will you tell the dear Bird all this? We are feeling a little tired and there are many letters to write.

The departure from Martouret was a wrench; from the illest



AT THE HOSPITAL, MARTOURET, WITH *Poilus*, 1916-17



*militaire* to the dearest little dog who had adopted us weeks ago, it was hard to part. As for the servants, never was there such a good bunch of intelligence, goodwill, and friendliness. They were a picked crew.

Of course I shall be glad to do anything that is wanted that I *can* do, at Kitchener House. But our plans are all very vague at present. I don't know whether it will be town- or country-life.

Jack is waiting for my pen, alas! I hear him sighing deeply—as I shall sigh when he has wreaked his will and wrecked my Swan pen!

Very, very much love from both to you all.—Ever your loving  
ADA.

The notebook reinforces these impressions:

Beautiful country, mountains, Lombardy poplars, rivers, cypresses, woodsmoke, Roman remains, friendly people. A very cold winter, sometimes 20 to 30 degrees of frost, Fahrenheit. A little black dog whom we called Aristide came and made his home in our little apartment. A tapestried bedroom, big wood fire, a sort of monk's cell for dining-room, a broad verandah the other side, a little garden of bare plane-trees just below. The proprietress of the château lived in the same house, Mme. Benoit, with her companion Mlle. de Lucy; they were very affable. We never got so near the French people before. The *poilus* were wonderfully nice, grateful, and on the whole open about themselves, much more so than our Tommies.

*Saturday, March 3rd.* Left Martouret by car for Valence; thence by rail to Arles, Hotel du Nord. Very crowded train.

*Sunday, March 4th.* Arles. Saw Roman amphitheatre and various other fine things and antiquities. A beautiful day and a most enchanting old place.

*Monday, March 5.* Arles to Marseille and thence on in the afternoon to Cassis, Hotel Liautaud. I developed mild sciatica.

The notebook calls Cassis

a little unpretending port with a nice clean little hotel, *very* simple, pleasant when you were used to it. We stayed 11 days. I wrote *Flotsam and Jetsam* and Ada had a bad shin, caused by a fall at Le Martouret. We went some good walks when she was better, and my sciatica gone. Left the place with great regret, it was so fascinating, the sun and the south, after the cold winter. Back to Marseille by car, and late that afternoon to Lyon, where we stayed three days at the Terminus Hotel, and saw that large



and prosperous city, full of life and soldiers. Went over the Ecole Joffre, and the establishment at Tourvielle for training of disabled soldiers. On to Paris on March 20th to Hotel Louvois, a very nice little hotel, where we had a busy week. Saw the big munition works (Renault Motor Works), 23,000 workpeople. Saw the Grand Palais, the Maison Blanche, and St. Maurice institutions for disabled soldiers. Also propaganda films. Dined with Archibald Marshall and the Adams (he the Paris *Times* correspondent). Dined with Chevrillons, saw that charming Writer's Club at St. Cloud, where they always ask us to go and stay. Should like to spend a May there. I lunched with the French Journalists at Fleury's, and we both lunched with M. Calmann at the Ambassadeurs, and with Mme. Ménard-Dorian at rue de la Faisanderie, near the Bois. Enjoyed the stay very much, barring that I got a bothering throat, and left for England feeling rather seedy, on March 27. Travelled in company with Mrs. Allhusen. Left Le Havre 10 o'clock at night. Fair crossing; no submarine seen. I coughing, etc. Ada slept well; we took Anausine, new sea-sick remedy.

*Wednesday, March 28.* Arrived Southampton; thence up to London. 1, Adelphi Terrace House. So ends a 4½ months stay in France. Most interesting.

The period to May 15th is covered in the diary by a general note:

We stayed in London till May 15. During the first weeks we were both seedy. I wrote *Indian Summer of a Forsyte*, 18,000 words. Also *The Balance Sheet of the Soldier Workman*, 6000 words, for the *Educational Worker's Year Book*, Editor, Arnold Freeman. Also began *France, 1916-1917—an Impression*. Also readied up *The Foundations* and cast it for performance in June. Saw a number of friends—Granville-Barker; Barrie; W. Archer; Lily, Mab, etc., etc.

On May 15th, then, they went to Wingstone. Next day the impression *France* was finished, and he began a series of articles on The Land. Here they spent some ten days, and were then driven back to London by the unpleasant and unromantic agency of a bad toothache. At the beginning of June came a weekend at Littlehampton, and then rehearsals of *The Foundations*. With few distractions—such as a lunch with Barrie, a night with the Masfields at Boar's Hill, or at Littlehampton, a visit to a hospital,

and a certain amount of revision and the beginning of *The First and the Last*—these proceeded steadily till:

*Thursday, June 26.* Adelphi Terrace House. First production of *The Foundations* at the Royalty Theatre in a triple bill. A very good and lively and approving house. I did not go; went to a show at Connaught Place.

On July 5th they left London for a fortnight at Clifton, where

A. took radiant heat baths for a bad bout of rheumatism, with some success. Stayed at the Spa Hotel; the good Anne [Fyffe] administered her friends, her dogs, and flowers to us. We went to the Zoo and I relieved myself by a poem: *Pitiful*, which appeared in *The Nation*, and has been a good deal reproduced. I also wrote there a short study *Cafard*, and a short story: *The Grey Angel*.<sup>1</sup> During the stay in London *Justice* was adapted for the film. Ideal Film Co. We saw some rehearsals. Gerald du Maurier doing the cell scene. Also saw the whole film reeled off. Of its kind it is good, but the whole process most repellent.

On July 14th he noted: "Last night of *The Foundations* at the Royalty. Absurd." On July 20th the Galsworthys left Clifton for Manaton.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

July 19, 1917.

CLIFTON.

DEAREST MAB,—We go on to Wingstone to-morrow and will enquire of Aggett (Dartmoor Motor Garage) at Bovey about a luggage lorry. Failing that, we'll arrange for a farm wagon. If you'll let me know for certain your day and train, I'll see that you're properly met.

Ada's quite lost her rheumatism, but is naturally rather slack. It's a slack place this, in summer, but a nice hotel, very; and a very pretty spot.

It has become quite clear that I can never hope for a financial success with a play in London—it's an unspeakable public. I think I must certainly hold the dramatic record for all countries—eleven plays produced, and not one (*in London*) has made a penny for the management that produced it. When you think of it this is a remarkable feather in one's cap. I've taken managers

<sup>1</sup> At first called *A Brave Soul*. J. G. also worked on *The First and the Last*, and on the proofs of *Beyond*.

in eleven times, though they all know perfectly well that all my plays are financial failures, or at all events, don't make money.

*A Bit o' Love* was produced in San Francisco the other day—and they wire that it's a success—that's an equally astounding piece of news. What an American production of *that* play can be like, God only knows. *The Fugitive* (a bad production) has done quite well in New York, too.<sup>1</sup>

I'm so glad the appeal got something, I was much afraid it would be a complete frost. When does the hospital open?<sup>2</sup> The appeal will get more as a circular, I think, than from its appearance in a paper.

Bless you all, our best love.—Your loving

J.

From July 21st to Sep. 6th we were solidly at Wingstone, and I began a novel called *Saint's Progress* for the present.<sup>3</sup> We had hay harvest and the beginning of corn harvest; and horrible weather most of August.

Lily, Rudo, their friend Mrs. Schneider and her baby were staying at Freelands cottage and afterwards Deal Cottage. And on Aug. 3rd Mabel, Tom, with Owen and Veronica came to the bungalow Homelands.

I wrote about 22,000 words of novel. An appeal for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, printed in *The Morning Post*. A plea for the 800 extreme conscientious objectors, in *The Observer*. A Sketch called *The Peace Meeting* which appeared in *The Graphic*. And did six days harvesting.

Myra Hess and Mrs. Bruckman were visitors at Homelands. Otherwise no visitors, except Professor Arthur Eustace Morgan, who came over from Exeter for an afternoon to sound me on a West Country University scheme.

Rudo made a very good drawing, and painted a really fine portrait of Ada. Ada and I went in to Torquay one Saturday for the afternoon.

I rode Peggy three times and no more. She and Skip are out at grass, being at the stud.

We have a nest of white owls in the garret over our bedroom.

Ada's health on the whole good during these weeks, thanks, no doubt, to her cure—in spite of the wretched weather.

The harvest hay was very good. Corn in a fair way to be

<sup>1</sup> *Justice*, too, had done well there.

<sup>2</sup> The Manor House Hospital, North End Road, Hampstead. It is now (1935) appealing for funds for rebuilding and additions.

<sup>3</sup> Subsequent suggestions (later discarded) were *A Priest* and *The Forcing House*.

spoiled, but, fine weather setting in about Sep. 3rd, it was just saved.

On September 6th they went to Tintern.

*September 7.* Walked past Coed Ithel, where I used to stay as a boy with Col. and Mrs. Randall, and had my calf love that lasted so long—off and on, *bien entendu*—for S—— C——. We walked on to Monmouth and back by train. Very beautiful day, and scenery.

*September 9.* A grey day. The abbey is adorable, though a little too level, and too much of it left.

Third day, Sunday, wettish, not much doing. Motored in to Chepstow fairly early, saw the castle. Thence on by way of Bristol, where we saw St. Mary Redcliff Church; on to Oxford. Stayed a night at the Randolph, and settled next day into rooms, 13, Broad Street. Oxford is a melancholy place, the Colleges full of cadets—practically no students. No life on the river. Military hospital under the old town wall in New College garden. The courtly porter Churchill took us over New College Chapel; refrained with difficulty from calling A. melody. Sir Joshua window looking gorgeous, sun shining through. Called on the Murrays but found them flown to Overstrand. Walked out to Boar's Hill twice to see Masefields, and had Jan once to dinner. Gave us his beginning of a book on the Somme to read in MS. To the flat for one night,<sup>1</sup> then to Littlehampton to the Beach Hotel for ten days<sup>2</sup> of very beautiful weather. I, who had been writing on at the novel at Oxford, knocked off and began a paper: *America and Britain*,<sup>3</sup> destined for America, to influence opinion there in favour of permanent good feeling between the countries. Lillah McCarthy suddenly appeared on the 28th and spent the day with us, and on the 30th we left, and had a gorgeous walk carrying a pack, by way of Angmering and Worthing, to Steyning. Lovely day; pure peace up there. A fair night at the White Hart, and met two nice young folk called Russell. Talked much about the war. He had been wounded. Away next morning in fine weather mist and heavy dew, up by way of Chanctonbury Ring along the downs, and dropped on Amberley in time for a happy tea in the garden of the little inn under the station. The two happiest days since the war began. From Amberley trained

<sup>1</sup> On September 21, for rehearsals of *The Foundations*.

<sup>2</sup> Interrupted by one day in London at *The Foundations*.

<sup>3</sup> *American and Briton* was its final title.

to Dorking and pitched most happily on the White Horse Hotel, recently reconstructed, where we drank port, and so to bed. Adeline Genée, I think, was a fellow guest. Next day to London, where they had just had a week of raids. Went on to Manchester same evening, for rehearsals of *The Foundations*. While there I reconstructed an old lecture called *The New Spirit in the Drama*, and made it suitable for an American audience. *The Foundations* was fairly well played. The same exquisite children, and the same Sydney Paxton as Poulder. Arthur Chesney as Lemmy in the part Eadie played in London. Thursday, 8th October, left for Buxton, where we settled at nice rooms, 10 Broad Walk, while waiting for a production at Manchester of *The Silver Box*, and the Liverpool *Foundations*. I wrote a paper: *Speculations for America*, which was better than the first paper. We did all the walks, and read Wolseley's *Life of Marlborough* and Wolseley's *Life of himself*, and John Buchan's *Prester John*. I wrote also a short sketch: *The Nightmare Child for Everyman*.

On the 25th they returned to Manchester. For Galsworthy the day's programme included a flying visit to Liverpool for a rehearsal of *The Foundations*, and in the evening they saw a "very good" performance of *The Silver Box*. Next day they "fled back to London, having done enough of the barbarous North," and, after three nights at the Waldorf Hotel, went back to Littlehampton, where they looked about for a country home—in the very neighbourhood where they were to settle some nine years later.

Oct. 30. Beach Hotel. Novel. Went over to see Preston Place at Angmering, with a view to taking it, but too much to do to it.

Oct. 31. Novel. Went over to see Peacock Hall at Goring, but didn't like it.

November 2. Camps Library Appeal. Went over to see a beautiful old place, restored, called Bury Manor at Amberley, but too near a church, and close to floods of water. No go.

Back in London, they were looking for a new home there as well:

November 4. 1 A. T. H. Novel. With A. to look at houses in Hampstead. Dined with Sir Robert Jones and other doctors at Automobile Club.

November 10. To Petersfield, and walked with A. by Elstead

and Cocking and Singleton and then train to Chichester—Anchor Hotel, excellent.

*November 11.* Chichester to Arundel and London. Saw cathedral; walked via Goodwood all day to Arundel. Charming day and walk. Trained thence to London.

*November 13.* 1 A. T. H. Novel. Lunched with Pinker to meet D. H. Lawrence, that provincial genius. Interesting, but a type I could not get on with. Obsessed with self. Dead eyes, and a red beard, long narrow pale face. A strange bird.

*November 14.* Conrad to lunch with me at Romano's.

*November 18.* 1 A. T. H. To White Horse, Dorking. By morning train. Early lunch, then walked with A. all over Box Hill towards Reigate, and home. Very fine.

*November 19.* White Horse, Dorking. Walked over Ranmore Common in morning and train to London in afternoon.

*November 22.* 1 A. T. H. Motored with A. and Y.M.C.A. folk to see Arsenal at Woolwich and the Y.M.C.A. work there. Excellent work it is.

*November 23.* Novel; and began writing on Y.M.C.A. Morley Roberts and Naomi Hamlyn to lunch with us at Romano's. I went afterwards to see O'N——s family and place of abode. Novel.

*November 25.* A blizzard. Y.M.C.A. article. With Ada over Hampstead to look at Grove Lodge again. She caught a chill.

*November 26.*—Novel; novel. To dine with William Archer, A. G. Gardner, and Rebecca West at the National Liberal, afterwards to Colonel Archer's flat in Queen Anne's Mansions.

*November 27.* Novel. Went with A. to see Maggie Ponsonby at Chelsea Park Gardens. Barrie, Conrad, and Massingham to dine with us at Romano's. Quite jovial.

*November 28.* To Boar's Hill Hotel, near Oxford. Clearing up in the morning. Novel. Went to dinner with the Masfields at Mrs. Pearce's, an American. A thundering good dinner with champagne and port (have not had such since the war began). Met a Sikh flying man who told us things; a charming fellow to look at.

*November 29.* Boar's Hill Hotel. Novel. Walked into Abingdon. Novel. To dinner with the Masfields and met the Poet Laureate Robert Bridges, Mrs. Bridges, and their nice son Edward. A good evening.

They stayed at Oxford till December 5th, seeing a good deal of the Masfields and the (then) Laureate's family; the notebook describes the Laureate as "an attractive and leonine old thing."

*December 6.* 1 A. T. H. At 5.15 awakened by guns; dressed and went down with A. to ground floor, where we foregathered during a brisk raid with Barrie and the Jack Llewellyn Davies's, a just married young couple. All over at 6. To bed again. Novel. Walked. Novel. Had a dinner at Automobile Club of Barrie, Conrad, E. V. Lucas, Gilbert Murray, Massingham, Agnes Murray, and our two selves. Very jolly.

"Barrie," the notebook adds, "did the corks, and Murray, not to be beaten, did them next day at the Education Office."

On December 9th he began *Grotesques*, which, with the novel, was to engage his attention for the rest of the year.

*December 11.* Wrote letter on "The Word Victory" but it will probably not be published. Defined what I feel is meant thereby. Walked with A. *Grotesque 2.* Dined with A. at Romano's.

*December 12.* Novel. To Grafton Gallery with A. and saw Mestrovic Sculptures. A man who, having discovered a fine new pose of the neck, ruins most of his work by distorting and playing tricks with it. Images of his wife and a boy's head very fine, however; a purity of line all through. *Grotesque 2.* Dined with A. at Romano's.

*December 14.* Ada in all day with "flu" coming. *Grotesques.* Lunched with Sir Robert Jones and Major Osgood at the Reform Club and discussed the sluggishness of the Pensions Committee. I made the suggestion of permanent persuaders to be attached to Military Orthopaedic Hospitals. Walked with Jones to Lincoln's Inn Fields. *Grotesques.*

*December 18.* *Grotesques.* Ada up about noon. Walk. *Grotesques.* Air raid began at 6.45 and lasted till 9.30 with one short interval. We went down to the basement and hobnobbed with Barrie as usual.

*December 19.* False alarm of air raid about 7.15. *Grotesques.* Lunched at Automobile Club. Visited Sir Matthew Nathan at the Pensions Ministry with a suggestion that they should have permanent persuaders attached to the Military Orthopaedic hospitals. *Grotesques.* Dined at Romano's: E. V. Lucas, H. Granville-Barker, and Hugh Walpole my guests. A very pleasant evening. Poor Ada still a prisoner. Found Ralph Mottram at our flat, just home from the front.

*December 20.* *Grotesques.* Ada still indoors. Lord Charnwood came in at 1 P.M. about my joining him over *Recalled to Life*. Michel Calmann to lunch with me at Romano's. *Grotesques.* Foggy. Dined with Lord Charnwood at Brooks Club. Have agreed to co-edit the reports of the International Conference on the Disabled in London in May next, and to help him with the *Journal Recalled to Life*.

*December 21.* *Grotesques.* Various jobs about the town. *Grotesques.* Xmas cheques and packing. Wrote a message for a Plymouth matinée for Benefit of Disabled Journalists and their dependants.

Also (proceeds the notebook) we went about, especially in Hampstead, looking for a house; finally we hit upon the very house, Grove Lodge, which at the end of 1904 we had coveted to settle in, only it was then under reconstruction. Now it is very charming, and we covet it again. We look no further. On Dec. 22, A. being then sufficiently recovered from the flu to travel, we went to the Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, and settled in for Xmas and New Year. I writing novel in the morning and series of *Grotesques* in afternoon, which I propose to publish anonymously under the pseudonym of Cunodon.

And all went very well until

*Monday, Dec. 31.* L'n. Scott, Judge Cavell Salter, and Dr. Hyslop came into our sitting-room after dinner. While they were there, at 9.30 P.M., I received a telegram from the Prime Minister: "Please wire by return whether you accept offer of knighthood." I wired: "Most profoundly grateful but feel I must not accept." Told A. when our visitors had gone and we went to bed considerably disturbed by the thought might be too late [*sic*]; but confident that they would not take silence for consent.

This was, however, precisely what did happen.

And sure enough it doesn't, and there is my name recorded as



a knight on Jan. 1, 1918. Whereon I wire again that this thing shall be cancelled with all speed. And we spend an unpleasant day, thinking of all our friends weeping and gnashing their teeth. And *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily News* ring me up in the evening and say they have the contradiction and want to know what for. By a stroke of good luck I say Literature is its own reward, and we go to bed happy, knowing it will be contradicted in to-morrow's papers. And we receive 175 letters and 20 wires, which have all got to be answered. And all this because they say a letter was lost in the post, which is possibly all my eye. Between Letters and such honours there is and should be no liaison. And so the routine goes on of work; novel and *Grotesques*, *Grotesques* and novel; and a little addition to *The Foundations*. And A. recovers entirely from her cold, and presently I catch one.

1918

*Sunday, January 1.* Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, Sussex. They did take silence for consent. To my horror my name was among the New Year's knights. Instantly wired to Lloyd George "that I must persist in my refusal to accept, and asked for his contradiction in the Press." A very unhappy twenty-four hours. I've always thought and said that no artist of Letters ought to dally with titles and rewards of that nature. He should keep quite clear and independent. Wrote and Ada wrote innumerable letters to our friends telling of the mistake.

At least one admirer, who had not then met him, remembers the surprise with which he read the statement in the paper. Somehow, it seemed obvious, from the very nature of Galsworthy's work, that he would not care for personal distinctions of this kind; one even experienced a sense, as it were, of a return to normality on reading next day's disclaimer.

His friends felt in the same way, as their letters showed. The following extract is typical:

I want to congratulate you most heartily both for the honour offered and the honours refused. Personally I will confess I was surprised by your acceptance, that did not, if I may venture to say so, seem in character.

The public acknowledgment of his eminence implied by the

offer of a knighthood was honourable to all concerned, yet one can understand Galsworthy's perturbation.

The following correspondence may suffice:

[*To the Prime Minister*]

[*Jan. 1st.*]

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—Owing to my absence from home I did not receive your telegram till late last night. I at once wired to you: "Most profoundly grateful but feel I must not accept." This morning I see an announcement of the knighthood and wired you again: "Wired you on receiving your telegram last night that I could not accept knighthood I see it announced this morning am most sorry acceptance would be contrary to all my feeling and conviction must therefore persist in refusal and await your kind correction in the Press."

I am indeed grieved to appear churlish towards so kind a thought, or priggish for refusing what is given to, and accepted by, much better men. But I have long held and expressed the conviction that men who strive to be artists in Letters, especially those who attempt criticism of life and philosophy, should not accept titles. I cannot smother down this feeling, or, believe me, I would have, sooner than cause you the inconvenience of annulling the announcement. I am hoping to see the laurels removed by correction in the Press at the earliest opportunity, for I feel in a remarkably foolish position at the moment. I am greatly touched by the thought that you have considered me worthy of the honour. Please forgive me, and believe me, dear Mr. Lloyd George.—Sincerely yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From the Prime Minister's Secretary*]

10 DOWNING STREET,  
S.W. 1.

*January 2, 1918.*

DEAR SIR,—The Prime Minister has asked me to acknowledge your letter of the 1st January and to express his regret that your name appeared in the Press as having received a knighthood. A letter was sent you on the 24th December offering you this honour, and as on the 31st December a reply had not been received from you, a telegram was sent to you in the morning asking whether you accepted or not. The Lists had to be in the hands

of the Press on the evening of the 31st December, and as no reply had been received from you up to the time of their despatch the Prime Minister thought it would be better to anticipate your accepting rather than your refusing. As you will notice a correction appeared in to-day's papers.—Yours faithfully,

J. T. DAVIES.

John Galsworthy, Esq.

[*From Thomas Hardy*]

MAX GATE,  
DORCHESTER.

Jan. 4th, 1918.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Our sincere thanks for your good wishes. You and Mrs. Galsworthy have, as you know, the same from us.

I don't think that mistake about the knighthood a disaster for you exactly, and probably you don't by this time. A friend of mine who happened to be here said "He has scored both ways. He has had the honour of being knighted, and the honour of having refused a knighthood. Many men would envy him." I said I would tell you this.

The same post that brought your letter brought also a bundle of reviews of my poems from the publisher's. I suppose English critics will always work on the old lines, and try to get behind the book to quiz the author—regarding his book as a deep-laid scheme of his, analysing the possible motives, his reason for publishing it at this particular moment, etc., etc., instead of seeing that he is almost irresponsible, that it is the result of haphazard circumstances, and that the writer rubs his eyes and wonders how this and that got into his pages as much as the reviewer does.

We are frozen up here—I don't mean water-pipes, because we have hardly any, but I mean fingers and nerves.—Always yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

I don't quite know where to send this.—T. H.

Jan. 2. Littlehampton. The contradiction is in the papers, and one breathes again. *The D[aily] M[ail]* and *The D[aily] N[ews]* had rung up overnight for my reasons for refusal. I only said "the work of Literature is its own reward." We went over to Brighton to see Lillah but missed her. Letters and telegrams by the score.

## THE WAR: THE DIARIES

*January 6.* We walked over to Far End, East Preston, and lunched with the I. Zangwills, and walked back with him in the rain. *Grotesques.*

The Galsworthys stayed on at Littlehampton till the 22nd, he working steadily "at the novel and *Grotesques* in spite of a heavy cold."

*January 22.* Littlehampton to 1, A. T. H. by afternoon train. *Grotesques.* Correspondence, etc. The Sutros dined with us at Romano's.

*January 27.* Revising novel. Long walk with A. past our old house, 14 Addison Road, and looked at it full of memories. Went in to tea with Barrie. His new room is jolly. Dined with A. at Romano's.

*January 28.* *Grotesques.* Went to lunch at Reginald McKenna's, 36 Smith Street: Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. McKenna, Miss Halford. Went after with the two latter to see Infant Welfare Centre at St. Pancras (Mrs. H. B. Irving—a nice woman). Went with A. to dine at Gatti's and go to the Coliseum. Met H. G. Wells and Mrs. Wells and dined with them. Air raid started as we came out, and I took Ada home. We spent hours with Barrie and H. G.-B[arker] down below, and then in Barrie's flat; at last they cleared off and we went to bed about 12.30. Some bombs rather adjacent.

*January 29.* *Grotesques*, etc. Jewel Fund Appeal. Lunched with Morley Roberts at the Pall Mall Restaurant. Dined with the Arnold Bennetts at Thackeray Mansions; an air raid started at 9.30, and we went down and sat talking in the basement till 12, when, despairing of the "All clear," A. and I walked home, and got in all right. Bennett very prosperous and blunt about people.

*January 31.* Finishing "The Jewel Fund" Appeal. Revising *Grotesques*, and *The Foundations* for re-typing in slightly enlarged form. Went to see the Conrads, and met there Ted and Phil Sanderson, my old Elstree friends. Conrad well except for a gouty foot. Dentist. Dined with A. at Gatti's. Bed at 2 A.M.

After this came four or five days at Littlehampton.

*February 6.* Littlehampton to London. 1, A. T. H. by 10.10 train with Ada. Took my MSS. of *Strife* to E. V. Lucas for the Red Cross Sale. Went with A. to see the Conrads, met Ted

Sanderson, my old friend and travelling companion, there. Bruce Richmond and his wife dined with us at the Automobile Club, Pall Mall.

On the 8th they returned to Littlehampton, where they stayed for over six weeks with scarcely an interruption.

*February 15.* Littlehampton. Went up to Town alone by 10.10 train. Saw Pinker. Lunched with Leslie Scott at the Law Courts. Took Chair at a large meeting at Kitchener House, 8, Cambridge Gate, with a view of spreading the work there. Went to see Conrad afterwards with Mabel. All Conrads very well. Travelled back with Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Madeleine Doty, who is going round the world. They got out at Holmwood.

For the rest, his time was spent, as usual, in working and walking:

*February 18.* Littlehampton. Novel. Walk. Novel. Sir Edward and Lady Carson in the hotel; have made their acquaintance.

*Feb. 20.* Novel. Wrote a "Message," a queer one, for the *Belgravia Monthly Record* work of making things for the wounded.

On March 10th and 11th he wrote the poem *The Soldier Speaks*, but the typical entry for this period is simply:

Littlehampton. Novel. Walk. Novel.

*Friday, March 15.* Littlehampton. Began revising novel. Walk with A. Revision. H. G.-B[arker] turned up for dinner.

*Sunday, March 17.* Littlehampton. H. G.-B. with us. Went walking all day with him and A, to Arundel in afternoon. Much talk. A little revision after tea. . . .

At this point the notebook amplifies:

A tidal wave came over at the end of January, broke the river dyke, flooded the streets. The Commandant, Major Westmacott, who was friendly to us, employed all his soldiers to mend the river bank. It destroyed the peaceful beauty of the walk into the "Ford" country, plastering all with mud. Towards the end of our stay came the gruesome news of the last German advance, which so nearly broke up the British line. (Easter Sunday.) We went that day to the "Green Hill Far Away." All the remaining days of our stay were spent in very depressed mood.

*Thursday, March 21.* German offensive begins. Littlehampton to 1, A. T. H. Lectured at 3, Grosvenor Place, Lord Hambledon's. Paper called *Speculations*. About 1000 people, who seemed pleased. Hugh Walpole came in at 6 P.M. Dined with A. and Barrie at Romano's. There was a preliminary raid warning which came to nothing. (We learn from the notebook that the lecture was on behalf of a home for girls who had thrown their caps over the windmill.)

Next day the Galsworthys returned to Littlehampton: "Sad news at the Front. Anxious day. News bad again."

There was nothing to do but work on at his novel, and to write a foreword for the Allied Disabled Conference. At this time, too, his nephew Rudo was interned—another cause of worry and depression. He had left no stone unturned to prevent the internment and subsequent repatriation of the boy's father, his brother-in-law Georg Sauter; and now once more he put forth his most strenuous efforts—in vain.

*April 8.* Ada up in afternoon. Littlehampton. Revision. Sir Hubert Parry came in and had a good talk. What an alive old fellow!

*April 10.* Started a cold. Littlehampton. Revision. Sir Hubert and Lady Maud Parry came in. Revision. Finished revision of novel, *A Saint's Progress*, between 80,000 and 90,000 words. A curious book.

Next day again: "Fresh bad news at Messines." . . .

The same day they returned to London, where they stayed, with only one break, till the end of May.

*April 17.* Charnwood came to see me about editorship. Met General Sir George Bullock, Sir Walter Lawrence, and Major Patterson, and was appointed editor of *Recalled to Life*, renamed *Reveille*.

The next three weeks were occupied by fresh revision of *Saint's Progress* and editorial work. The only events recorded are a visit to his nephew: "Had to wrastle round to get the H.O. not to send him off to the Isle of Man"; and on May 8th a more cheerful encounter:

E. V. L. dined with me at Romano's. A great and pleasant feast. Ada didn't feel up to it.

Next day he went to the Boar's Hill Hotel, near Oxford, for a week, during which he saw various Oxford friends, and, in the way of work, finished his Editorial.

May 18. Went over Grove Lodge with Ada.

May 19. Dined at Savoy with J. M. B[arrie]. Heavy air raid after.

May 20. Days very full; run here and there about *Reveille*, etc., etc. Attending Training Conference of the Interallied Conference on the Disabled every morning.

May 21. Dinner at Mansion House to the Allied Delegates.

May 24. Farewell dinner at the Ritz to Allied Delegates.

May 26. Went down with Ada to see the Conrads at Capel House, near Ashford. A jolly day. Conrad very well, and cheery; but Jessie suffering much. An operation for her knee is pending.

May 28. Spoke for Horses at the Mansion House Meeting of "Our Dumb Friends League."

May 29. Spoke for Infant Welfare at 10, Downing Street.

On May 30th the Galsworthys went to Wingstone for a month, thus summarized in the Diary:

Spent a glorious month at Wingstone and did the following work.

1. Revised last part of *Saint's Progress*.
- 1a. Revised *A Sheaf*, vol. II.
2. Wrote my "Notes" for *Reveille*.
3. Wrote 100 pages of a new novel: *The Burning Spear*. (A comedic satire.)
4. Revised most of the contributions sent for the first number of *Reveille*, and corrected proofs.
5. Much correspondence.
6. Two little poems: *The France Flower* and *Unknown*.

The weather on the whole was glorious; Ada was well. There were two new dogs, Biz, the most charming young lady sheep-dog (old English breed) and Chloe, a well-bred and pleasant brown and white spaniel.

We walked practically every day.







We had no one to stay and saw no one except Anne Fyffe five times.

On July 1st they returned to London for seventeen days, but the record of this period is a blank, save for the following:

*July 12.* London. To Beachey Head and Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, with A.

*July 13.* To Summerdown Camp, and The Old Heritage, Chailey, with A. A lovely day; back to town with Bishop Forest Brown.

On the 18th they returned to Wingstone, where they stayed till August 29th. At once things began to happen:

*July 22.* Exeter. Examined for the Army at the age of 50 years and 343 days. Was totally rejected on score of sight. Must say this Man Power Bill was a case of panic legislation if ever there was one. Returning to Bovey station learned of a fresh German offensive against the French.

This day, the turning point of the war, was the day I came nearest to taking fighting part in it.

General note:

Wingstone. We stayed on at Wingstone till the end of August, during which I began the Second Part of *The Forsyte Saga*, to be called *The Second Flowering*. The idea of making *The Man of Property* the first volume of a trilogy cemented by *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and another short episode came to me on Sunday, July 28th, and I started the same day. This idea, if I can ever bring it to fruition, will make *The Forsyte Saga* a volume of half a million words nearly; and the most sustained and considerable piece of fiction of our generation at least. For if I can do it, it will have a much greater coherence and δύναμις than ——'s slop-sided trilogy. But shall I ever bring it off?

Through all this month the news improved daily. E. V. Lucas came to stay, and his friend C. S. Evans, who was his assistant editor on *Reveille*. For the rest, it was a busy and happy period of fruitful work, enhanced by the gradual lifting of the oppressive war clouds.

*August 10.* *Reveille*, No. 1, published to-day. Great promise thereof.

The manner of it was thus, as recorded by the invaluable notebook: <sup>1</sup>

Before going to town I had received an urgent request from Sir Robert Armstrong Jones, head of the orthopaedic Service, to take over the editorship of *Recalled to Life* from Lord Charnwood. I had decided to do so if I could get leave to reconstruct the magazine and run it on different lines. Returning to Flat A, Adelphi Terrace House, the next few weeks were passed mainly in taking over this magazine, run in the interests of the disabled soldier, and reconstructing it, under the name of *Reveille*, on a system of blending contributions by the most distinguished authors (voluntary) and artists, with technical and general articles on the questions of rehabilitation, dividing the magazine into three sections, the first devoted to the literary contributions, the second to technical articles, the third to a combination of the two, interspersed with drawings. Among the contributors secured for the first number, which came out early in August were Rudyard Kipling, Max Beerbohm, J. M. Barrie, Joseph Conrad, E. V. Lucas, Jerome K. Jerome, and most of the heads of the various departments connected with the Pensions Ministry, including John Hodge.

(At Manaton.) The work on *Reveille* increased for both of us till it culminated with the issue of the first number of the magazine on August 10th, which had a great Press, and sold about 30,000 copies at 2/6 ea.

*August 26.* Wingstone. News better and better.

On August 29th the Galsworthys left for London, and, after a day or two in town (including a flying visit to Boar's Hill to see John Masefield, just back from America), proceeded to the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, where they spent a fortnight. The programme consisted mainly of medical baths for Mrs. Galsworthy, and of visits to various institutions for J. G. He went over the diamond-cutting factory for disabled soldiers at Brighton, and spent three nights at Birmingham for the Conference of Delegates for the Disabled.

<sup>1</sup> In both notebooks, dictated at intervals to his wife, J. G. employs a mixture of 1st and 3rd persons in referring to himself. For the reader's convenience I have taken the liberty of changing the 3rd person to the 1st.—H. V. M.

They returned to London on the 17th, and ten days later began a really important move:

*September 27.* Went to Kensington Palace Hotel with A. Removed from 1, A. T. H. to Grove Lodge, Hampstead, bag and baggage. So ended our tenancy of the little Adelphi flat, which will chiefly be remembered for its closeness to Barrie, its dinners at Romano's, the war, and air raids. We leave it just as peace is coming.

*September 28.* Settling things into Grove Lodge.

*September 29.* K.P. Hotel. At Grove Lodge, which of course is still in the hands of the painters, and will be for a long month.

*October 2.* Back to Wingstone. During the next month worked at *The Burning Spear* and of course *Reveille*. A very wet month.

But also, says the notebook, a jolly one.

*October 31.* Wingstone to Grove Lodge. This is the day we really settled in at Grove Lodge. We find it charming.

*November 4.* Grove Lodge. Evans came to lunch. Gilbert Cannan came in.

*November 5.* William Archer dined with us.

*November 6.* A cold. In bed.

*November 8.* On the edge of Peace.

*November 11.* *Armistice signed. Peace at Last. Thank all the gods there be.*

[*To Professor Murray*]

Nov. 11, 1918.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR G.M.,—Greetings on this glorious and lovely night to you all.

I want you to tell me anything you know about the proposed action if any—now—in regard to the Conscientious Objectors still in prison. Would you ring me up to-morrow, Tuesday morning, as early as you can. *Hampstead 3684?*

I thought of writing to *The Times* on interned aliens, the C.O.s, and horses; but I don't want to include the C.O.s if they're to be released at once, of course.

We wish you'd come up and see our new home. It's jolly.  
How are you all?—Yours always, J. G.

Well might Galsworthy be thankful at the cessation of four years' black ordeal. For a man whose sensitiveness to the misery and suffering of others has so often been assessed by the thicker-skinned as excessive, the war could scarcely be anything else. His first reaction had been one of consternation at the misery and sufferings to come; and there was plenty, all over Europe, to keep that feeling alive in him. Most people were unavoidably concerned with the way in which the war would affect them personally: to the young it might be an adventure, or a thrilling call to service; to their parents it meant ceaseless anxiety; to the business man it might bring ruin—or millions. Galsworthy, over age, childless, prosperous, felt all these hopes and fears—save one; for it was of others that he thought. He was, indeed, freer than most to do so; but the man his critics would have had him be would have shrugged his shoulders and quietly thanked his stars. Not so John Galsworthy; he could not forget.

The war dragged on; hearts, battered and bludgeoned, grew, as hearts grow, callous. To most, their own family problems and hazards alone struck home acutely. But he cared for them all. To most, again, it was possible to lose something of grief in patriotism; but "patriotism is not enough"; and he was more than a patriot.

The war dragged on. A horrified spectator, he watched the war's unnumbered activities—so many of them bloody or futile. On all the fronts, undergoing the horrors and torments peculiar to each, the armies sweated and bled and agonized, while the High Commands, fighting not only the enemy but the War Cabinet and each other, fumbled and blundered with misapplied pertinacity. At home, in the Clubs of London, plethoric senile members fulminated, gabbling and gobbling and writing letters to *The Times*; while others, worn and silent with long hours of strain in the Ministries, snatched hurried savourless meals between spells of work. The Ministries themselves lumbered uneasily on, like so many overladen stage coaches, over a rocky road strewn with an incalculable detritus of Official Forms. The experts cudgelled their brains impotently over the growing submarine menace, and

the Military Tribunals busily plied their winnowing fans. The profiteers maintained their war-cry of "business as usual," and grew fat thereon. In the hospitals and War Supply Depots and Convalescent Homes devoted men and women toiled and gossiped. Throughout the country the Land Girls laboured in their odd equipment—the lucky ones, to whom the war brought compensation in a chance of usefulness, emancipation, and self-respect. Almost everywhere reigned privation, overwork, anxiety, depression, in any of their possible combinations. Innumerable wives and parents were facing empty lives. And while all this, and much more, was going on, out of Victoria Station the troop trains rumbled unendingly on their sinister errand to the international slaughterhouses, ultimate symbols of the essence of war.

Their rumbling never left his ears. Not in his creative work—undertaken with a distracted mind for the benefit of others—could he forget them. Not in his multifarious propaganda work for the benefit of this or that good cause could he forget them. Not even in the serene and untouched beauty of Manaton or the Downs could he forget them. "Think of the suffering . . . the grandeur of it may appeal to your imagination; but think of the little people who haven't your imagination, who are not consoled by it, who just are hurt and die and lose. . . ." <sup>1</sup> It was of precisely such people that Galsworthy thought.

The war dragged on. For four years or so he lived under that black cloud. "Who haven't your imagination. . . ." That to him was the solution. He himself has said that it is not insensibility but lack of imagination—that sparking plug of the emotional motor—that makes the difference between the warm heart and the cold. But is it? Imagination may fire the emotions; but the frigid emotionalism of 1914-1918 proves that such is not always the case.

At any rate, he gave royally—he gave all he could; and few had more to give. From nothing published during the war did he personally profit one penny; it was all given away among an amazingly wide array of charities. In a letter of April 1916, he wrote: "My job so far has been to write appeals, and to earn by my fiction £3000 or £4000 from America for funds." Besides, it was not only the mere matter of the money; in writing desperately on, that he might earn more and yet more money for war sufferers,

<sup>1</sup> From *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, by Edward Shanks.

he was in a very real sense giving himself. For it was no light task to create, out of the essence of his brain and personality, amid the thousand stresses and distractions of war time. Creation—most difficult of all tasks, even in the most favourable of environments—had to be achieved by him in conditions as difficult and exhausting as could well be imagined. Little wonder if the books of this period fell below his normal level. Requests for appeals on behalf of war charities poured in on him; and here too he gave of his best, exploiting his persuasive vein to the limit of his ingenuity and endurance. Those for the Manor House Hospital, the British Women's Hospital, and the Children's Jewel Fund are but items in a long list.

Finally, there was the matter of his private benevolence, in addition to the thousands of pounds he contributed to the various War Funds. The total which he gave away can never be known; but this is perhaps the place to mention that even before the war Galsworthy had made it his regular rule to live on less than half his income, giving all the rest away. During the war his personal and domestic expenditure were still further reduced, so that it was perhaps three-quarters of his income that was given away during the years of the war. After the war the pre-war rule was observed to the end. Than this, surely no more need be said.

## CHAPTER II

### 1914-18: THE WAR: LITERARY WORK

IN 1914 Galsworthy's name appeared only once before the public, with the production of *The Mob* just before the outbreak of war; as in 1916, when only the collection *A Sheaf* appeared. In the period May-August 1915, however, three works of his were issued. On May 6th came out the volume of satirical stories and sketches *The Little Man*, to be followed twenty days later by the production of *A Bit o' Love*; while on August 18th the novel *The Freeland*s was published.

*The Little Man* itself had been performed at Birmingham a couple of months earlier, but had not met with any great success. In print it was better liked, and the volume as a whole was tolerably well received. Galsworthy wrote of it:

[To G. Herbert Thring]

May 15, 1915.

1 ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAR SIR,—My new book *The Little Man and Other Satires*—a misnomer according to some who assert that they bite too deep to be called satires, and to others who allege that they do not bite deep enough to come within that definition—is a collection of short studies in various forms. Whether, as one critic remarks, they are “pure comedy,” or, as another contends, their “excellent and melancholy” author “requires attention from the Comic Spirit” God knows. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*A Bit o' Love* met with the usual mixed reception.

[From John Masefield]

April 23, 1914.

13 WELL WALK.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am sending you with this the two books of Hodgson's of which I spoke to you, and also, in case you have not



seen it, M. Bourgeois's translation of *The Playboy*. Please keep all three, if you will. I think you'll like the Hodgson poems.

I've read your play, but I want to read it again before I send it back. I feel this about it so far, that it is a most surprising picture of English village life, more complete and truer than any that has ever been done, and a real masterpiece, with beauty, and one most excellent comic scene, and a wonderful presentation of country character. But so far, I feel Strangway to be a little unfamiliar and remote, and the old grey mare less of a figure to me than she is to her parishioners; but of these things I'll write again. The rest is simply extraordinarily good; it is a wealthy piece, and A1.

Our warmest greetings to you both.—Yours ever,

J. M.

April 25, 1914.

13 WELL WALK.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I now return to you, with many thanks, the script of the new play. We both enjoyed reading it very much indeed; it is an astonishing thing, your catching all the types of a village and the village point of view, and the heights and depths of the village soul are all quite extraordinarily perfect. For human nature you have done nothing to touch the meeting scene, and for beauty (if your actors can bring it off) I think the talk of the dancers in the barn will be something new on the stage.

I still feel that I don't really know Strangway, and (though I see her more clearly) the old grey mare is unlit and unexplained. I don't feel that I know more of either of them than that one has a habit of forgiving, and the other the habit of the Church, with its authority and want of understanding. They are sufficient for the stage, but I don't think either would come home with one after the theatre. The rest I still think extraordinarily good. Congratulations.

Our warm greetings to you both, and thanks for your letter. I hope Devon is at its best.—Yours ever,

J. M.

June 12, 1914.

CHOLSET, BERKS.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I am sending back to you your MS., for which many thanks.

It is greatly improved, we both think, and Strangway is much better. The only points on which I feel the least doubt are:

the scene V, between the grey mare and Strangway, where I feel Mrs. N. is rather overmuch on one note, where one needs a little colour of character, and in scene VI, at the end, when Strangway's final speech may, conceivably, delay your curtain ten seconds too long. I put forward these suggestions tentatively; it is a fine thing as it stands, and quite new.

We miss you both very much and wish you could have stayed longer. We hope the shoulder is going on well. Con joins me in greetings to you both.—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

[From Sir James Barrie]

June 16.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAR G.,—I return the two plays<sup>1</sup> herewith. Read them both with great enjoyment, and should like to talk with you about them. Your Michael is a beautiful study, and so is Ivy, and as for the Committee meeting, it is a rich thing. But I am not so sure of it all as a play. Michael seems to be too noble to fight (despite the window). I can't see that there is any case for letting things go on, nor indeed that they could go on 20 miles away. There's no strong reason why Beatrice and her friend should not go off to fight it out for themselves.

The short piece is delightful from beginning to end. I suppose that three scenes might be kicked at by a manager. Nothing else would be.—Yours ever,

J. M. B.

[From Edward Garnett]

Wed., May 26, /15.

CHELSEA.

DEAR JACK,—Just a line to say how much I enjoyed *A Bit o' Love*. I thought it extraordinarily fresh and living, full of spontaneity and very artfully varied. The rustics quite admirably hit off; true to type, as also the Rector's wife, and the village girls. The colouring warm and pleasing, and the whole scheme of development running easily and naturally. In fact I liked it *all* very much except the Curate, in whom you have poured an excess of sentimentality. I don't like him at all, for many reasons—but I won't bore you by detailing them.

On the other hand the Curate's wife is a very fine part, and I congratulate you heartily on your creation. I thought the play

<sup>1</sup> *A Bit o' Love* and (presumably) *The Little Man*.

was admirably acted on the whole—(much *softer* and freer and less *hard* than many of Barker's productions of yours).

Altogether the Play gave one great pleasure, and it was good to plunge for a couple of hours back into that world which is separated now from us by this awful gulf of slaughter. . . . I am passing a First Aid examination and have some thought of going to France if I can arrange it.—Always yours,

EDWARD GARNETT.

Galsworthy's own feeling is given in the notebook, which mentions : as "a play that I am fond of, feeling that it has more colour and sense of place than any of my others," and in the following letters :

[To Professor Murray]

May 21, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Much gratitude to you for giving so much time to the plays, at so pressed a moment. I believe I have exorcized the prig out of Strangway. Indeed, I have rather recast his figure in terms, I hope, of greater humanity; adding an incident or two, to give more body. I've also retouched the Clyst story. I don't feel with you about the Meeting scene. I think the "Chicken or egg" idea is justified material, and there's very little exaggeration used. At all events Barker, Masfield, and Ada find it funny, so I shall let it stand. Of course the whole trouble (inherent in the play) has been to materialize a man plunged from almost the start into volatilizing emotion. The exigencies of the time unities forbid him to have a chance to be shown otherwise than crucified; still, I've got an incident in which, I think, helps a lot. Personally, I think the play has more life and in a way more essence than anything I've done; of course, it's atmosphere rather than problem, but the idea of a Christian cast out by Christian society for "forgiving" strikes me as tolerable.

So glad you like *The Little Man*. How are you all?—Always yours,  
J. G.

In re-casting Strangway I make him accept, so to speak, his own "unworthiness." I'm very grateful to you for the light you threw on him.

[*To Frank Lucas*]

June 2, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Many thanks for your jolly letter about the play, written in so busy a time. It's a disheartening world, dramatically speaking, and your pleasure was doubly nice to read of.

*The Pall Mall* and *Manchester Guardian* were makeweights against a rather heavy scale.

Ada weighs 9.11, I, 12.1. Mueller has brought me down quite nicely—I no longer fear obesity.

We sincerely hope you like your new Chief, I should think he must be a very decent chap; and the Tory mind will now be laid bare to you—only it isn't a typical one at all, at all.

God strafe a good many things, and bless you all.—Yours,  
J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

June 10, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—We are both very sorry indeed that you have not found time. On your next visit may we have better fortune. It is good to read what you say on this country. There are very fine things about Her, mixed up with, and emerging from what is saddening. Anyway I feel that she stands for humanity, which is to me the prime consideration in Life.

So glad you liked the play, I was afraid you would miss it—the company that played it being a bird of passage.

I fear my parson is no more typical of the Devon parson of to-day than he would have been in your day. Still I have known one or two like him—parsons and others.

Our best greetings to Madame Chevrillon and to yourself.—  
Always yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

According to the critics, though there was admittedly much beauty in the play, it was all a little vague and thin. *The Times* summed up the general opinion:

Mr. Galsworthy's theme has simplicity of line and dignity of treatment. But, like the moon, it is a little pale. . . . Thus, Mr. Galsworthy has achieved beauty, but not energetic beauty. . . ."

With reference to the title, William Archer (among the most favourable of the critics) wrote:

“Why Mr. Galsworthy has chosen for his title *A Bit o' Love* I really cannot say. The phrase would fit almost any other play as well as this. But it matters very little what label is attached to so moving, imaginative, and vital a piece of work,” and continued with a reference to: “a charmingly contrived incident . . . it contains, by the way, a passage which explains, if it does not quite justify the title.”

The fact is that Galsworthy had intended to call the play *The Full Moon*, and the printed text had already been set up with that name on the title-page and in the headlines, when it was discovered that Lady Gregory, the Irish dramatist, had also adopted that title for a new play of hers. It seemed a case of *place aux dames*; and Galsworthy, finding himself obliged to choose a new title, settled on that which puzzled Archer. It is with this play that there begins the temporary diminution of vitality in Galsworthy's work which has already been mentioned and explained. Save for *The Foundations* (which was not, however, published till after the war, in 1920), it is its author's only war-time play, and is one manifestation of the more emotional phase which, beginning with *The Dark Flower* in 1913, lasted on the whole till the resumption of the Forsyte fortunes at the end of the war, and was further expressed in *Beyond* and *Saint's Progress*. *The Foundations*, true, is an exception, and so is *The Freeland*s—but the former is a topical play, based necessarily on an intellectual rather than an emotional attitude to surrounding facts (and, in any case, may have been written in some sort of reaction from its not too fortunate predecessor), while much of the latter, it may be remembered, had been written before the war, as in some sort a pendant to *The Country House* and its successors. Barrie liked *The Foundations*:

[From Sir James Barrie]

Feb. 10, 1918.

2 ROBERT STREET,  
ADELPHI.

MY DEAR G.,—Herewith *The Foundations*, which I find very engrossing, from its delicious opening to the last page. Distressing indeed if it can't be produced in better conditions. I

don't have any new one-act piece except a little thing about the war, too depressing, I've decided, to have done just now. Any of my things already done you could have with uncommon pleasure. I'm not at all sure that anything is needed. I calculate that *The Foundations* is quite as long as *Dear Brutus*, which begins a little after 8.30 and is over about 10 to 11. At Wyndham's they think this ample in these days, also they are of opinion that a one-act piece does not help commercially at all. I just quote their views. I don't know of any one-act piece I could recommend. In any case I do hope *The Foundations* will be done.

All good fortune to the novel, and may the sea-breezes keep your head clear. It was good of you about *Strife*. I can understand the pang—but it only echoes through me. . . .

My love to you both and let me know when you come back.—

Yours,

J. M. B.

But soon Galsworthy was writing to Edward Garnett:

I'm sorry to say my play's already at an end. I should have sent you seats, but when we lunched I didn't somehow think you were interested. It was very well played, and really amusing, and cut rather deep; but triple biliousness, as Ada calls it, and the dislike of the London Public for anything new, and anything by me, and the severe pulling of the Press's leg which it contained combined to do it in, rather sooner than usual. People seemed to like it all the same, and they gave it fifteen curtains on the last performance, and about ten every night. A few less curtains and a few more seats taken would, however, have been better for all concerned.

To return to the novels. In spite of some good reviews *The Freeland's* was not popular with the public. Just as *A Bit o' Love* was about the lowest seller among Galsworthy's plays, so *The Freeland's* was the lowest seller among his novels, for nineteen years later the original six-shilling edition was still some distance from being exhausted. It may be allowable to conjecture that the war-time atmosphere and mass-consciousness had something to do with this; but to a generation living on its emotions *A Bit o' Love* seemed pallid, and *The Freeland's* (with its subject of the land just before the war) academic. Frances Freeland, as we know, is drawn from Galsworthy's mother; and he wrote to Mrs. Reynolds: "Yes,

Frances Freeland is more living than 'A Portrait'—that was a little too cataloguey. 'Old Jolyon' is the real pendant to her."

[*To André Chevrillon*]

WINGSTONE,  
MANATON,  
DEVON.

March 25, 1916.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Thank you so much for your letter, and sparing all that valuable time on my novel.<sup>1</sup> I don't know that I think the fault lies so much in the particular instance of Pharisaism taken, as in the fact that the whole novel is too much on a thesis—"the land." The manifestations of our landlordism are quite as tyrannic as Lady Mallorings, even if the particular instance is a bit exceptional. For example, a man might well be turned out, any day, for voting for a Radical—not commonly of course, but not exceptionally.

As to the young people. Yes, in certain circles, not at all typically middle-class—families of writers and artists, mostly in Hampstead or in Chelsea, or where not—two young couples *setting forth together*, and as like as not returning two and two, and even at dawn for a lark, would be quite possible, especially if they were first cousins; and still more especially if those who came in late were engaged.

Of late years in certain small artistic or socialistic circles—young men and women have gone as far, I believe, as staying together, bathing together without clothes, and so forth. It's not typical, but Felix's establishment is far from typical of the middle-class, and so is Tod's. The Stanleys and Johns would of course strongly object.

I have been fearfully exercised myself by the thought of what is going on in Poland, and Serbia; and only a paralysing sense of ignorance and impotence, which I can't shake off—a feeling that if a humane man like Grey cannot see his way to carry aid [*rest missing*].

[*From Professor Murray*]

July 15, 1915.

OVERSTRAND.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I have blood-poisoned myself or something, and am a sorry creature. But meantime *The Freelands* has been

<sup>1</sup> *The Freelands*.

a consolation and joy. First of all, I was so pleased that you had dedicated the book to the Hammonds, who are among the nicest people the Lord has yet turned out.

It is delightful reading, all so delicately written, and I think Nedda is the very nicest of all your young women—which is saying a dam lot. All her relation to her father and to everyone else.—And the father is awfully good. More real to me than, say, Hilary. The Freelands are a nice family altogether. I'd get on very well with them.

It is rare how you get the feeling of the country—the fascination and beauty and life-giving quality, and the poor downtrodden mulish labourer. I don't see how you do it. For the Tod family seem to be hardly characters; at least they are seen always from one standpoint and in one light. Yet they work somehow. And so do all the peasantry. I think this ought to take a very high place among your novels.

I am sorry that you are ill. If I thought I were going to die I would just toddle up to shoot your friend X—— first, and Y—— Z—— too, if it could be managed. I had a letter this morning from ——, of New Coll., now at the Front, saying how it made him perfectly sick with rage when he came back from the trenches to billets and read *The Times*. I think I told the Pubs. to send you *my* last romance, or Grey Book. If not, just lie low and consider yourself lucky. Do you think the Russians are off to Nijni-Novgorod, or perhaps Tomsk?

I went to town a week ago (and got ill) to give an address to the Psychical Society. There I heard of a good new medium and sent Rosalind to her without a wedding-ring. She said that we should never get through the Dardanelles, and that it would be a long time before R. was married, but that she needed more freedom and was leading a cramped life at home! (Arnold and she are living in London now and working with Schuster at the Mendacity Bureau.)

Kindest remembrances from us both to both of you. G. M.

The book will follow, if it may, in two days.

Although *Beyond*, which appeared just over two years later—on August 30th, 1917—has no more than the others to do with the war, it was considerably more popular, for the reason that it was a full-blooded love story, and, as such, naturally more appealing amid the emotional tension of 1917. At any rate, it was well liked by his friends:



[*To Edward Garnett*]

[WYE VALLEY.]

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Many thanks for your very sympathetic and encouraging letter. I'll be very anxious to hear the subject that awaits me.

There is something in that point of a train too arbitrarily laid in the opening of *Beyond*, but I think the inadequacy comes rather at the end of Part 1 than at the very opening. I ought to have pressed out the end of Fiorsen's courtship to a more demonstrable surrender—shown a little more clearly how that "all eggs in one basket" quality *latent* in Gyp would naturally dispose her to make a bad shot—a *half* shot, rather, the first time. If I'd begun by giving the reader the definite figures of Gyp and Fiorsen, and a definite scene, and then hung the story up with a long bit of Winton reminiscence—the reader would have resented the hang up, don't you think?

When we leave here on Monday we're going to Oxford for a fortnight, but letters will come on there. I used to know these parts as a boy, and we've had two days' jolly walking in very beautiful weather and places.

Our love to you,

J. G.

[*From Thomas Hardy*]

Sept. 5, 1917.

MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Your new book with its kind inscription crept unobtrusively into this house two afternoons ago, and we are now reading it a bit at a time every evening. We have not got far enough to form any opinion on its development as yet. So far as I remember, to begin with a wedding at a registry office is a new stroke. I see you are not afraid of the good old epic plan of retrospective survey after the opening.

We are hoping to go into Devon this autumn, but whether we shall get as far as to you is doubtful. I am allowed 10 gallons of petrol a month by the Government (if I like to pay for it) but I have no car! With kind regards, I am.—Sincerely yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

Sept. 21, 1917.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I must write just one line to tell you that we have, to our great regret, got to the end of the book, and

had great pleasure from it—an unnecessary piece of information, probably, as you will have guessed we should.

I think it carries on the reader with more momentum than any other of your novels I have read, and I confess I was quite baffled as to what was going to happen, and I honourably refrained from peeping. I have a shrewd suspicion that my wife did peep, though she does not own it. If she did not, she is the first woman who has resisted such temptation in such circumstances.

I was surprised (not disagreeably) to find that it was a story of modern artificial life that was covered by the rather misty title of a book whose author hailed from Dartmoor! and I had not known that you could handle that sort of life with such familiarity. As to your bringing on the catastrophe by cutting the knot and killing off the lover by an inconsequent accident—well, I will say I have two minds upon it.

I daresay it has struck you that you could go on and write another novel, and yet another, on Gyp's life and adventures. Perhaps you mean to.

I hope to have a little book to send you sometime this year as a return gift.—Sincerely yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

[*To William Heinemann*]

30 BROAD STREET,  
OXFORD.

Sept. 18, 1917.

MY DEAR HEINEMANN,—Thank you very much for your letter. I shall enjoy seeing you when you get back, though I'm not quite sure what days we shall be in Town.

I haven't seen any reviews for nearly two years past, and I don't want to take up the habit again of reading press-cuttings, which I think after a time becomes a bad one. As to the *Saturday*—always my most bitter critic—I should think the explanation lies in the protest I was moved to make to their review of *The Freeland*s, which described me as a "revolutionary" writer. The memory of a critic is longer than a donkey's tail, and no doubt he's taking his *revanche*.

As to *The New Statesman*—they too are never very friendly—why, I don't know. But I write in the dark—not having seen the critiques. I think you might find out without my aid better than with it, probably. And then I shouldn't have to drink the vinegar.

I was up yesterday and looked in. Evans told me you'd had

some wonderful reviews, so perhaps we can get on without the aid of those two periodicals, which are not very widely read except by such as are already predisposed against a personality like mine.

I fancy the answer would be to drive ahead the more happily. My friends of letters seem to like the book more than usually. Conrad, Garnett, William Archer, Masfield, Granville Barker, Hudson have all written warmly.

I see you've issued *Fraternity* in the 1/- edition—many thanks.

With a book like *Beyond*, where the theme is a natural force, as in *The Dark Flower*—the little-minded critic who is on the look-out to sting can always get an unfair blow in at a writer whose books and plays have traversed sociological matter and types, by assuming that he has some dark sociological basis—some subversive intention.

One could see how *The Times* reviewer, for instance (I take *The Times*), never got his feet, because he was always looking for something that he thought ought to have been there and wasn't. I don't suppose there'll be a single review that'll get its jumping-off point right. That's the penalty one pays for leaving the rut. But what does it matter?

I hope you're having a good holiday. Oxford is very strange, full of cadets and movement, and the Colleges one long reproach.

Our best greetings to you.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

During the previous year Galsworthy had published *A Sheaf*. "Did I tell you," he wrote to Mrs. Reynolds, "that I'm issuing a volume of 'Wild Oats'—humanist writings—as you wanted—in September? It's called *A Sheaf of Wild Oats*. I thought after all I might as well make what money I could out of them for funds. They include those on the War and After; and a lot written before the War." Consisting thus of non-fictional and (to some extent) controversial matter, *A Sheaf* was hardly likely, whatever its merits, to increase his popularity with the ordinary reading public; in fact, his reputation rather marked time during the war. In America, however, where his fame was less established, the work of this period was more warmly received, and helped to consolidate his position. The book, however, has a special interest as embodying much of Galsworthy's humanitarian writing, and leaves a vivid impression of his wide, deep, and sincere humanism.

Two more books should here be mentioned, for, though they appeared after the war, in 1919, they belong to the group now under discussion. These are *Another Sheaf*—a sequel to its predecessor, as its title explains—and the novel *Saint's Progress*. *A Sheaf*, though no more than two thousand copies had been issued, never achieved a reprint; its successor, in an edition of the same size, achieved a reprint in the month of its publication. It contained articles and appeals written during the war.

In *Saint's Progress* we have Galsworthy's most important contribution to the literature of the war. It is by no means among the most important of his books, but it does with extraordinary actuality convey the atmosphere of life at home during the war, and will always remain as a social document of that period. He himself observed in a letter: "I don't set much store by the book."

[*To the Reviewer of Saint's Progress in Punch*]

Oct. 29, 1919.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for a kind review, but there is at the end of it a paragraph which is such a boomerang that I can't refrain from asking you to enjoy its recoil.

I very seldom (practically never) use an incident out of real life, just as it was, in my books, because if one does, for some reason, known I expect to critics, it always appears untrue. The incident you allude to, however, happened, exactly as described, to my wife. It was she, not Noel, who took the poor charwoman into the swell chemist's in Regent Street, with half a dozen swell women there, and a sympathetic young chemist almost ashamed of his sympathy because of the looks on the faces of his clients. And this in 1916. So, you see, truth is stranger than fiction, and the *Fairchild Family* atmosphere, whatever that may have been (for I've never read the book) not so absent as you think in these days of "first aid." No doubt these women, if they had had time to realize, would have acted—or *looked*, rather—differently. But that is just it with human nature and society in all generations—our own as much as others—first impressions and quick natural repugnances guide conduct, because too often there isn't time to recover from them. I think if you were to use your eyes and nose and feelers generally, as novelists have to do, you would discover that under superficial differences human nature changes hardly at all, wars or no wars, revolutions or no

revolutions, age in age out; and that the great majority of the well-washed (angels always excepted) revolt from the unwashed.

Forgive this homily, which you will perhaps confess your words "frankly *farcical*" invited. And believe me on the whole—Gratefully yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From Sir James Barrie]

November 2, 1919.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G.,—*Saint's Progress* is a fine book, and I don't think you have ever given us anything better—perhaps no one quite as good—as the father. No one would have dared, except you, to make him the central figure of a novel, but the result is triumphant. I conceive you (and I smile) calmly sitting down to him without the least idea of what a job you had in hand.

I wish you were back. Even if I don't see much of you I find a satisfaction in knowing that you are near by. Are you thinking my handwriting is improved? My right hand has followed the fashion and gone on strike—some form of writer's cramp—and it seems to be on the shelf for its chief purpose, tho' it's equal to all else. This is left-handed and a bit of a strain at present. Also I find that I have done all my thinking down the right side for so long that my left hand comes into the business as a stranger who does not know even the names of my works.

My love to Ada from both sides of me.—Yours, J. M. B.

[To Mrs. Galsworthy from Mrs. Thomas Hardy]

November 27th, '19.

MAX GATE,  
DORCHESTER.

MY DEAR MRS. GALSWORTHY,—I have meant for so long to write and tell you how much pleasure *Saint's Progress* gave us both. I read aloud every word to my husband, and I think he really prefers it to any other of Mr. Galsworthy's works, though I am not sure. At all events he was deeply interested in it and sternly forbade me to look at the end before we came to it. He said he thinks that had it been his novel he would have ended it with the death of the Saint, though he was not sure. He thought that certain scenes—two love scenes, in fact—were wonderful, and also the tragedy of the woman of forty-three so poignant.

Mr. Galsworthy's novels are about the only ones he will listen to straight through (though I feel I should only write that in a

whisper). He listens to parts of others, and then says, "That's enough." We knew the scene in the chemist's shop had actually taken place, though a reviewer we know, Arthur Eckersley, thought it hadn't, I believe. We did not see his review.

I hope that you are quite well now, and free from that painful neuritis, or rheumatism. T. H. is wonderfully well, though this day is a rather sad anniversary—the death of his first wife seven years ago, and we always think of the sad and lonely death, with all the piteous circumstances. We took flowers to her grave this afternoon, in the beautiful little "Mellstock" churchyard, and a friendly robin sat on a headstone near and regarded us, and a woodpecker tapped in the tree which shaded the grave. We felt we should like such little creatures to visit our "mound" better than any human being.

I wonder if you are likely to be at Hampstead the first week in January, as I have to run up to town then for a couple of days and should like so much, if I might, to call and see you—but I expect you will be abroad.

With our love to you both.—Yours very sincerely,

FLORENCE HARDY.

This novel closes the tale of Galsworthy's work during the war, for *Five Tales*, though published in 1918, belongs in fact to the subsequent group of novels in which his talent reasserted itself. We end with an admirable critique by the late W. L. George:

I have the good fortune to come to the criticism of Mr. John Galsworthy's new novel *Saint's Progress* (Heinemann, 7/6 nett) a little later than the daily newspapers. And it is good fortune because it enables me to realize how unjust people are to one of the four most prominent writers of the Edwardian period. One critic calls him sentimental, another rhetorical; one curses him because he crosses his t's, another because his i's are undotted. All that is half-true, but it annoys me that people should make so slight an attempt to understand the man behind the book, and the purpose behind the man. As if Balzac were not congested! Meredith precious! Henry James involved! Thackeray waggish! Yet these were all fine minds, and Mr. Galsworthy is a fine mind. All fine minds are leopards, but only fools dwell on the spots.

This does not mean that *Saint's Progress* is the book of all time, not even that it is Mr. Galsworthy's best book. It is not that. It is entirely sincere, entirely interesting, and it has the faults that arise from emotion. Only the cold are wholly perfect. Mr. St.

John Ervine says of Mr. Galsworthy's hero, the clergyman, that he is not a saint and that he does not progress. He is right only if we assume that a saint is a nice man. If we assume that a Christian saint is the beastliest work produced by the devil to make life and mankind wretched, then Mr. Galsworthy's hero is a saint. As for progressing, it may be that Mr. St. John Ervine is deceived by an archaic word, and that "progress" in this case means "course" or "transit." To leave logomachy alone, I find the reading of the saint deeply interesting. Here is a good clergyman with a lovely daughter, Noel, emotional as he, but as human and natural as he is remote and encased in the plaster of Paris of his spirituality. Noel falls in love. The saint opposes the marriage because marriage is too solemn to be performed in a hurry. So the girl gives herself to the young man, to make him hers. He goes to the war and is killed. A child is born. The saint is nearly crushed by this obscene irruption of reality. Still, he tries to forget, though he cannot forgive. Then another man, James Fort, comes to love Noel, but he has drifted into an entanglement with an older woman; because of this, when Fort wishes to marry Noel, the saint opposes again, because "Fort belongs to the other woman." The saint has to be defied by marriage as he was defied by passion, and Noel is happy in spite of his saintliness.

This is not quite Mr. Galsworthy's attitude; it is mine, who hate and loathe his clergyman, who detest his gentleness, who despise his life-marring way. Yet Mr. Galsworthy does not rage; he treats the story tenderly. He endows it with a loveliness of phrase that civilizes even the Christian minister.

Leaving aside this new book, I am tempted to consider where Mr. Galsworthy stands in the modern novel. He is discussed always with Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett; he is very much there, but people refer vaguely to Kensington, as if nothing good could come from Kensington. Then they go on to more or less ferocious attacks; they call him sentimental, they say he lacks humour, they call him gloomy, or they object to his literary method, or they say that this love for the under-dog has driven him crazy. All of which proves his position, for the status of a man is measured by the number of his enemies, and I wonder what truth there is in all this. Some, of course, but how much? Humour, for instance. Well, why should Mr. Galsworthy's sense of humour be tickled by situations such as the one in *A Man of Property*? where the exercise of his conjugal rights by a husband amounts

to a legal rape. I may have no sense of humour, but this situation does not make me smile. And I see nothing humorous in *The Patrician*, where an aristocrat is held away by a semi-religious, semi-feudal idea from taking the woman he loves. I see nothing funny in this. Really, there are people I cannot understand; perhaps they are so wretched that they need humour as a drug to make life possible. They won't get that drug from Mr. Galsworthy; he is too deeply wounded by the horrors that surround him, by war as well as peace; he suffers too much.

To which the obstinate critic will reply: "He wouldn't suffer so much if he weren't so gloomy, if he didn't seek the ugly side of life. Why does he not picture the charming things that are in the world?" Well, to begin with, that is not always true. The young people in *Fraternity* are gay enough, sweet enough; Noel, in *Saint's Progress*, has exquisite moments. People call Mr. Galsworthy gloomy because he passionately hates certain sides of marriage, of the law of capitalism, and because his method is to expose these things to his readers. He wants reform . . . and he is a reformer without hope.

Mainly he is a reformer who realizes the situation. For instance, in *The Freelanders* Mr. Galsworthy makes an astonishing comparison between the life of a rich man and of a poor man.

I suspect that one of the things which irritate Mr. Galsworthy's opponents is his skill. In some of his plays, notably in *Strife* and in *The Silver Box*, he shows himself the greatest living playwright. He has infinite skill . . . but he insists upon putting this skill, which ought to be at the service of *A Little Bit of Fluff* or *Chu-Chin-Chow*, at the service of serious and emotional ideas. That is his crime. They cannot forgive his sermon to this man who is such an excellent satirist; they say that his purpose spoils him. Which is bunkum. A man must have a purpose. Otherwise, let him hold his tongue.

It is true that the silvery accents of Mr. Galsworthy's tongue do take upon themselves a certain sentimental strain. He is profoundly moved by things which his fellow-men consider trifling, such as the treatment of convicts in prisons, the confinement of animals in Zoos, the hunting of foxes for sport, and of women for another kind of sport. He hates locking up and hunting down, and because he cannot stop it he is extremely unhappy. It is easy to take him off: Mr. Max Beerbohm did it in ferocious style in *A Christmas Garland*, where the plutocratic canary was fed and the plebeian robin died on the window-sill;



no crumbs were given it because the poor must not be pauperized. It was funny; it made me smile . . . but when Mr. Beerbohm had finished, he had done nothing at all to prevent the plebeian robins from dying on window-sills. And yet I am sure that Mr. Beerbohm would not like a robin to die on his window-sill. Nor would Mr. Galsworthy, and so he agitates to try and prevent this from happening.

Of course, his emotions tend to lead him to the excessive opposite of brutality. For instance, I am always malcontented by his women: Irene of *A Man of Property*, Audrey of *The Patrician*, the heroine of *The Fugitive*, the heroine of *Beyond*. All these women appear weak in their loveliness; Mr. Galsworthy seems to see woman as such a wretched prey, so helpless before men. This is true, but not so completely as he makes out. He does sketch clever women, cruel, grasping women, but his heroines are always tossed by fate, broken, used. And the heroine of a novelist always represents Woman to that novelist.

Let us grant that; let us agree that he does not allow enough for the meanness, the laziness, the coarseness, the cruelty that is in woman as it is in man. Let us rather acknowledge the profound insight with which he approaches his characters, and, above all, his sense of mutual responsibility. Mr. Galsworthy is the perfect Socialist; he is always pitiful, always forgiving; there is a touch of Tolstoy in him, and that is why it is no use asking him to display a touch of Turgenev. For Mr. Galsworthy we are all members of one another, and all share in the common disease. He has no political system to impose; what he wants is more difficult to attain; he wants a change of heart; he would have us work towards a certain moral loveliness, an æsthetic loveliness that has nothing to do with the Charity Organization Society. Or even morris-dancing in the village. He aims at a quality of breeding, a dignity, a tolerance, a sense of the common-weal; he does not want to pull down the gentlemen of England if he can help it; he wants to raise all men into a class where culture shall not exclude kindness, where understanding will travel with energy. Mr. Galsworthy has a beautiful, passionate soul, and for the sake of that soul he may commit many sins, literary or logical. But, whatever he may do, to whatever penalty he may be sentenced, let him yet be recommended for mercy; mercy should surely be afforded to the merciful.

## PART IV



(i) 1919: AMERICA, ETC.

As we have seen, two new phases in the Galsworthys' lives had begun almost simultaneously: the war was over, and they had a new home. "A.," says the notebook,

was naturally extremely busy for many weeks after, getting straight in the new house. Among the friends who first came there were the Masfields and the Granville Barkers, Dorothy Easton, Mrs. Ralph Mottram; and to dinner, Barrie, Aumoniers, W. Archer, Frank Swinnerton, Morley Roberts, Massinghams, Jack Hills, Colefaxes, Chevalier Filipo Filippi, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, Arnold Bennetts, Max Beerbohms. We made the acquaintance of the Fortescues at Admiral's House, next door, and their hens have laid for us, off and on, ever since. Other visitors: Lady Mary Murray, Rosalind Toynbee, Dennis Eadies, Ralph Mottram, Reynoldses, Myra Hess, Lady Carbery, Mrs. Newbould. I in November made an excursion to Weymouth, to go over the Australian Hospital camps there; thence to Thomas Hardy's for the night. T. H. very young still, and amiable. The next day I went on and over Sherborne School with a view to entering the name of nephew Hubert John for the next summer term at the Rev. J. Donkin's House, The Green. The Headmaster, Nowell Smith, kindly met me at the station, and took me over. A very charming set of buildings, and general atmosphere. In early December we went to L'hampton, Beach Hotel, for a week, and went up the "Green Hill far Away" with very different feelings. On November 11th the Armistice had been signed, closing the greatest war of our times. The maroons at 11 A.M. had been taken by me at first for an air-raid. A., being in the Tube, came out into the full joy of Tottenham Court Road *en fête*. In December I went down to Ware, Herts: and purchased for 3 guineas a sure-enough Dandie pup, of long and distinguished lineage, which arrived a fortnight later in a basket, and went to sleep on my chest within half an hour, in the drawing-

room, and woke up more or less at home. He enjoys superb health, and the name of Robin, and is dearly beloved of the whole household. Xmas Day was spoiled by A. being in bed. The Reynoldses, Myra Hess, and a friend of hers came to dinner; Myra played like an angel afterwards, and cured A., who listened from her bed in the room above. About this time there had come through Professor Cunliffe an invitation from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and the American Academy of Arts and Letters for me to go to America as a representative of English literature at the Lowell Centenary celebrations. This, after some hesitation, I had accepted, and we were preparing to start at the beginning of February. In the meantime a certain trouble over the censorship of articles in *Reveille*, which criticized the methods of the Ministry of Pensions, had come to a climax in the unbenevolent hands of the permanent official . . . who had taken Sir Mathew Nathan's place at the Ministry, and had always been inimical to the magazine. Feeling that not to retain some critical and independent attitude in the review was to seriously mislead the Public, I decided to resign the editorship after the third number had appeared. This I did at the beginning of February, and thereafter the Ministry discontinued the magazine. According to general opinion, as far as one could judge, it had done some good work in its way. It more than paid for its production commercially, and died regretted by a good many people. The contributors to the second and third numbers included: Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges (Poet Laureate), G. K. Chesterton, Owen Seaman, Stacy Aumonier, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, Neil Lyons, W. H. Hudson, Maurice Baring, John Drinkwater, Hilaire Belloc, Laurence Binyon, and others; besides many technical articles from prominent men. In January we went to L'hampton for a few days, returning about the middle of the month. I dined with Barrie at Adelphi Terrace House, to meet Admiral Sims, and Lord Milner. Amongst others there were H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Anthony Hope, E. V. Lucas, A. E. W. Mason, General Freyberg, Sir Walter Raleigh. A very jolly evening. Barrie sat at the head of a long narrow table with Sims on his right, a fine specimen of an American, and Milner on his left, a very type of cool dry longheadedness. I next to Milner, Wells next to Sims, Belloc on my left. I guess I caught a cold there, which lasted A. and me until we left for America on Jan. 31, and revived itself in A. as soon as she got to New York, where she lay in bed for ten days between her cold

and the telephone, which she managed with masterly skill and diplomacy, so that engagements ran very smoothly. To hark back, A. and I. dined with Lady Lewis, where also dined the Max Beerbohms and Mason. A very nice evening. Max, taking us home by the shortest way, the Tube, ran us all round London, with about three changes. Next night I dined with E. V. Lucas at the Athenaeum, Barrie, Mason, and Doran, American publisher, being also of the party. The news [of a certain very important political appointment] made them all exceptionally ribald. We left England on Feb. 1st by the *Carmania*, 19,000 tons, a good, strong, seaworthy boat, and had a record smooth crossing for the time of year, or so they said. Philip Gibbs was the most interesting fellow-passenger. A. spent much of the voyage in her bunk, because of her cold, the boat being very cold because they were trying to blow influenza out of her. We had about 3000 Canadian troops on board. I spent much of the time reading up Lowell and other New England writers, reading *The Scarlet Letter* for the first time, and Thoreau. The scene of landing Canadian troops at Halifax was rather moving. We got into New York on Feb. 11 in fine weather, and were met at the wharf by Maxwell E. Perkins of Charles Scribner's firm, who took us to the Chatham Hotel, 48th Street and Park Avenue, a most excellent hotel, and very quiet as American hotels go. Here, after a remarkably good lunch, poor A. retired to nurse her cold, and had to remain in that retirement for 9 days. All those days were a perpetual rush round of interviewing and such-like, from the moment of being snapped for the cinema, both of us, on the boat. One of those experiences one doesn't know how one lived through afterwards—fantastic in its way. Functions began with a large dinner-party at the Butler's, about fifty people, and was followed on the 20th by a reception at their house, at which the attendance was innumerable, and A. made her first public appearance, except in print; her photo and an interview appearing in *The Evening Post*. After that it hailed functions, but the chief, of course, was the Lowell Centenary Dinner, presided over by Elihu Root. I delivered my Lowell address, and other speakers were Brander Mathews, two Canadian Professors, Elihu Root himself, and others. Annexed is a list of engagements, showing the sort of life we led: [a list of eighty-seven follows].

(He also received temporary membership for varying periods of: The National Arts, Century, Players', Union, University, Harvard,

and Cosmopolitan Clubs. One can hardly suppose that he was left much time to exercise his choice among this sumptuous array!)

The Lowell Centenary Celebration was made the subject of a commemorative volume, in which the text of Galsworthy's address may be found (it is also, together with the other lectures of the tour, in *Addresses in America*). It was well received, as the following acknowledgment shows:

March 10, 1919.

347 MADISON AVENUE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I acknowledged in person to Mrs. Galsworthy the receipt of the text of your speech at the Lowell Celebration, but I haven't said to you, as I wish to, how highly I think of your Address. It was on exactly the right plane of intellectuality and international patriotism, and I have heard nothing but a chorus of appreciation. You did us all a great favour by coming over, and we are very much your debtor.—  
Faithfully yours, R. U. JOHNSON.

New York (resumes the notebook) was excitingly beautiful; it has a peculiar poignant sensationalism of atmosphere and skies and roofs; and at night like an Arabian Night. We met innumerable people; literary folk, such as Vachell Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Hamlyn Garland, Robert Underwood Johnson, Percy Mackaye, the Tramp poet, Edwin Markham, Gibran—Social reformers such as the Henry Street lot and *The Survey* and *The New Republic* Gangs—many professors; Cass Gilbert, Professor Osborne of the Natural History Museum—Politicians like Elihu Root (a very nice man), a queer and independent rectitude about him. And innumerable ladies. I went off to Boston and to Yale to lecture; and when we left New York three weeks after arriving we both went to stay with President of Princeton and Mrs. Hibben, at a charming and peaceful place—a wonderful change after New York. I of course lectured, to a delightful student crowd (both at Yale and Princeton). Extraordinary warmth and cordiality. From Princeton we went to Philadelphia, where we were met at the station by a young Rhodes scholar, Christopher Morley, who very kindly showed us round. The lecture there, which clashed with a very great opera night, was rather a frost, and we didn't care much for Philadelphia anyway, except the Independence Square, and some of the back streets. Thence on to Washington, which disappointed us as a city after

our delightful experience of it in May 1912. It was very much spoiled by war buildings. Here again was a great flurry round of engagements. Professor and Mrs. Collier toted us round very kindly, and took us to Arlington, which did not please us half as much as Mount Vernon, though jolly enough in its way. We went of course to the cemetery again to see the great St. Gaudens (the Adams monument). A young sculptor, English, named Bryant Barker, began a bust of me, but we guess it never got finished.

From Washington we broke South for our holiday to Charleston, S. Carolina, a very charming 10 days at the Villa Margherita; pleasant climate, and peculiar old-world, quite unique atmosphere, not like either world, old or new.

From here he wrote to his nephew:

[*To R. H. Sauter*]

*March 18, 1919.*

VILLA MARGHERITA,  
CHARLESTON, S. CAROLINA.

MY DEAREST RUDO,—This carries our dear love to you from a wonderful place so strangely unAmerican, as America is in the north. The sort of place where a darkie can come into your room about bed going time, and put three cards in your hands and say: "Yes, Suh, Mister and Missis Willnot B de Saussidge Porcker callin' on yeh." A place too of wonderful subtle colourings, and scents (not to say sometimes smells), and old time houses, and families, and dreaminess about time. To-day we went by car to the Magnolia Gardens eleven miles away—a dream of a place, really a dream. From here we go on to stay a few days on a sure-enough plantation, and hope to hear darkey-singing. The Southern voices (evidently deeply founded on darkey nurses) are very soft and pretty; and the owners thereof are awfully nice.

Everybody, in fact, everywhere has been royally kind to us. New York was a regular whirl of functions. Your remarkable Aunt has been going great guns, and charming all hearts, and doing the most active secretarial work all at once, and she sends you her deepest love, and so do I.

We go from the plantation to Asheville, Capital of North Carolina. From there on a tour of lecturing till about April 15. Then more speaking in and about New York, and then home



on April 27th by the *Adriatic*, so we ought to see you soon after May 8th.

Be of good cheer, old man.—Always your devoted Uncle,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Towards the end of our stay we got into the swim of Charleston society, but were soon out of it again, because we left for Camden, to stay with the Ralph Ellises, who, most rashly, had asked us without knowing us. While we were at Charleston we went out in a car to Magnolia Gardens and Runnymede, most delicious places; people all very cordial and nice. Altogether we liked Charleston very much. So we did Camden, and our stay on a plantation. The style of the house is so jolly; verandah on the ground floor, stairs running up to verandah above it, big rooms, wide stairways, simple, spacious, pleasant. Mrs. Ellis an awfully nice woman, very intelligent. Busted us round in her Ford car in a manner that might have scared us, but didn't. They have a little son, Ralphie, afflicted with a most strange and recurrent fever, wonderfully intelligent all the same. He thought A. the most refinest person who had ever stayed there. I rode a little with Ralph Ellis, and shot at clay pigeons, sometimes hitting them. We went a picnic with a number of beautiful young American girls. We met a very nice sculptress called Elizabeth Hare, with a quiet interior laugh not very common in Americans. She it was who, when we returned to New York later, toted us round to some of the more original and independent studios, such as Arthur Davies, and Paulanship; and there was a very nice woman animal modeller too.

We had the most lovely breakfasts at Camden, on little trays in our room, on a charming china service: orange, cereal, egg and bacon, coffee, marmalade, toast, all quite first rate. The weather at Camden was about the most lovely ever known. From Camden, which we left with regret, we went to Columbia, and thence, by a very beautiful rail journey, to Asheville, N. Carolina, March 24, reaching it about 10 at night. We stayed at the Manor Inn there, a very nice hotel, but we were not lucky in our bedrooms, being nearly boiled twice over. There we met W. Archer's sister, Grace Stedman, and her husband, and went several walks and expeditions with them, one to Hickory Nut Gap, a lovely drive of 28 miles; a very curious and beautiful view when you get there. The blue colour on the hills round Asheville is most intriguing and entrancing. At Charleston I

had prepared another lecture, and when we left Asheville it was for a strenuous business round of public speaking. The journey from Asheville through a part of Tennessee to Evansville was wonderfully beautiful, a night with a young moon, cypress trees, little smoky blue streams and far hills. Evansville, Indiana, was very pleasant, and Mr. Roose of *The Evansville Independent* extremely kind and attentive. Mrs. Orr entertained A. at a buck lunch, while I was left behind with the staff of the *Independent*. There followed a reading to High School children, and a lecture in the evening. And away early next morning by train to Cincinnati. Cincinnati, which is a strangely placed and rather bizarre location, was almost more cordial in its behaviour to us than any other town. It kept us on the go from the moment we arrived to the moment we left; especially kind to us was Mr. Howe of the American Book Company. We saw and heard our first jazz band there, a caution; we hoped it might be our last. The Rockwood Pottery impressed us very much, especially some of the designs of Mr. John D. Wareham, the manager. They potted, while we waited, a pot with our initials on it, and we now have it for a tobacco-jar, at Grove Lodge. And another charming blue pot sent us by Mr. Howe. From Cincinnati we journeyed to Chicago, April 5. We stayed at the Blackstone, an undoubtedly good hotel, but overcrowded, which is in the main the trouble with American hotels. A week at Chicago was full to the brim. People were very kind; especially the Clarence Houghs, Aldises, Pratt Judsons, Morrissons. Besides the public lecture, which was very full, I lectured at the University, after dinner with President and Mrs. Judson. I also paid a visit to Peoria, April 11, to lecture. Was driven out with A. to Evanston to lecture to the Drama League, and went with her for a night to Milwaukee, April 12, and a public lecture there. We stayed with the —s, rather an atmosphere of new riches. Milwaukee rather a fine town on the shores of the Lake, along which we strolled in the afternoon in a manner which reminded us of Mr. and Mrs. Lammele. I spoke at a Cliff Dweller's lunch at Chicago. A. went to the theatre and saw a play of the old German life of Pennsylvania; rather good was Miss Patricia Collynge. We met a young Polish sculptor who thought himself God Almighty in the making, and who may really do some good work when he has got over being modern and over original. Met Carl Sandberg the poet, and Llewellyn Jones, journalist. A. repaired her wardrobe at Chicago shops. Leaving Chicago, we

floundered into Battle Creek, April 14. Into an hotel which we were told we should find agreeable. It rained cats and dogs for two days, and we scarcely stirred out of our bedroom, which however was clearly intended for a honeymoon. I wrote two speeches for New York functions. From Battle Creek to Ann Arbor, April 16. Just time for dinner, and a lecture at the University. Then on to Buffalo, April 16, by night train, arriving about 7.30 next morning. Some kind folk called Crosby sent their car to meet us, and took us out to their really beautiful house, Gardencourt, Williamsville. After breakfast their car took us to Niagara, 28 miles, and we went over the Falls. A.'s first sight of them, my second. Very imposing, and somehow unlovable, and we would give a cartload of them for one Grand Canyon. Back again in time for a big lunch in Buffalo, and a reception and lecture at the Women's Club. Very much handshaking. After dinner at the Crosby's off by night train to Pittsburgh, April 18. Were met there by Mr. Arthur Hammerschlag, of the Carnegie Institute, who took us to our hotel, and generally godfathered us for two days of seeing the sights of Pittsburgh, including their very fine Art Museum, some steel works, and a performance of *The Silver Box* by the students of the Carnegie Institute under Iden Payne, an excellent performance. Before the performance there was a dinner at which A. made a speech, and I didn't, for once. Mrs. Hammerschlag is a very pretty woman. We were shown over the Art Gallery by John W. Beatty, the Art Curator, and Professor Stevens was very kind. On the whole Pittsburgh was much more exhilarating than one had expected, and much less smoky. Its high hills and valleys must have been beautiful, and still there are very fine effects of light and smoke and flame. After *The Silver Box*, reception, then night train to New York, April 29. Then began 8 days with 16 functions. . . . We stayed at the Chatham again; saw most of our old friends and many new ones. We sailed on April 28th on the *Adriatic*, and arrived at home on May 6th after a muddly arrival at Liverpool and a night at the N.W. Hotel there in about the last room vacant in the town. We read next morning that our *Adriatic* had been on fire for several days during our passage, which was the best we have had, agreeably warm on the whole, and enlivened by the society of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, magnates of New York, and Miss Mary Drier, bound for an Industrial Conference in England. Found all well at Grove Lodge, and Robin very grown and attractive.

Almost from the date of their arrival offers of lecture engagements had been showered on Galsworthy, and among his papers relating to this tour are stacks of letters and telegrams from his agents and the representatives of the various Societies, full of marches and counter-marches towards the fixing of those elusive things, dates. Now, these lectures had proved quite lucrative, and their giver was left with a handsome surplus after all expenses had been paid. No more was said about it, but in the May issue of the little *News Bulletin* issued by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief there appeared inconspicuously, under the heading, "Thank you, John Galsworthy," the following:

CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS

*Publishers*

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.

*April 26th, 1919.*

For The Armenian and Syrian Relief Commission,  
1 Madison Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIRs,—I have the pleasure of enclosing you the sum of 4000 dollars as the nett profit of my lectures in this country after payment of all my expenses—as a contribution to your Fund for Armenian and Syrian Relief. I should be greatly obliged if you will kindly give the bearer a receipt.

The sum is a little over the actual nett profits, but I have made it a round figure.

With good wishes, I am.—Very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Once again he had made a characteristic gesture, a graceful exit.

Meanwhile on April 24th had appeared a smallish extravaganza by one A. R. P-M., entitled *The Burning Spear*, over the imprint of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a firm with which Galsworthy had hitherto had no connection. The double alibi was sufficient; nobody "spotted" the author's identity, and the book aroused little or no attention. Even Galsworthy's friends seem not to have been

in the secret, for it must have been in reference to *The Burning Spear* that he wrote to Professor Murray on May 18th:

By the way, I wonder if the enclosed little book will interest you. The Press say it's very bad; I have some sympathy with it and its author.

So the book languished unregarded until the beginning of 1923, when, at the end of January, Galsworthy wrote to the present writer (whose Bibliography of Galsworthy's works was then in its early stages):

I have an interesting bit of news for you.

In 1919 Chatto and Windus published *The Burning Spear* by A. R. P.-M. It was really by me, and is going to be sold under my name presently. *Please regard this as confidential for the present.* They will not announce my name as author until America is ready with an edition.

On May 15th, 1923, the new and anonymous edition duly appeared consisting (in this country—the American edition was quite new) of the remaining unbound sheets bound up with a cancel title. Only two thousand sheets had been printed in the first place, and the volume was never reprinted in this form, so that the total sales were obviously not impressive. Although this book is lighter and more fanciful in matter and manner alike than anything else of Galsworthy's, yet its family resemblance to the rest seems amply sufficient to make it surprising that nobody had the acumen to "place" it. One feels that had one read it before the divulging of its authorship, one would oneself have been more perceptive—though speaking after the event, one has little right to be categorical. Still, the episode seems to show that, in defiance of the proverb, the tasters are but few for whom "good wine needs no bush."

So much, then, for *The Burning Spear*, the first of Galsworthy's publications in 1919. The second was *Saint's Progress*, which appeared on October 16th, and has, for reasons assigned, already been dealt with. But it is now time to remedy this defiance of chronology with a consideration of *Five Tales*, which has long been awaiting us. It had appeared on July 25th, 1918, and (except for *The First and the Last*, which lives up to its name by being the first story in the volume and the last—in merit—of all, perhaps, that its author wrote) contains a body of work which is amongst

the very best of Galsworthy. Here supremely do we find him rising superior to the distractions and depression of war-time; and it was with justice that the Press gave the stories a warm reception. The *Westminster Gazette* alone was tepid; with all the rest it was rather a question of which story was preferred. *The First and the Last* found its proper place at the bottom of the list; then, in ascending order, *The Apple Tree* and *The Juryman*, with *A Stoic* and *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* "equal first." *The Apple Tree* has long since outstripped *The Juryman* in favour, and to-day probably shares first place with *Indian Summer*. But unquestionably the most important piece in the volume is the latter. Apart from its intrinsic merits—which of themselves justify that position—it is of double importance as the link between *The Man of Property* and the subsequent fruits of that inspired summer Sunday<sup>1</sup> at Manaton when the development of the whole grandiose Saga sprang into birth. And, as the prop on which the rest of the majestic edifice reposes, it has a special claim on our regard.

Conrad "picked the winner," and other friends had things to say:

[From Joseph Conrad]

October 21, 1917.

CAPEL HOUSE.

DEAREST JACK,—The only thing that can be said of the stories without the slightest qualification is that they ARE. I mean that they *are* from the first line to the last.

Though I have read them more than once, I should like to keep the Vol: till we meet either here or in London. Anyway, in work like that there is no choice to make. The first is, in studio language: *Très fort*. The second is, apart from the wonderful characterisation of all these people, a most entertaining tale in what would be called, in a play, intrigue. But perhaps the one of the whole lot which appeals to me most is the story of poor Mr. J. Forsyte's last *coup de cœur*. There are things in it that for delicacy and insight and tenderness of treatment can't be matched anywhere—out of your own pages.

I am still half paralysed mentally; but what's worst, poor Jessie is laid up with something that's happening in that wretched knee. I fear another operation will be necessary. She's more

<sup>1</sup> July 28th, 1918—just three days after the publication of *Five Tales*.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

crippled than ever before, and a month's rest has done absolutely nothing. Do drop me a line as to your movements.

Our love to you both.—Ever yours, J. CONRAD.

[From Thomas Hardy]

July 30, 1918.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—My wife has got hold of your book of stories, and is reading them so closely that I have not begun them as yet, but I send this line to let you know they have arrived and to thank you much for the gift. She says they are excellent, and as she is a keen critic I know they must be good.

How I should like to be on Dartmoor (where you are, I imagine). But the obstacles caused by this huge tragedy created by mankind, for fun as it were, prevent my coming.—Always yours sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

[From William Archer]

August 7, 1918.

27 FITZROY SQUARE.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I have now read *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and think it quite admirable—one of the most delicate and charming things you have done. Where *do* you get your power of drawing old age? I think you must have been an octogenarian in your last incarnation, and have some trailing clouds of memory with you from the experience. I wonder what old man you were? It would be interesting to read the obituary column of *The Times* on the day of your birth. For you must have been an Englishman and a man of property, whose death would be sure to go into *The Times*.

The whole book seems to me of the first order—one of your very best.

I am no longer at Wellington House. That branch of the Ministry has moved to Horrox's Hotel, where I now play Box and Cox with Anthony Hope, I having the room in the morning, he in the afternoon. My afternoons I give to the League of Free Nations Association, 28 Buckingham Gate.

If you take in *The Westminster* (as is your bounden duty) I hope you saw an article of mine on Belloc.

Love to Ada.—Yours ever,

W. A.

[To Mrs. Galsworthy from Mrs. Thomas Hardy]

August 13th.

MAX GATE.

DEAR MRS. GALSWORTHY,—My husband is writing to Mr. Galsworthy, but I feel I must send you a line to say how much we both loved *Five Tales*. It was a joy to read it aloud to him. I read it to myself first. He made me read it *very* carefully and slowly “because,” he said, “it’s Galsworthy.”

Upon the whole he liked best *The Apple Tree* because of its poetry. I preferred *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and *A Stoic* because of the two wonderful old men. Jolyon Forsyte is a most beautiful character, and now I can read *The Man of Property* without a terrible feeling of despair. Our copy of that wonderful (book) is quite worn now—it is one much prized, presented to my husband by Mr. Galsworthy many years ago.

Although my husband much admired Sylvanus Heythorp as a character, and thought him real, he did not like him as a man because he was fond of food. I loved him. I feel so grateful for the great pleasure my husband had in these stories, as he reads so little modern fiction. I tried to read him another successful novel by a very popular author—one now in its sixth edition—but after three pages he said, “I don’t want to hear any more about *her*” (the heroine).

He (T. H.) has been carefully considering a map and timetables, for he wondered if we could avail ourselves of Mr. Galsworthy’s kind suggestion to call and see you, this September. After consideration he feels—reluctantly—that it is at present rather too far a journey for him. When we are again able to use a motor-car it will be our first long journey—for I know that it is one he is looking forward to.

I hope that you are quite well. Mrs. Allhusen (Dorothy) has lately spent a week-end with us, to our great joy. She is so lovely and loveable. She spoke much of you and Mr. Galsworthy. We often think of you and of that brief delightful visit you paid us.

Our dog “Wessex” is still very tiresome, and has made us most unpopular in the district, but at times he is an angel of goodness, when we forgive him everything. Our kindest regards to you both.—Yours very sincerely,

FLORENCE HARDY.

P.S.—My husband is sending a poem.—F. H.



To resume. The six weeks after their return from America were spent by the Galsworthys almost entirely at Grove Lodge and at Wingstone. About May 20th they went down to Wingstone, where we had beautiful weather, and I went steadily on with the novel *In Chancery*. Towards the end of June, however, I dropped it for a new play in three acts, called *The Skin Game*, which was written straight on end and finished in London by July 17th. We had gone up to Grove Lodge about July 8th,

leaving various relatives in possession at Wingstone. From London, we went by night train to Stranraer, thence to Larne and Cushendun, to stay with the Masefields at Glendun House. The Glens were looking very beautiful, every crop brilliant in colour, glamour everywhere. Spent the time for the most part in eating salmon, and black currants, and seeing circuses. I finished revising the play and read it one night to the Masefields. A. did up the garden, which was in a rank condition, working like a troot of horses. I bathed with the others. Nevinson came to stay; also met Captain Jack White, and the Parrys, of Rockport; Miss Ada MacNeill and Ronald MacNeill, and the Sinclairs. A. and I went a very beautiful walk along the coast on the last Sunday. Motored back to Larne, and after a night in Glasgow made for Strathpeffer, where we stayed ten days; rather disappointed. I wrote *The Dog it was that Died* there; then came in for a singing of the Songs of the Hebrides, by Patuffa Kennedy Fraser and her mother. Thence to Edinburgh, seeing the sights; Arthur's Seat, but not including Holyrood, which I had seen before. To London by the night train; reached home at 7.30 A.M.

[To a Relative]

July 23, 1919.

SPA HOTEL,  
STRATHPEFFER, N.B.

MY DEAR —,—We are staying at the Masefields at Cushendun in Co. Antrim, Ireland, but go on to Strathpeffer in Scotland on Monday next for a week and return to Grove Lodge about August 7.

I'm so sorry you're feeling backwatered. 'This *will* happen, whatever one's intentions, and a tramp on the Downs will soon set you right. You must not expect to be able to write for any long time together, and all writers (especially creative writers)

have to learn not to strain their heads—to stop when they feel the lives getting stale and headachy.

I have just finished a new play (four acts). I think perhaps the longest I have written. I read it out last night to Ada and the Masfelds, and the verdict was favourable, though—as usual—it's pretty grim.

It's very lovely here. Ireland has a peculiar glamour of its own, and when the sun shines the gleam and colour is exquisite.

You had better send your stuff to

Miss Farran, 10 Bell Yard, Temple, E.C.

for typing, and leave the accounts to me; I'm sure you will have a tight squeeze to make two ends meet until you begin to earn money, which won't be very long now. We saw Siegfried Sassoon the other day—he thinks a lot of your work. Its compression appeals to him especially.

Our love to you.—Always yours,

J. G.

The date of the Galsworthys' return was August 5th, two days earlier than they had expected. There followed

a very fine two weeks in August, mostly spent in the garden, the great event being the release of nephew Rudolf Sauter from his internment camp, on my 52nd birthday, August 14th, looking fearfully well.

A few days later there was a family party at Wingstone, of which the members were not all human beings:

In June I had bought a chestnut mare called Starlight, very handsome, an excellent ride, and good jumper. The dogs at Wingstone just then too: Bounce, Joey, a white sheep-dog, dear Biz, blue sheep-dog, Chloe, a brown and white spaniel, and Trywell, foxhound lady pup, an overwhelming and delightful lot.

And at the end of August he wrote:

Great year for mushrooms here, huge baskets full. My sister, her boy, and a friend are here for all the autumn, which fills the house choc-a-bloc—with ourselves.

The family party increased to the point at which there was no longer any room for the hosts themselves. Characteristically they returned to London, but, after a week, again migrated—this time to Littlehampton—as they had lent their London house to some

other relatives! At the end of September they returned to London. October was spent at Wingstone, and November in London, again with a family party. To November belongs this very characteristic letter:

[*To a Relative*]

Nov. 17, 1919.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAREST —,—Just a line to tell you we got up all right and hope you got back equally well. You really must take this cheque, my dear, because we are afraid from what Dr. A. told your Aunt that your teeth troubles will take some time, during which you ought to be in London and comfortable. We have no doubt that your difficulty with health all along has been due to teeth; and that unless you take them seriously you can't hope for the strength to do really long hard work. The sooner you can get an appointment from him to be X-rayed and begin the business the better. Penny wisdom pound folly is rotten. When you are a successful authoress you can repay if your pride wishes.

You know we always get away (for Ada's sake) in the winter if we can; but when you come up, come here to lunch or tea (and meet my sister incidentally). We shan't be gone till early December. A steady sojourn of a couple of months in London will bring you into touch with young writers; and loneliness is bad for you just now.

You once asked your Aunt to give you any tips about manner and things generally. Well, I'm going to take my courage in my hands and give you two little tips—they're personal, and you may be offended, but I don't think you will. (1) You've got into a habit of putting your head very much on one side or the other when you're talking to people—keep it quiet and straight, not stiff—but straight on its stalk. (2) You remember what you said about *pace* being your difficulty in writing; well, it is also your difficulty in conversation. You begin in a nice, easy, good-paced way; but the moment you get interested you rush your words together and sort of dart them out at one. Well—don't! Keep a quiet even steadiness of pace. Both little tricks are really a matter of nerves, and desire to please and interest. If you hadn't asked for tips I wouldn't have dared to make myself so unpleasant, especially as we all (I as well as you) have defects of this sort—only I'm too old to get over mine, and you, I think, are not.

I shall write to A. and tell him that your teeth are to be our affair. Now don't be a stiff-necked generation and cut up rusty.

Our dear love to you,

J. G.

At Wingstone Galsworthy had pegged away with his usual smooth doggedness at *In Chancery*, which was completed at the beginning of November:

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Nov. 25, 1919.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—How kind of you to write so fully to me about *Saint's Progress*.

We are hoping to start for Paris on Dec. 8th, and have written to the Hotel Louvois for a room for a week. If they have no accommodation, where would you advise; time is getting short, and I hear Paris is still very full. We mean to go on to Spain—Malaga—and return to Paris in early March on our way home.

It will be delightful to see you all.

*Saint's Progress* has been secured for translation by Mademoiselle L. Petit (who translated Wells' *Britling* and *Joan and Peter*). Payot will publish it about April or May.

I have just finished a sequel to *The Man of Property*, and, in accordance with the scheme I broached to you in confidence some time back, have still one story and a third novel in further sequel to write, to make the whole of *The Forsyte Saga*. It's rather exciting. I shall so very much enjoy talking with you again.

Ada joins me in warmest greetings to Madame and yourself.—  
Always your friend,

J. G.

During November (runs the notebook) we heard Busoni play twice, a Bach concert, saw *The Merchant of Venice* with J. M. Barrie, saw *Sacred and Profane Love*, and visited Canterbury with Rudo. We stayed two nights, and Dorothy came over on the Sunday. We went out and saw the Conrads at their new home, Oswalds, Bishopsbourne, very nice it is. Another day we went down to Oxford, and took Rudo over a number of the Colleges. In the afternoon up to Boar's Hill to see the Masefields and Gilbert Murrays. A very foggy day, which gave poor A. a cold, whence many tears. The night before we left England John Masefield came to dinner, on his way between Oxford and Scotland. We left for Paris on December 8th and stayed at the

hotel Louvois. Both of us had colds. After a desultory five days, one visit to the Louvre, which is very much rearranged, with some new discoveries in pictures. A. fell ill of neuritis in the jaws and ears, most painful; till the end of the month great pain for A., strenuous nursing for me.

For two days the pain was so extreme that Mrs. Galsworthy had to sit upright continuously; even to put her head on the pillow being impracticable. And as if this were not enough, for a fortnight total deafness supervened. Her husband's feelings may be imagined; a faint reflection of them is seen in these two letters:

[*To a Relative*]

Dec. 18, 1919.

HOTEL LOUVOIS.

DEAREST —,—Your two good letters came this morning, and cheered me up. The fact is that your poor Aunt has been suffering horribly these last five days with neuralgia in ears and head—she is still in bed. It has let up a little to-day (I tap wood as I write). We are likely to be here at least till Tuesday, and probably till after Xmas. This is the cruel turn her cold has played her this time. These colds of hers almost always turn to something nefarious. Poor darling, she is so good and patient, but it's cruel work watching pain like this. I hope by the time you get this she may be out of the wood. I'll write again soon.

Get the utmost you can out of your visit, but don't *overtire* yourself. I'm sorry the Club is so noisy. I don't know the Dawson Scotts; I expect she has a pen name which I should know.

I think I should have asked the lady what exactly Bohemianism meant in London. It means something different to most people according to their State. Tell Miss Cunningham that next time she comes to Manaton she must not fail to look us up at Wingstone. We haven't seen much of Paris, naturally. I boil water for the most part. Have you been treated yet?—you don't say. Our dearest love to you.—Your affectionate, J. G.

Dec. 27, 1919.

HOTEL LOUVOIS.

DEAREST —,—It's a great relief and pleasure to think of you safely at Grove Lodge, and we hope when the tug comes it won't be a very bad one. My Dear has been out of pain for some days now, but only got up yesterday, and to-day dresses for the first

## A PROLIFIC YEAR

time in a fortnight. A young English doctor whom we called in yesterday for her deafness, tells us that the attack was undoubtedly neuritis of nerves 7, 8, 9, and 10, which control the hearing, tongue, etc., and that the deafness will pass away in a week or fortnight's time. It's been a horrid experience. I expect we shall move on South about Wednesday.

Write to us whenever you feel the spirit move you so to do. Our best love to you; and enjoy your London. You won't be in the least in the way *working* at Grove Lodge. Use my study downstairs. Also by all means put your dresses in the chest or anywhere else you like.—Yours affectionately, J. G.

However, at last matters began to mend.

I saw something of the Chevrillons and Mlle St. René, Maurice Bourgeois, Michel Calmann; and signed an agreement for *The Man of Property* to appear in French translation, with La Sirène. We got away to Biarritz on New Year's Eve. Biarritz greatly changed since A.'s young days there, and not for the better, according to her.

So came to an end the year 1919.

## (ii) 1920 : A PROLIFIC YEAR

They did not stay long at Biarritz.

Very bad weather. Made the acquaintance of Gilbert Parker at our hotel, the Continental. On Jan. 9 motored over the frontier to San Sebastian. One rainy night there in a room facing the harbour, rather pretty. Then to Madrid by day train. Rather interesting journey. Much talk with a young intelligent sporting Spaniard, who spoke English. Madrid; the Palace Hotel. Just one day, at the Prado and Gallery of Fine Arts. The Goyas, which we had missed when we were there in 1902, were a feast. Extraordinary range and genius. Frescoes on the whole intrigued us most, except for the oil painting, La Quitasol, which seemed to combine the breadth and spiritual freedom of the fresco with the "paint" quality of his usual oil painting. The drawings too, of which there are a great number, have amazing vitality. We left by the night train for Seville and awoke to the sun, for the first time since leaving England, in Andalusia. Seville,

Hotel Madrid, under a clear sky, seemed as enchanting as ever. Four days there more than confirmed our impression that the cathedral is the greatest of all churches. Not much else discovered of new, except the Murillo Gardens, and a San Bruno (carved wood) of Montanez, full of feeling and beauty. From Seville a long, long day train, 12 hours which should have been 7, to Malaga. Lovely country all the way. Malaga, hotel Regina, a fortnight. Fine weather, good hotel, and very pleasant stay. Harbour busy and interesting, and the valleys up from the littoral most delightful to walk in; trees coming in blossom already, white farmhouses well placed on slopes; cypresses, olives; much rosemary, thyme, sage, and lavender. Nothing to see in the way of art or architecture. Cathedral bad. About Jan. 28 we went on to Algeciras, another long day's rail, to the English-kept hotel, Reina Cristina, in a very beautiful garden by the sea. Spent three weeks there. First five days were nice, the next nine nasty—a very bad East wind. At Malaga I had begun the last of the Forsyte series, called *For Ever*,<sup>1</sup> having by the way written a little interlude or idyll called *Awakening* in Paris and Biarritz. I worked at *For Ever* all through the stay at Malaga and Algeciras, and afterwards at Granada, reaching the end of the first part. I also wrote at Malaga and Algeciras a lecture called *Castles in Spain* intended for America some time or other. At Algeciras we went a number of walks, over to Gib twice, and I played tennis, the first time for many years. Acquaintances there were: Owen Barton-Jones, Major and Mrs. Pullar, some tennis ladies, and an old couple called Cruikshanks. Left Algeciras on Feb. 17 for one night at Ronda, a "remarkable location," then another long railway journey to Granada, Hotel Alhambra Palace, where, after about a week, when we rejoiced in the Alhambra, some gipsy dancing, and the beauty of the view from our window, poor A. fell again badly sick of the "flue" and bronchitis. It certainly is a most ravishing place, and it is a great shame that it should have been so spoiled for us both.

We left the clutches of the horse-doctor of Granada on March 28th, and after a very terrifying journey, owing to a railway strike, by backways, during which A. nearly suffocated, reached Madrid, and promptly went to the Prado, a great instance of spirit on the part of A. after 24 hours of travel. The same enthusiasm for Goya as on the way out; no fresh discoveries. Met Sir Esmé Howard, the British Minister there; he kindly

<sup>1</sup> Now familiar as *To Let*.

expedited our passports, and we reached Paris, Hotel Gare d'Orleans, Quai d'Orsay, next day.

More ticket-worrying and a "bit of both" at Garniers, and a good night, well deserved. Home to Hampstead next day. Found *The Skin Game* in course of rehearsal at St. Martin's Theatre, and the next weeks were for me the usual internment in the theatre; for A., six weeks' internment at Grove Lodge, missing the first night of the play.

Got away to Wingstone at the latter end of May, where A. began to pick up, and I resumed the steady writing of *To Let*, begun in Spain. These two jobs took practically all the summer, with a break for the Eton and Harrow.

On January 10th a well-merited distinction had been conferred on him by the late King of the Belgians, who bestowed upon him the *Palme en Or de l'Ordre de la Couronne* "in recognition of the valuable services which he rendered to the Belgians' Cause during the war."

[*To André Chevrillon*]

REGINA HOTEL,  
MALAGA.

Jan. 22, 1920.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Your good letter of Jan. 6 has only just reached me here, having followed up step by step. Thank you so much for it and for your good wishes. Ada is *quite* herself again; and the climate here is delicious, a whole week of most lovely weather, falling grey to-day. We stayed one day in Madrid and soaked ourselves in Goya and Velasquez. Goya's wonderful—for sheer lively genius I don't think I know his equal among painters. And his quality is so supremely individual.

We stayed three days in Seville and revelled in the cathedral. The inside of it is most wonderfully beautiful and impressive; the outside nothing much.

It's curious to be in a country which has not seen the war. Food is good—living rather dear, the people interesting with great diversity of type. Our plans are a little uncertain; we either go on to Algeciras on Jan. 28 for three weeks at least; or they can't have us there, in which case we stay here and go on to Granada about the middle of February. We mean to see Ronda, Granada, Cordoba and Valencia anyway. I began the final novel of the *Forsyte Saga* a week ago here, after writing an idyll which comes between the second and third novel, just as *Indian*



*Summer* comes between *The Man of Property* and *In Chancery*, which is the second.

I shall rejoice only when I see the whole lot published in one volume under the title of *The Forsyte Saga*—about 350,000 words.

Our most affectionate greetings to you all. I will let you know our movements. So sorry to hear of your lumbago. I used to have it, but since I did a simple exercise every morning, lying on my back and raising my legs to right angles, keeping the knees stiff, ten times, I never get it.—Always yours, J. G.

[To R. H. Sauter]

HOTEL CASINO,  
ALHAMBRA PALACE,  
GRANADA.

March 23, 1920.

MY DEAREST RUDO,—We have just had yours and Dorothy's letters of the 18th. Jolly ones! We're so glad you're staying another week and having a good time.

Ada has been up now six days and out for the last three. She still coughs, but we hope to travel on Friday the 26th, stay the night of the 27th in Madrid, and travel on to Paris on the 28th, arriving noon on the 29th—stay a day there, and get home in the evening of the 30th. But it may quite well be necessary to rest longer in Madrid or Paris, and even perhaps to break the journey between Madrid and Paris at Biarritz again. The Doctor persists in saying there is nothing wrong with the lungs, and it's only bronchial tubes; but it was undoubtedly 'flu, which settled in these tubes. So very glad you've done some good work—finished a poem and some pictures. The Newberry date, April 13th, will be quite all right. According to news from Basil Dean, I expect to be busy with rehearsals of *The Skin Game*; and later there is, I believe, to be a revival of *Strife*.

The beauty of this place is extraordinary, and the weather lovely now. Such sunsets—such colour—such breaking into leaf—such a crescent moon—such snow—and Alpen glow—such an Alhambra! Such a pity our remembrance of it will be marred by illness and anxiety!

Will you tell Dorothy I sent her a letter with her quarterly cheque to Cherry Gardens, but it was marked "to be forwarded." So I hope she's got it.

I shall be mighty glad to be home to see you all.

## A PROLIFIC YEAR

Our dearest love to your Mother and Vi and Dorothy, and the same to yourself, dear man.

Always your loving Uncle,

J. G.

Meanwhile, earlier in the year, Galsworthy had been elected a member of the Athenæum Club *honoris causa*, under a special rule, as a person distinguished in literature. This he owed in the first instance to Sir Henry Newbolt and some of his friends, who were his sponsors in this connection.

To turn to literary matters, 1920 was for Galsworthy an unusually prolific year in the way of publications. This is the list: *Tatterdemalion* (March 18th), *The Foundations* and *The Skin Game* (April; they also formed the bulk of *Plays: Fourth Series*, which was issued on April 25th), *In Chancery* (October 22nd), and *Awakening* (November 18th). Even discounting *The Foundations* as the work of an earlier year, a novel, a play, a collection of sketches, and a short story form a tolerably large output, especially when it is remembered that that novel and that play are admittedly among the cream of their author's work.

*Tatterdemalion* was respectfully if not rapturously received by the critics, who had little if anything new to say about the author or his work. By the public it was liked, and was quickly reprinted.

[To Robert Blatchford]

May 17, 1920.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR ROBERT BLATCHFORD,—I have read your article on my book *Tatterdemalion* in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* of May 16. Thank you for the kindly tone of it in spite of its doubts and disagreements.

I should like to clear up the doubts. I was never for a moment a pacifist in this war. From the first, like the ordinary human being that I am, I felt that we could not stomach the invasion of Belgium and had to fight; and I knew that if we once began to fight, we had to go on to the bitter end. You will not find any word written by me of a pacifist nature in relation to *this war*. My attitude in regard to the responsibility for the war is, in short, this: For hundreds of years the competitive system—national and international—has prepared the air. In this atmosphere Britain, having got all she wanted a long time ago, had a com-

paratively peaceful national temper compared with Germany, Austria, Russia, and, to some extent France, Turkey and Italy. The swollen state of armaments in Europe caused Europe to be, as it were, a powder magazine. Every country knew that, and every government knew that a lighted match would set the whole thing ablaze. It behoved, therefore, every country and every government to tread delicately and leave matches behind. Austria, by delivering such an ultimatum to Serbia, and Germany, by authorizing it, and afterwards by other conduct, actually lighted the fatal match; and the responsibility for this explosion must certainly be held to be theirs. Given the history of the last three or four centuries, it is foolish, I think, to try and mete out the responsibility for the antecedent state of Europe; all we can do is to say: We were all walking in a powder magazine, and one of us deliberately lighted the match.

I wish therefore that your article did not suggest that I think we were fools to fight this war. *The [sic] Green Hill Far Away* is philosophical about war *in general*, on which question I gather that your sentiments are much the same as mine, save that you think "practical good sense, and natural good nature" will dethrone the foul God; not, as I do, an increased "sense of beauty."

I don't use "Beauty" in the mere narrow æsthetic sense. I include in it all that, of course; but I mean by it an increased conception of *the dignity of human life*. That dignity, I maintain, we shall never reach, until people increase in the sense of proportion, and come to revolt against disharmony, greed, and ugliness. Of course, the prevention of war is an enormous and complex subject, and depends as much on the preventive machinery we can devise, the cogs and checks we can set ready to the wheel, as on an improvement in the spiritual life of the peoples of each nation. Body and spirit cannot be dissociated, to my thinking—either in cosmic or in individual life.

To come to your more particular cavillings at my book. "Drip hate!" Well, perhaps, it's a hyperbole. But, if I have heard once, I have heard soldiers say a thousand times: "You don't get the hate at the front that you get in the papers." Perhaps the papers didn't feel hate, but unfortunately some of them managed to convey the impression that they did to laymen like myself, and to those soldiers, during the war.

I agree that the spy question was pressing and necessitated a certain amount of undeserved hardship to the innocent; but I

happen to know something about this matter, and I am certain that this hardship and real suffering could have been very greatly diminished to the credit of our humanity and the hurting of nobody.

Believe me, with very kind wishes.—Cordially yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

With *The Skin Game* Galsworthy gained his first commercial success in the theatre. Hitherto, as we know, his work had been saluted by advanced audiences only, but *The Skin Game*, as honest and technically skilful as any of its predecessors, with a more popular plot and less austerity of treatment, appealed to brows of every height. In short, it was an unqualified success and ran triumphantly for a year. It may be added that in this play the outlines of characters and action are both simpler and harder than in most of the other plays; so that for once the balance was not destroyed by the acting, which was excellent, and just what the play demanded. Galsworthy was seldom so lucky in this respect.

In every way this play is admirable (wrote *The Daily Telegraph*). From the first rising of the curtain our attention is held, and as the story develops, we find ourselves more and more gripped. Each of the characters is minutely true to life. This is why the play inspires every member of the cast to produce his or her very best work. . . . The reception of the play on Wednesday was tumultuous, for the audience recognized that it had witnessed a play quite out of the common run, and demanded a speech from the author—a demand with which Mr. Galsworthy very wittily and gracefully complied.

(This was perhaps the only time he made this concession in London; it seems a pity, for other critics also went out of their way to praise the speech.)

William Archer praised the play warmly in *The Star*, and the general tone of the Press was laudatory; though *The Observer* called it "good Galsworthy, but not the best Galsworthy," and one or two pundits shook doubting heads.

In America the play met with considerable success, and it was even presented in Paris as *Les Cœurs sans Pitié*. The French version is reported, however, to have borne little if any relation to the original.

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

[From Sir Gerald du Maurier]

*Feby.* 18, 1919.

## CANNON HALL.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I've read your play with the greatest interest and pleasure and think it will prove a popular success.

I cannot produce it personally, as there is no part in it in which I could pull any weight to the advantage of the play. The Auction scene will not be too easy, and the play is difficult to cast off-hand, but it's bound to succeed. I congratulate you.—  
Yours very sincerely, GERALD DU MAURIER.

[From Thomas Hardy]

*May 19, 1920.*

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I am delighted to hear that you are coming to see us on June 2, as one of a deputation, and though the reason was not altogether a necessity the result is as it should be. As it seems you are coming by Great Western from Paddington we will meet the train here and bring you out straight to our house to lunch, so please don't go eating any before you arrive.

I must congratulate you on your new play, which I have not seen, though good critics (I don't mean professional) tell me it is very fine. One friend of mine—Sir George Douglas—who is very independent in his ideas, writes: "I have seen *three times* one really fine and finely acted play; Galsworthy's *Skin Game*."

I am reading *Tatterdemalion* (for which many thanks; did I acknowledge it?)—though as usual my wife is further on than I. However I will leave that till I see you.—Always sincerely,  
 THOMAS HARDY.

[*To Mr. W. Boosey*]

*June 9, 1920.*

**WINGSTONE.**

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you very much for your kind letter about *The Skin Game*. The suggestion you make shows, I think, you have not grasped what I perhaps have not made clear enough. If you see the play again, or read it, you will perhaps notice that Hillcrist has no volition of his own; he is as it were

the embodiment of a tradition, the application of which he has allowed to slip into the hands of those about him. This is the Nemesis, and subtler meaning of the play, which I am bound to say has been very generally missed. You will see, therefore, that for him to suddenly become an active will power at the end would stultify the essential meaning of the drama. Gentility cannot survive when formed into a sort of Limited Company, of which the Managing Directors are not gentle!

As I have the chance of writing to you, I am wondering whether your firm would very kindly consider publication of a waltz which has been written by a quite young man (who was in the war), with musical ambitions. He is a Bank clerk, and was wounded. You would consider it entirely on its merits, if you do consider it. May I write and tell him to send it to you?—Believe me, very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From W. L. George]

13th of July, 1920

26 ALBION STREET.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Will you allow me to tell you how much I . . . not so much enjoyed as felt *The Skin Game* last night. I was unable to go before, having been away in the intervals of preparing for America. I think I have read or seen all your plays, but I've never been so stirred by any as by the conflict set in the first act; it's quite your most powerful play, and it upset my wife so much that on the way home she wept, said that you too were out "with a hatchet" cutting down beliefs and faiths and leaving the world bare. She meant that there was no hope, either in profiteers or squires, that the skin game seems the natural law. I assured her that you probably think, as I do, that through Hornblowers, as through Hillcrists, action and reaction brings forth, together with mild goodwill, the aggressive virility which alone can make goodwill prevail, that Hornblowers are what Hillcrists were, that they will do much for society, as did the Hillcrists during the middle ages, that all take their place in the pattern.

Again many congratulations. I am very glad of your great success; three more men like you would rescue the English stage.—Yrs. sincerely,

W. L. GEORGE.

*In Chancery* followed in due course.

[From *Joseph Conrad*]

20.4.20.

OSWALDS.

MY DEAREST JACK,—I finished your MS. yesterday and am very much impressed by the ampleness of the scheme, the masterly ease in handling the subject, and (in sober truth) the *sheer* beauty of these pages. Oh! my dear fellow, it is good! A great Saga.

And so poor James is gone at last; his “nobody tells me anything” has been for years a household phrase at which all my little family duly smiles—even John, who knows James only from hearsay, not having yet read the *M. of Property*. I miss him awfully. I broke the news to Jessie. She enquired about all the others. I told her of Soames’s marriage and she was very much surprised. “Who would have thought it! But here it is”—and Soames is undeniable. His solidity is amazing. A great creation—and in this mainly, that it fills completely the limits of possibility without ever raising a doubt in one’s mind. Surprise is not doubt—you know.

James’s long meditation (in the dining-room) is what the French would call *saisissant*. There is a quality in the life of all these Forsytes that makes it more true in its imaginative force than the most scrupulously rendered actuality. *Œuvre de poète!* There is no doubt about it, my dear Jack. I keep the MS. for Jessie to read. She is coming home to-day. In the N[ursing] Home she could only read *Tatterdemalion*, which I have not yet seen. I didn’t want to take it away from her even for an evening as she seemed unable to tackle any other of the 12 volumes that she had in her room. She gave me her love for you both last night. I am now off to Canterbury to see her put into the ambulance. I am sorry for poor Ada with the sincerity of a man who “knows what it is.” My loving duty to her.

Ever, my dear Jack, your affectionate and admiring,

J. CONRAD.

[To *André Chevrillon*]

Dec. 3, 1920.

c/o CHARLES SCRIBNERS.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—It was extremely cheering and delightful to get your most kind and appreciative letter about *In Chancery*. It would have been a great blow to me if I had found you, who have made the Forsytes your own, disappointed in the progress

of the Saga. I had, indeed, a great pleasure in reading your words. Before we left England I had finished the Saga with a last novel of the series, called *To Let*, but it will not see light in book form till next September.

You don't say what you are doing yourself.

Have I not to congratulate you on election to the French Academy? We are so very delighted that you should have this—I suppose—pleasure, so more than deserved by all your fine work. Binyon told us you were writing your thesis for it, so I suppose by now it is a *fait accompli*.

We are basking in fine weather—a delightful spot near Santa Barbara; sun, so far, every day. I work fairly well, for we are far from the madding crowd of American reviewers, interviewers *et hoc omne*. We dwell in a little wooden 3-roomed cottage, on what was once an orange ranch, but is now a colony of such huts, run by an English lady, as a sort of informal hotel. We do sympathize with you in the lack of coal and sufficient warmth in your—to us—delightful house.

Please give our warmest greetings to Madame, and believe me, ever your sincere friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

Jan. 30, 1921.

SAN MARCOS,  
CHANDLER.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I was delighted to have your letter of Dec. 27, and to think that you enjoyed *In Chancery*. I think the July Sunday at Wingstone in 1918, when it suddenly came to me that I could go on with my Forsytes, and complete their history in two more volumes with a link between, was the happiest day of my writing life. And on the whole *The Forsyte Saga*, when published in one volume containing *The Man of Property*, *Indian Summer of a Forsyte*, *In Chancery*, *Awakening*, and *To Let*, will be my passport, however difficult it may be to get it viséd, for the shores of permanence.

I hope we shall be back in time to see your production of *The Betrothal*. We sail April 6, on the *Adriatic*.

Ada has picked up only this last fortnight, and though Santa Barbara is a charming place and climate on the whole, I think we should have done better to go to desert air at once, instead of only to-morrow. We mean to stay in Arizona (if it suits her) until well on in March. If we get to Southern Pines we shall certainly



intrude on your Butlers. I went a long ride with Burke Corkran yesterday. He's a genial old boy, and well-informed.

I took Ada to chest and throat specialists here and in Los Angeles, and had her X-rayed and completely overhauled and inspected again. Verdict—absolutely nothing wrong organically. So, it's just lowered vitality, and bronchial tubes left wheezy by that illness in Spain; and, as I say, they are better lately in spite of bad weather.

Your brandy has been very handy and still lasts out . . .

I've worked very steadily at Santa Barbara, and we've kept quite free of functions and Press and everything. I hope to till the end, except perhaps for a lecture to Yale and Princeton.

Our love to you both.—Yours ever, J. G.

A nice young enthusiast called Reginald Poel came over to see us from Los Angeles.

Both in this country and in America *In Chancery* was, with trifling exceptions, well received by the Press. If the general tone rose to no extraordinary degree of enthusiasm, it was more than merely respectful. It may be remembered that from now on Galsworthy was securely "taped" by the critics, and to the end of the chapter they went on saying the same things about him, the only alteration being in the degree of response evoked by each individual book. We may, then, sum up the reception of *In Chancery* in a single pronouncement—that of C. E. Montague in *The Manchester Guardian* :

The war, which has put out so many tempers and plans, has not put out the *Forsyte Saga*, on which it found Mr. Galsworthy busy. Here he takes up the tale of the clan, in the last years of the century, and carries it just past Queen Victoria's death and the birth of a first child to the abhorred Soames and his second wife. You need not have read *The Man of Property* or *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte* in order to get full measure of pleasure out of *In Chancery*, but if you have not, it will make you want to read them too. And if you have, it will deepen, if that may be, the immense regard which every reader of any sensibility must feel for the personality expressed in the writing of these books. One may be tempted to feel at times that a higher pressure of something like animal spirits, a more boisterous breadth of touch in description, a humanly reckless breach, here and there, of charity and forbearance would somehow set a redder blood

running through the story. And yet one should never wish an artist to be some other artist; but only that he should be immensely himself; and here, in all the quintessentially good breeding of his art and the delicate sincerity of his heart and mind, is the Galsworthy of *The Island Pharisees* and *The Country House*. There is the almost disconcerting equity of those tenderly judicial books, in which even cruel and gross people are seen as they might be by one who had known them as children learning to walk. There is, too, the beautiful balance between an intense, circumstantial interest in little expressive things on the surface of character, the external minutiae of personality, and a penetrative, sympathetic irony that feels about among the roots of action, analyzing motives and measuring impulses. You are left unelated at the end, for Mr. Galsworthy has never been one of the happy trumpeters of mankind's adventure on the earth. But your sense of an abundance of beauty suffusing the whole scene in which he finds so much harshness and caprice is heightened by the book as it is by fine work more directly tragic in intention. It is sombre as Gothic roofs full of choice vaulting, seen through interlaced lights and glooms, are sombre and beautiful.

The close of the book falls at the close of an age—the Victorian one—and already one feels that Forsytes, if any exist, must be terribly shaken. Of course we still have young men, and old men, of great possessions, but the rock of property has lost that consciousness of everlastingness which made Forsytes. It would be great if Mr. Galsworthy would show them to us, faltering where they firmly trod, or possibly finding new strength and craft in themselves to face an age in which Communism covers half Europe, and graven images of Emperors, equestrian, heroic size, have tumbled about upon their backs on city pavements in the other half. And yet Mr. Galsworthy's vision of late Victorian England is so vivid and true that perhaps he could not be so sure of touch anywhere else. He has the rare power that Lamb had to stand off a little and see the time and place of his own youth and early maturity in all the quaint curiousness that, as a rule, only accrues to such in the minds of sympathetic observers an age or two later. Mr. Galsworthy can see the London of the nineties as Thackeray in the nineteenth century saw the London of the seventeenth; the late Victorian London has not had to become an established antique in order to have its characteristic expression and atmosphere captured and fixed for readers by the processes of art.

With *Awakening*, which appeared less than a month later, the series of publications for 1920 comes to an end; and it is time to turn back to our chronicle of events.

(iii) 1920-21 : SCALING THE HEIGHTS

*To Let* (runs the record), was finished at Wingstone in the rough, on Sept. 5th, and polished at Grove Lodge before we left on Oct. 20th by the *Empress of France* from Liverpool to Quebec, to winter in America.

Voyage uneventful; pleasant enough, and very calm. Quebec very much changed since I saw it in 1891; then one drove in a calèche, now in a taxi, up to the Heights of Abraham. On Oct. 28 we reached Montreal. Made acquaintance with some of the Macgill University folk, who were producing *The Pigeon* as their first amateur dramatic performance. One night in Montreal, and then on to New York, to our old quarters at the Chatham. Three weeks in New York, punctuated by visits therefrom; to Charles Scribner's at Convent, near Morristown, New Jersey, whither we drove out to a race meeting and to the young Charles Scribners' home, close by. And to various other houses. Ate most delicious food, and saw the process of Indian corn being "ensilaged." Then a visit to the Ralph Ellises at Jericho, Long Island; more motoring; one ride for me on a very tall horse, one headache for A. The Herbert Crolys there, young Cecil Ponsonby, tutor to Ralphie; and, to lunch on the last day, Colonel and Mrs. House, with whom we drove back to New York. Quiet, interesting, communicative man. We promised to see him again, but we never have. Long talk about Ireland. In New York we watched the results of the Presidential Election coming in at the Colony Club, with the Arthur Scribners. Not of much interest to the foreigner. Neither Harding nor Cox appeared to create much excitement. Further punctuated by a visit to the Arthur Scribners, perhaps the most comfortable of the houses, and a most beautiful country. Some motoring, and a considerable dinner the second night. Also staying there a Southern gentleman, Colonel Kyarter (Carter) by name; a nice man. In New York we saw the American production of *The Skin Game* with Lomas as Hornblower. Not nearly so good as the London production; some miscasting; still, it had quite a

good run. On Nov. 16 we left New York, stayed one night in Chicago, saw *Conrad in Quest of his Youth* as a film, read Masefield's *Right Royal*, and I caught a cold. Thence off to Denver, where we spent one night. A beautiful place; the Rockies far against the sky. Thence on to Salt Lake City for one night. Architecture heavy and horrid; situation wonderful. Then through the grim and impressive desert of Utah and Nevada, and out into the charming Californian country; and fetched up at Los Angeles. After a meal in the most admirable station restaurant and a drive outside the city, jogged on through the mountains to Santa Barbara and reached our home for the next ten weeks, San Ysidro ranch, four miles out of the town, in time for dinner. This ranch, which consists of many little bungalows grouped among orange and other trees, round a stone-built dining-room, is kept by an English lady, Mrs. Harleigh Johnston, and is full of homeliness and charm. We had the last bungalow available, which was really the habitat of the proprietress. The only handicap to a very delightful stay was the bronchial trouble which made poor A.'s nights a very bleak business. Having faces set against social gaieties, we went out very little, but enjoyed ourselves all the more. Until January the climate was delightful, though not quite dry enough for A. January a little unsettled and rainy, but still 70% good. Vegetation particularly pleasing, walks very pretty; the woods to be distrusted, for burrowing Californian bark-tree tick. Very delightful "livin's" in the neighbourhood, such as the Cox ranch, the Gillespie house, and another ranch half-way to the sea, which was two miles off. San Ysidro, standing 400 feet up, has a climate preferable to that of the actual coast. I played much lawn tennis, and here wrote *A Hedonist*, *The Man who kept his Form*, *Santa Lucia*, *Windows*, and most of *A Family Man*, also *Punch and Go*. We went once into Los Angeles for a day, mainly to consult a throat specialist for A. The journey is certainly very beautiful—3 or 4 hours by rail. One very windy night capped itself by a small earthquake in the middle, which seemed to blow our first floor cottage bedroom nearly over. My first earthquake. A.'s second, having been in the Nice earthquake of 1887, a much more serious affair.

People we met here whom we liked were:

North Duanes, our old friend Mrs. Winthrop Ames at Gillespie House, Burke Corkrans at the old Stevenson house, the Willie Moncrieffs, Santa Barbara acquaintances of 1912. And at the ranch: New England people, Mrs. and Miss Bowditch, Mrs.

over with an overwhelming vote for the Republican Harding, and the writing of *The Foundations*, which I really believe has penetrated the epidermis of the Press. We went to *The Skin Game* on Monday; it is *Hamlet* without the *Geist*. We thought it badly miscast, and without fusion and glow. Dean is just due to see me about it. Over the 'phone he told me yesterday, however, that it was going to have a long run and was exciting much talk "in the City," whatever that may mean.

We went last night to *The Mob* at the little Neighbourhood Playhouse. That, on the other hand, is a really topping production and performance. A very enthusiastic audience, and I had to make a speech from my seat. We were quite enthusiastic about the whole thing. Packed houses every night and people turned away, so that it is having an extra two weeks, and they say might run a year, but it's a repertory theatre. It is run by two rich Miss Lewisohtns who are extremely nice, and devoted to the work of making a happy theatre in an East Side neighbourhood.

We go for two days each to three sets of people, beginning on Saturday, then back here for three days, and then, on Oct. 15th, start for Santa Barbara by way of Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, staying one night at each of these places except Los Angeles.

The Metropolitan Art Gallery here has an amazingly fine lot of pictures. And of Rodin there is a fine show.

New York impresses me as much as ever—a wonderful town.

Great haste, dear man—very best love to you all from us both.—Your loving,

J. G.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

Nov. 13, 1920.

DEAREST MAB,—Just a line from this comparatively near spot <sup>1</sup> before we start across. We go on Monday by way of Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles to Santa Barbara.

We have been in the country the last six days at various very pretty places staying with friends. The weather is most lovely. *The Skin Game* is a great success, they say—the performance is not up to that in London. *The Mob*, on the other hand, running at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, is a fine production, and the run has been lengthened from an original 4 weeks to 8 weeks

<sup>1</sup> New York.

owing to the demand. The theatre is a small repertory theatre, so that this is quite phenomenal.

Everybody is awfully kind as usual—and the hotel very homey—all the personnel the same as last year, and glad to see one. Ada is tired, but fairly well. We shall be at Santa Barbara 10 weeks, and I hope she will get rested there. Address here always c/o Charles Scribner's. Any news always received with joy. . . .

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

Dec. 4, 1920.

SAN YSIDRO.

DEAREST MABS,—It looks as if we should not make the great trek into Santa Barbara (6 miles and a rapid motor) in time for Xmas-carding, so I write our plain and most loving thoughts and good wishes for that "festive season," and send you some most inadequate snappers.

We live in a queer little cottage which looks as if it ought to have darkie faces at its windows. Just outside is a most glorious pepper tree, the prettiest of all trees, we have decided. When there is a breeze, this same tree threshes our wooden roof with every leaf, branch, and berry, and the result is rather like living inside a drum. But one gets used to it.

The reason of our extreme immobility is that we are both still harbouring silly colds, caught in Chicago! and are set on getting rid of them; so, we go nowhere, at present.

. . . It's thrilling to be in a place where the one abiding fear is fire, from the general dryness, and the one longing is for water for crops and every kind of plant. The sun climbs up every morning unfailingly, and the only variation in a breeze for an hour or so, quite without reason. It's more tropical than I had remembered. In 1912 we were *in* Santa Barbara, and not as close to Nature, of course.

Jack gets some tennis, and we stroll about; but there is really no news, except that he is getting in good morning work every day. He has a little sun-trap hut apart from the cottage, for writing.

This place was originally a lemon ranch, and we pick what we please—lemons, oranges, guavas, all straight from the trees, and *warm*!

Ever so much warmest love from us both to you all.—Always  
your devoted,

ADA.

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

Jan. 21, 1921.

SANTA BARBARA.

. . . Santa Barbara, or rather Montecito, which is our country end of it, is certainly very beautiful. The mountains (not more than about 3000 feet), green mountains, not snow mountains, lie back from the Pacific beach about three miles, and all the ground in between is a gradually rising tangle of orange and lemon, eucalyptus, live-oak, palms, planes, pepper, and pine-trees, mimosas, guavas, and grape-fruits. The climate is certainly good, and very sunny. We've just had three or four days of torrential rain, and it's pretty cold just now, but on the whole it's excellent. We move on to San Marcos Hotel, Chandler, Arizona, on Jan. 31; but we don't know how long we shall be there, so Scribners remains the best address.

I've finished a three-act comedy; a one-act comedy; and two short stories here; and feel rather emptied out. Ada is beginning, I think, to have more steam in her. *The Skin Game* and *The Mob* still go strong in New York. The first has reached its 120th performance. The second has had about 80.

Our dearest love to you all.—Your loving,

J. G.

[*From Thomas Hardy*]

Feb. 7, 1921.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—It was cheering to get good wishes of such far flight from you and Mrs. Galsworthy. I can assure you that you also have the same from us. The book, too, came all right, and, to judge from its matter so far as I have got, it deserves my warm thanks, or anybody's, for it becomes more intense at every page. My wife, who has read it once, is reading it again.

I almost think you ought to have put a genealogical chart at the beginning, to enable idle ones to grasp the inter-relationships without trouble, since they begin to get complicated. Or perhaps you ought *not* to put a chart, for it would be encouraging the said idle people in their laziness.

How I should like to be in California all of a sudden—say for a week or two, borne thither on the magician's carpet. But to travel all the way there to see and experience its climate and beauties, and through a country where "only the language is different," as somebody says—no, thank you. My interest in the

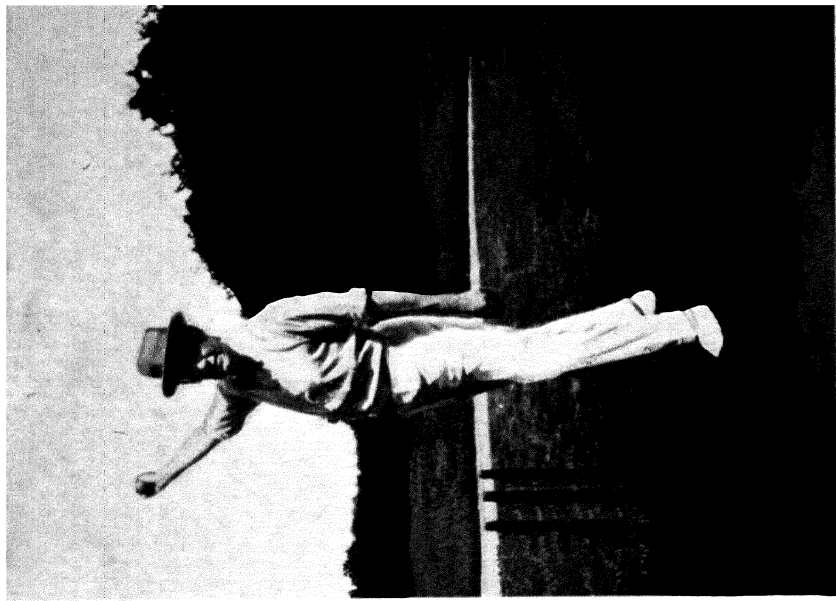


**LIGHTER MOMENTS AT GROVE LODGE**





WITH RUDOLF SAUTER AND A.G. AT GROVE LODGE



THE CRICKETER

West coast of the continent you are on is (beyond its Spanish flavour) largely owing to its looking on to the Pacific—that mysterious ocean (to me) which some day the moon came out of; at any rate I like to think it did, though I believe geologists and astronomers doubt the possibility of it.

We have had a mild winter here (except for an early week or two), and I hope it will end as it is going on. But England and Europe do not look particularly attractive in their political aspects. The extreme Party seems to forget that the opposite of error is error still—just as all the revolutionists of history have forgotten it. I suppose such is inevitable; you can't make a pendulum stop in the middle, except after infinite swingings. A friend of mine thinks the great danger is to art and literature, and that a new Dark Age is coming along, in which our books will be pulped to make newspaper for football and boxing journals and Cinema descriptions.

It will be pleasant to know you have got home when the date arrives, and I hope you will have an easy return. Kindest regards from us both to Mrs. Galsworthy and yourself. I hope the change will pick her up entirely.—Always sincerely yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

On May 21st the centenary of *The Manchester Guardian* and the jubilee of its editor were celebrated by a Dinner of the London staff, at which J. G. supported the toast of *The Manchester Guardian*. Curiously enough, another supporter of the toast was Lord Parmoor, with whom he had collaborated years before in the somewhat different matter of that legal opinion reproduced on an earlier page.

On June 5th, some seven weeks after their return to England, the Galsworthys went to Wingstone:

The feature of that summer was the introduction of village cricket. I the veteran member of the team and president. Mostly responsible for scores of 1 and 3, but made 20 against Moretonhampstead, to the considerable astonishment of all present; and 15 in the last match of the season.

[To R. H. Sauter]

Aug. 21, 1921.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST RUDEY,—Prepare for cricket and bring flannels and shoes. There's a match on Saturday in which I've engaged you

to play, and probably a practice on Friday evening. No need for anxiety, you cannot be worse than most of us. Yesterday we played Moreton and thumped them. We made 119 to their 63. And what do you think? I made the equal top score of 20, by a combination of luck and will-power seldom beheld. I counted my runs like a miser, and hang me if the village scorer didn't put down a 4 hit, as a 4 *bye*, and made me look to have made a paltry 16. Now, if that wasn't awful at my time of life I don't know what is! Why, it's exactly nineteen years since I made more than 1 in an innings. Bless you all. I hope your Mother's cold didn't develop.

Dearest love, to her, and to you both.

J. G.

Rather before 1.30 than after on Thursday at Paddington 3rd class booking-office. The trains are still full.—J. G.

They were up in London, as usual, for the Eton and Harrow match, but returned "in time for the Manaton Sports in early August," and stayed on till the beginning of November.

During the summer *Loyalties* was written, the germ of which was contracted at Santa Barbara. This was the only play of mine of which I was able to say when I finished it: "No manager will refuse this." . . . During these months the stories *Blackmail*, *The Broken Boot*, *A Feud* were written, and 15 prefaces for the Limited [Manaton] edition of my works in England and America. All the works, making in all 21 volumes, were revised therefor; this revision was finished before Christmas.

Meanwhile, on September 28th, *To Let* had appeared, and the imposing *Saga* was finished. It was received, both by the critics and by the public, in accordance with its deserts. As was perhaps natural, it sold much better than its predecessor, and, as for the Press, its attitude is sufficiently described in the following letter:

[From Joseph Conrad]

1st Nov., 1921.

DEAREST JACK,—I was just about to sit down and write to you when your letter arrived with the P.E.N. circular. I'll do as directed. I have also noted the Chairman's leniency in the matter of attendance at dinners. Indeed, my dearest Jack, I would very seldom find anybody I know there—by which my

## SCALING THE HEIGHTS

natural shyness would be increased by 1000% and probably cause my death from acute embarrassment.

I think that the Press has said—with a surprisingly sympathetic understanding—everything which could be said in praise of *To Let*. I can't describe sufficiently the glow of inward joy with which I went through the pages crowning triumphantly the Forsyte Cycle. It is a great achievement in conception, in the whole and in the detail—where the serenity of your humane genius strikes with an enchanting light. It is a great performance, my dear Jack—so great that without for a moment stepping out of the scheme it escapes from the particular into the universal by the sheer force of its inner life.

I don't suppose you will do me the injury of suspecting that I have missed things. Honestly I don't think I did—though I admit that the narrative has carried one along in a most irresistible way. But there were more readings than one, and the quality of the execution is so fine as to keep one's receptivity constantly on the alert—and of how many great novels can this be said?

The very day the Watsons were here an attack of gout came on and laid me up (more or less) for over a week. There has been another since. I have now a sort of asthmatic cough which depresses me exceedingly. On the other hand Jessie is progressing in a most satisfactory manner.

With our dear love to you both.—Ever yours,

J. CONRAD.

[*From St. John Ervine*]

7th September, 1921.

9 ARCADE HOUSE.

DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I am giving a small luncheon party, as Prosper Profond would say, to Stephen Leacock at the Garrick Club on Saturday, October the 16th, at 1.15 P.M. Will you come?

I've just read *To Let*. The love passages between Jon and Fleur seem to me to be the most exquisite things, not only that you've done, but that anyone has done for a very long time. Fleur is a delight, but the shy grace of Jon is even finer. My harsh, demanding Ulster nature jibs rather at the fate of these lovers, and I can't help feeling that Fleur would have had her way, but on the whole I think you're right about it. I wish someone would let me review this novel.—Yours ever,

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

[From Thomas Hardy]

24 October, 1921.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I think I like this the best of the Forsyte chronicles, this last one, and I ought to have written sooner to thank you for the gift of it, but I knew you would give me time, and nowadays my promptness, if I ever had it, is a tradition merely.

I don't pretend to estimate the novel with any critical acuteness, but you have made me feel sorry you have finished with the family. This is strange, considering that I do not (personally) like any of *its members* very much—except perhaps Jon—so that it must be owing to your handling of them that I regret you are going to tell us no more about them. My wife, by the way, has a sympathy for Soames, whom she considers a touching figure. This I do not altogether share.

The story seems to me more of an artistic organism of natural development than almost any of the others, which is one reason why it appeals to me. I may mention being particularly struck with some special scenes—one in the summer-house at p. 175, and the death of Jolyon seemed a remarkably good dramatic stroke; the reader vaguely feels something hanging over, yet is not clear as to the moment when the inevitable will happen.

You have large stage schemes on hand in London, I understand, so by this time you may have gone back there. The Masfields called here on their way to you. We have not heard of them since, and as they left here rather late they may not have done the whole journey the same evening.

Renewed thanks for the book, which we have both read, and kindest regards from both of us to Mrs. Galsworthy and yourself.  
Always yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

[To André Chevrillon]

Nov. 8, 1921.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—To receive your warm appreciation of *The Forsyte Saga* (and *To Let*) was a great joy, and a reward in itself for the writing of the books. I am quite lost, at present. Though the *Saga* is finished—the old Forsytes all gone—and the long duel over, I feel that I haven't done with Fleur; and am trying to gather force to pursue her in the world of to-day and to-morrow.

## SCALING THE HEIGHTS

As to those points you raise: I am not more absolutely certain than Soames was whether Annette was actually Profond's mistress. I incline—like him—to think she was. I think the doubt sooner or later was inherent in Soames' second married life; and I am sure the thread woven-in lends an extra closeness to the story, and complements the character of Soames, by showing the very different effect such a contingency has on him in the very different cases of his two marriages. I think, too, that his indelicacies in that scene with Annette and after it, are due to "Superior Dosset" outcropping in him under pressure, and to the whipping up of his sense of property.

If we come to France this winter, it will not be till early January, at all events, so that we shall not miss you, I trust.

My wife joins in most cordial greetings to Madame and yourself.—Always your most sincere friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I hope to get the whole *Saga* published in one volume here, with a family tree and a preface, about February. It will be a thick book.—J. G.

Dec. 31 [1921].

54 TUFTON STREET,  
WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

DEAR MRS. GALSWORTHY,—I am so very sorry—I shall be away next Friday—which is the day I take my weekly fox-hunt—the only bit of decent exercise I get, except running after buses! Tell J. G. that *To Let* has sent me back to the *Man of P[roperty]* and *Indian Summer*, and I take off my hat to him and all his Forsytes; that that family is becoming a part of the national consciousness, I am surer than ever.

(All this you've heard a hundred times in the last two months, I'm sure.)—Yours sincerely,

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

The Galsworthys ended the year as they so often had done before:

On Dec. 20 we went to Littlehampton, to the Beach Hotel, for a fortnight; considerable hotel festivities. I wrote a lecture on Dickens, Turgenev, and Maupassant; soon after, another on Tolstoi and Conrad, for delivery in Scandinavia the following Spring.

It was on October 6th of this year that the P.E.N. Club was founded, at the Florence Restaurant, by the late Mrs. Dawson

Scott, with Galsworthy as its President. It was no ornamental sinecure that he took up; from first to last of the thirteen years till his death he remained President, working for the Club with all the force of his sagacity, influence, and conscientiousness, and proving its very real mainstay. In this work are included some of the letters he wrote, enlisting the support of prominent literary friends; but these represent but a minute fraction of the time, energy, and expense which he put at the Club's service. Only on two occasions did he and his wife fail to attend the Annual International Congress; he presided regularly (especially in the earlier years) over the monthly dinners; and he conducted and controlled, not only much of the Club's correspondence, but the main lines of its general policy. In this he was wholeheartedly assisted by the Secretary, Mr. Hermon Ould, who, in his book on Galsworthy, has treated the matter more fully than need be attempted here. From a letter of his to this writer one or two quotations may be made:

. . . When he thought action could be usefully taken by writers, he was always at pains to see that the P.E.N. was not involved in any steps which lay outside its province. More than once, when cases of what seemed like injustice came to my notice or to his, he contrived to do something independently of the P.E.N.

. . . You know that J. G. had a dread of pushing himself forward. Several times he wished to resign from the Presidency of the P.E.N. because he felt he was occupying a position which some other writer coveted. Time after time I did my best to dissuade him, believing that his influence in the Club—which I knew was invaluable and enormous—would be much reduced if he lapsed into ordinary membership. . . . As far back as 1930 we had a mild set-to on this subject. There were difficulties of the kind inseparable from human activities—temperaments to be coped with, personalities to be appeased! I clung to the rock of J. G. and dared him to let me down. This letter reveals something of his state of mind:

[*To Hermon Ould*]

May 23, 1930.

BURY.

DEAR HERMON,—All right: the Committee at Mrs. Scott's, Thursday evening, June 5, 8.45.

How do you propose to deal with the arrangement of the

## END AND BEGINNING OF A CHAPTER

dinner if you are only to be back on July 1st? Are you delegating someone? Who did you say would be the guest of honour?

About the British undertaking the Congress of 1932 we must consult; I wouldn't answer till after the next Committee meeting.

It's not that I have weakened on the P.E.N. but I suppose I am getting stale, and feeling that the sort of thing that comes my way therefrom would be fun to some one else but is hardly so to me now. I do appreciate what a constant drag and worry the post of Secretary must be to you, and I wish we could find some way of making it lighter and more remunerative. Perhaps we shall. I don't think the thing could survive your departure; you are much ~~more~~ necessary to it than I am, which is at least a feather in your cap if that is any satisfaction.

Having had this little private grumble to each other, I daresay we shall jog on.—Always yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

It was only in the last year of his Presidency that I felt he definitely wished to retire. At the Annual Meeting Dinner, in October, when I sat next to him—the only dinner of the year where I permitted myself that privilege—we discussed possible successors. This had been an annual pastime, and had always hitherto wound up by J. G. agreeing to stay on. This time it was different. He really seemed anxious to shed the robes of office.

Yes, he was tired—this writer remembers hearing him say so. The sands were running out, and the administrative responsibility was heavy. But let it be remembered that, in the years of constant, multifarious work that helped to wear him out, one of his principal activities was his wise, selfless, and inspiring conduct of the P.E.N. Club.

## (iv) 1922: END AND BEGINNING OF A CHAPTER

Soon after getting back to London the Grein-Lion cycle of my plays was started at the Court Theatre. The cycle ran from February to May, and included *Justice*, *The Pigeon*, *The Silver Box*, and the new play *Windows*, and had a certain success.

[*To and from Leon M. Lion*]

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR LION,—First nights, as you know, shorten one's life; "and so, Monsieur, I will live a little longer," and wait for less



thrilling occasions to watch the delightful performance by you and your good company.

But let me take this chance of telling you how touched and encouraged I have been by your kind zeal and by Mr. Grein's, and how grateful I feel to you and him, and to Lyall Swete, and all the cast of *Justice* and of *The Pigeon*, and all the staff for the goodwill shown, and the unfailing kindness, and the excellent work done. I am proud of this rendering of my work.

A night or so before *Justice* I dreamed I was sitting in the stalls on the first night watching the trial scene, and thinking how well it was all going, when I happened to look round and saw that I was the only person in the house except for three or four barristers in wigs and gowns who obviously ought to have been sitting on the stage. I am glad that dream was falsified. If by chance there should be more than one person in the house to-night, and they should happen to mention my absenting self, would you make them my best bow, and thank them, and say that I am happy if they are.—Very faithfully yours, my dear Lion,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

28 February, 1922.

COURT THEATRE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Thank you so much for your charming and generous letter of last night, which, in response to enthusiastic calls, I duly repeated to the audience. They appreciated its humour as the *bonne bouche* to a happy evening.

I am happy to say that Thesiger made a quite outstanding success, and all the cast did admirably. I shall be most interested to hear your candid comments when you can spare a night (unbeknownst to us!) to have a peep at the play.

Again my cordial thanks.—Yours very gratefully,

LEON M. LION.

In February began the production of *Loyalties* at the St. Martin's:

Actually produced on March 8th; an immediate and great success.

[From Sir James Barrie]

20 Jan., 1922.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G.,—Thank you for sending me *Loyalties*. I have enjoyed the reading of it immensely, and hereby return it. The story seems to me to start off with the first words and to go

straight down the course till it reaches its goal—a word that proves, I fear, that I am not a bookie. Every page and every character has bits that could come from you alone, and probably the most striking thing of all is that you are telling your audience all the time that there is here a matter for them to think about, without ever addressing even a covert word to them. That is certainly the most difficult part of play-writing, and probably its chief art.

Obviously it doesn't need a one-act thing with it—though the association with you would be a proud and pleasant one for me. Does it strike you that to have a three-act play which on the surface is all the time giving its audience the problem “who committed the theft?” should not be preceded by a one-act whose problem is “who committed the murder?” I am a bit perturbed about this, perturbed entirely because of a fear that the result might be to take some of the freshness from the chief item in the bill, also mine trembles on the verge of being a jest and so does not attune them for yours. Don't let us go wrong about this. I'm sure mine should not come last—that would be giving it an importance that would be silly, and also the public would be leaving the theatre feeling that they had been cheated. These things I could go into better when I see you, but I wonder whether you have felt this at all about it. Dean writes wanting to see me, but with no more detail.

The “cycle” is a thing I am uncommon glad about. It is pretty near the ideal way of getting one's plays done. I don't have a doubt of its success and look forward to it.

Much love to you both,

J. M. B.

As for the Press: *The Morning Post*, one of the very few papers to give a not very favourable notice, recorded that:

The reception was almost enthusiastic [*sic*], and the call for the author more persistent than any call of the kind that we can remember. It must have lasted a full minute, and only ceased when it was stated that Mr. Galsworthy was not in the house.

The reason why the play was so generally welcome is probably to be found in the comparative preponderance of action and event over ideology.

There are enough “loyalties” in the new Galsworthy play to make its title no misnomer. But they are not obtrusive. Evidently the play was not written for their sake; they arise naturally

out of the play. It is a straightforward drama of incident rather than "of ideas" . . . It is Mr. Galsworthy at his best, or at any rate as we like him best, without fads and without too irritating a social indignation.

*The Daily Chronicle*, while feeling that Galsworthy, "having got hold of a great theme," had scarcely "exploited it to the full," added:

This Mr. Galsworthy does not choose to do; but he gives us instead a closely-packed drama of adventure, a crook drama written by a master hand, exciting through every minute of its course until the suicide, the least good part of it. . . .

*The Pall Mall Gazette*, too, termed it a "sublimated crook play—in the direction of ethics"; while P. P. in *The Daily Sketch* wrote:

As in *Justice*, which, as a play, is far inferior to this, the author's power lies in his scrupulous impartiality. . . . That is why *Loyalties* is psychologically a fine play. It is also deeply interesting on the far lower plane of a crime drama.

Finally, *The Sunday Times*:

Considered as a play, and not as a social tract, I think this is Galsworthy's finest effort to date. It is only a crook tragedy. But the crook is such a real live fellow and the tragedy is so inevitable that the work is almost entitled to rank as a classic of its kind.

Now, these extracts include by no means all the points that were made both in favour and in criticism of the play, but they have been deliberately chosen; for far more interesting than the reactions of the critics to the ideology of the play (which could not, in the nature of things, differ appreciably from what they had said before) is the fact that so many of them could see in *Loyalties* a play of which the basis was at least half non-ideological. In other words, the robust and full-flavoured dramatic elements of the play were so strong that the public could, if it chose, enjoy them without bothering its head about the rest—an opportunity of which, it must be added, it was quick to avail itself. The point is clinched by the fact that the three of the four Galsworthy plays of which this is true—*The Skin Game*, *Loyalties*, and *Escape*—were the outstanding commercial successes of his dramatic career, both in England and

in America. The moral seems to be that the greater public will always remain impervious to the drama of "ideas." It is possible, as the present instance shows, for plays to succeed with that public in spite of a definitely ethical content; but only if the sugar of dramatic incident sufficiently thickly encases the ideological pill.

This can certainly not be said of *Windows*, which was produced some seven weeks after *Loyalties*. Barrie might write:

22 March, 1922.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G.,—I don't suppose you are back yet, but I am returning *Windows* with this to await you. I certainly think you have "done it again" with this play, so different from *Loyalties* but with the same quality of engrossing the attention. I had to go straight on to the end at once, tho' I meant to make three sittings of it. The last act is especially good. Never did I think I should live to see the day when a correct middle-aged lady was made human and delightful by brandy. It is a delicious moment, this, and a real triumph, and on her exit this lady will get an ovation. The girl Faith is fine.

I hope you will come to St. Andrews in May for my execution. I know they have written offering you the LL.D.—Yours,

J. M. B.

But the critics were disappointed, and their attitude was succinctly expressed by *The Daily Chronicle*:

*Loyalties* is hardly a play with a moral. It scarcely asks us any questions. It certainly does not preach a doctrine. But because it is brilliantly constructed as pure play—not as propaganda—it retains its grip up till the last moment.

Mr. Galsworthy's new play, *Windows*, produced last night at the Court, does not. It sets out to discuss social problems. It asks us many questions and only returns us the shadowiest answers. But if its ethics are muddled, this is not the only fault. It is less well handled—as pure play-writing—than anything Mr. Galsworthy has given us for some time.

Other critics were less severe, but the note of disappointment and bewilderment persists:

This play completely baffles me (wrote Mr. St. John Ervine in *The Observer*). Mr. Galsworthy describes it as a comedy (for realists and others), but what he meant by it I cannot imagine.

It is full of fun and wit, and the situation is novel, but I do not know whether Mr. Galsworthy is making fun of the "idealists" or "the others" or himself.

*The Times* commented:

What precisely is the moral of *Windows* we cannot pretend to say—unless it be the old one, that there is, after all, a great deal of human nature in men and women. But Mr. Galsworthy likes to put even the oldest of morals in a new way; he sees everything on its ethical side, but he sees it under a special angle and in a strange light. In the end, by changing the "values," he leaves us a little disconcerted. . . .

Mr. Galsworthy writes nothing that is not fresh, individual, and a stimulant of thought—though the thought may not always prove to be what he wishes you to think. But you may apply to him the familiar "agreeing in all things save in opinion," and enjoy—with detachment—his keen observation of the queer foibles of humankind and the general absurdity of life. In that mood, we greatly enjoyed *Windows* at the Court last night.

Where the critics could not see their way, it was scarcely to be expected that the public should be able to do so, and the run of *Windows* ceased long before that of its predecessor.

Meanwhile the Galsworthys had been busy.

Now (says the notebook), comes our Scandinavian demi-semi-royal progress. March 11, Brussels, one night; reached Copenhagen the night of the 13th. Photographers, interviewers, general passionate exploitation. Lecture: Dickens, Turgenev, Maupassant, night of the 14th. The day was spent with Dr. Jespersen at the Glyptotec in the morning. Lunch at Lord Granville's, the English Ambassador, and a gala dinner before the lecture. On early next morning, via Helsingfors, to Gothenburg, Sweden; more photography, etc. We stayed with the Governor and his very nice wife, M. and Mme. de Sydow. Delightful quarters at the Residenz. Drive out the following day, and lunch at a coast resort. Gala dinner. Lecture that evening. Tolstoi, Conrad. And a departure immediately after, arriving at Stockholm next morning, March 17. How comfortable those sleepers are on Scandinavian railways, how excellent the Swedish food, and how clean and cheerful the look of things; and, by the way, how original and attractive was the Danish architecture.

On their first evening at Stockholm there was a gala dinner, and Galsworthy gave his Dickens lecture:

Admirable audience, including the Crown Prince. Supper with him afterwards; such a nice fellow. March 18, off to Upsala, started about 9.30, accompanied by the daughter of Professor Benedicks. Met by the Archbishop, and taken very completely round. Lunch with Madame and the Archbishop, and lecture after. *Castles in Spain*. Very big audience of students of the University. Tea afterwards, and lovely Swedish song singing (male). Very crowded train back. Just time to dress and go to dinner with the British Ambassador, Sir Colville Barclay. . . . Lady Barclay very pretty and charming. Big dinner. Next morning, Sunday, spent in the Picture Gallery, with the director. Very interesting work, especially of Jager Nelson, a young Swedish painter, who seems to have been a sort of forerunner of modern painting. He died of consumption about 1885. Lunch with the Crown Prince at the Palace; the Barclays being there, and many others. A meeting at tea-time with Brunius, Hendriksen, and Miss Simmons to organize a Swedish centre of the P.E.N. Club. . . . Dined quietly in the garden hall of the hotel, very beautiful, and took the night train for Christiania. Heartening send-off, and delightful, if rather strenuous three days. We caught Stockholm at the off-season, but found it fine. It must be much more beautiful in winter, or summer. Very comfortable journey to Christiania. Something of a blizzard blowing. Stayed at the Ambassador's, Sir Mansfeldt Finlay, and Lady Finlay, very nice people, though he is embarrassingly tall. Meeting in the afternoon to consider the visit of the New Shakespeare Company to Christiania. Dickens lecture in the evening. Crowded audience. Nansen in the Chair, Johan Bojer turning up a little too late for the job. Supper afterwards. Next morning we visited with Lady Finlay the Viking ships—most interesting; and after lunch, started South again, through Gothenburg, Copenhagen, to Hamburg, where we arrived at 9.30 P.M., March 22. Could not get in at the hotel, but found a decent pension near the station. Away again early next morning, through industrial Germany and Cologne, to Paris, arriving the morning of March 24. To the hotel Louvois. Some "bits of both"; Chevrillon came to call; Saturday, inauguration of the Paris centre of the P.E.N. Club. Dined with Michel Calmann, and went to a *leste* little play. Somewhat hurried start

next morning, owing to sudden introduction of summer time, to Calais, Dover, London.

Soon after this production [*Windows*], and a dinner given to me by the O.P. Club at the Hotel Cecil, we went to Wingstone. Commenced play called *The Forest*. On May 3 I went to St. Andrews and was made Doctor of Laws, in company with General Lawrence, Ellen Terry, E. V. Lucas, Charles Whibley, Sir Douglas Shields, and others, on the occasion of J. M. Barrie being made a [*sic*] Rector. Returned to town next day. On May 8th to Broadway in the car, with W. Archer. Lygon Arms; charming village, blossom out, nightingales singing on the way to Stratford, where we went to see plays given by the New Shakespeare Company. May 13th, to Wingstone.

On May 5th was produced the play *A Family Man*. This play, not dissimilar in mood to *Windows*, though rather more concrete in form, met with a not dissimilar reception, and did not enjoy a long run.

On May 25th appeared *The Forsyte Saga* as an entity, in a single volume—one of the great landmarks of Galsworthy's literary career.

[*From W. H. Hudson*]

June 22, '22.

40 ST. LUKE'S ROAD.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Thanks for your *Forsyte Saga*. I thought when I saw the advertisement that to get so many books in one would have made a clumsy thing, instead of which it is extraordinarily well done—the right size and form for easy handling, and the letterpress wonderfully clear. Three long books and two short all in one—it really astonishes me! I saw in some paper the other day that you were at Manaton, and I had thought of calling on you on my way back from Penzance; but I should have missed you, I believe, as I saw you were in London again. Well, one never knows where you are!—it is like trying to keep your eye on one bird in a company of birds all wheeling about in the air together. I daresay this letter will follow you to Norway or America, but I can but post it to Grove House [*sic*].

I am just as wretched and weak as ever and find it hard to do any work, but I managed to finish the book I've been writing before coming back, and am now waiting to feel well enough to go down to Sussex.

With love to you both.—Yours ever,

W. H. HUDSON.

[From *Joseph Conrad*]

7. 8. 22.

OSWALDS.

DEAREST JACK,—I am disgusted with myself, but I assure you that while I was finishing the novel (begun last October) I was not in a state to tackle the simplest letter. I don't know that I am much better mentally now, but at any rate the novel is finished even to the last word of the revision. It's gone out of the house; and it's like waking up out of a nightmare of endless effort to get out of a bog. I was laid up 6 times between the New Year's day and the end of June!

For the last two days I have been reading the *Saga*, which makes a wonderful volume. The consistency of inspiration, the unfailing mastery of execution, the variety of shades and episodes have impressed me tremendously. It's a great art-achievement, in which every part is worthy of the whole in a great creative unity of purpose.

How fresh the *M[an] of P[roperty]* reads! For that book I have a special affection. I had not read it for a couple of years or more, and I was fascinated by the constant felicity of presentation: portraits, groups, scenes. The lines stand traced for all time; as to the details filling in that great conception, they are all through the *Saga* a source of delight to a craftsman. The preface is *magistrale* in its conciseness. Could not have been better. The reading of these pages has been a source of great comfort in a time when I did want to be taken out of myself. It was like stepping out of an arid desert into an enchanted valley.

Ever since finishing *The Rescue* (two years or more ago), I have had, in one way or another, a pretty bad time! The reaction from the war, anxiety about Jessie, the growing sense of my own deficiencies. . . .

Our dear love to you both.—Ever yours, J. CONRAD.

Are you leaving town soon? May I come up for a couple of hours to see you both on some day convenient to you?

[From *Professor Murray*]

June 24th, 1922.

YATSCOMBE.

MY DEAR J. G.,—It is a dreadful thing to have an unprincipled family. I don't know how long *The Forsyte Saga* has been here, because somebody immediately took it, and it has only just come back to me. It is awfully interesting to have the five stories



together, and the family tree is a comfort to the weakness of human nature.

It is a wonderful achievement of yours to have created this *Saga*. The rum thing to me is that, after reading it all and admiring and loving it, I don't feel that I know in the least what a Forsyte is like, and I am not conscious of having seen one. I believe you have a queer poetical method which simulates realism in order to attain beauty. But, of course, it may be that I am so steeped in Forsytism myself that I can't see it. Certainly, the *Saga* is wonderful work, full of delicacy and poignancy, and it is a very great pleasure to me to have all that row of your books, and think of your kindness in giving me one after another.—  
Yours ever, GILBERT MURRAY.

[From H. Granville-Barker]

16.6.22.

NETHERTON HALL.

MY DEAR JOHN,—When I ended the *Forsyte Saga* my first sensation was a lump in the throat. I didn't know why. I think it was affection for you. Then followed pride in you—the sort of feeling—and I think you know it—that, one who constitutionally can't be jingo about his country or his friends gets now and then—the reward for trying always to believe in the right thing. And one is helped to—that's it—by this achievement of yours. Something to be proud of.

There's only one word that—as I've so far re-read—I'd be inclined to cut out—and that's the word "even"—you'll find it in the dedication!

God bless you.

H. G.-B.

The notebook records :

Return to town on June 2, for Anglo-Swedish dinner, at which I was chief guest and made a speech. A. unhappily prevented from going by a bad foot. We went to Harrow and Charterhouse to see the Harrow cricket. Very exciting match at Charterhouse, Harrow winning on the stroke of time by six wickets. Back to Wingstone on June 17. Dorothy Easton and Evans to stay. Back to London on July 11. Wet Eton and Harrow, and a drawn match. July 17 start for Tyrol, night in Innsbruck; on to Cortina. Hotel Cristallo. Found the country as beautiful as ever. Many good walks to old haunts and others. Left Cortina, August 11, by car; over the Falzarego, Pordoi Joch to Karersee, to Botzen. Beautiful weather; hot in Botzen. Ran up to Meran by car next morning, very charming it looked;

then up to Mendel for the night. Very much spoiled; all the old crystal holiness gone. Next day on to Madonna di Campiglio. Three perfect days of motoring. Oesterreicher family quite intact, barring Mr. Oesterreicher; and very friendly. I won the Singles (gentlemen) Tennis tournament; was Scratch in the Singles handicap and lost in the second round. Pleasant walks. On by car to Brescia, then by train to Milan. Very hot in Milan, Hotel Continental. Saw some pictures, rather disappointing, except a lovely Bellini (a Pietà). A unwell one day, and I contracted tummy trouble. We arrived in London rather *extenués*. A fortnight of rather poor condition, colds. September 7, back to Wingstone. Rudi and Vi to stay. Poor weather. Motored up to town, after finishing *The Forest*. September 28, one night at Marlborough. Saw Wells cathedral. Glastonbury, Avebury, the latter very impressive. Next day on through Savernake forest, most beautiful, to Stonehenge; very fine; Salisbury cathedral; on to lunch at Winchester. The cathedral and College fine; and reached Hampstead about five. Two very jolly days. Back to Wingstone on October 4th, finding Mrs. Williamson there on our arrival. Ralph Mottram for two nights. October 18, back to London. Rudo and I to Brussels on Oct. 20, Hotel Astoria, picture galleries, inaugural dinner of P.E.N. Club. I made a speech. To the Hague on the 22nd; more pictures; lecture on Tolstoy and Conrad for English-Holland society. Very good audience. Went out in a car to see stained glass in a church at Roode, very fine. On to Haarlem to see Franz Hals pictures and cathedral, whence to Amsterdam on October 24th. Lecture on Dickens, Turgenev, and Maupassant. Reception afterwards. Next day, sightseeing in Amsterdam. Galleries, Rijks Museum, etc. Very full day. Back to England, starting at night—Hook to Harwich; comfortable crossing. Nov. 26, I spoke to the International Student's Club (A. succumbed to beastly cold, off and on in bed for many weeks). Subject *Castles in Spain*, very good audience, best ever known, but embarrassing questions afterwards.

Nov. 28 to Leeds, read *Loyalties* to 1500 or 1600 poor devils of students and public, who suffered it gladly. Stayed with Sir Michael Sadler.

This was not the first reading he had given at Leeds; early in October of 1920 we find Sir Michael Sadler writing:

I wish I could tell you all the enthusiastic things that I have already heard about your reading last night. But you know how

grateful we all are, and not least those of us who know at what difficulty you were so good as to come. You have done a very great service to the University and to Leeds, especially to the undergraduates, and the young people in the city. . . .

On this occasion he wrote:

I can't thank you enough for coming up and for what you gave us. To express the effect of your reading is beyond me. But it leaves the same impression on our minds as the study of a great picture under the painter's own personality. If any of our young people do things in future, the thanks will partly be due to you. . . .

And a local paper thus reported the occasion:

The experience of hearing a foremost dramatist himself reading one of his greatest works does not fall to us every day, and on that ground alone it is attractive. It certainly proved very attractive last evening to large numbers of Leeds people that Mr. John Galsworthy was to read his latest success, *Loyalties*, in the Great Hall of the University of Leeds. Some considerable time before the reading was to start blackboards were dragged from their hiding places and boldly inscribed with the familiar words "House full." Late comers approaching the University were met by a disappointed crowd, who could not gain admission, and who were debating amongst themselves whether to go home or fill in the evening at "the pictures." Last week *Loyalties* was played by a thoroughly capable company at the Grand Theatre, but on none of the six nights of its presentation was it necessary to hang out the "House full" signs. It may be that lovers of the drama were waiting to hear Mr. Galsworthy himself.

To those who saw the play acted at the Grand Theatre the evening was especially interesting. In his reading Mr. Galsworthy naturally emphasized certain little fancies and literary touches with which he, as judge of his own work, was satisfied, but which, in the broad effect which the producer of the play had to create, were apt to be overlooked. By this means the audience got in close touch with the mind of the author, and one could not help thinking what a lot of literary labour would have been saved if one could have heard Shakespeare read *Hamlet*, or even could have had the advantage of seeing and hearing the record of such a performance on the gramophone and cinematograph. Mr. Galsworthy is a good reader, and he kept his crowded audi-

ence in close mental touch with himself throughout the whole of the play. Sir Michael Sadler, Vice-President of the University, presided over the meeting.

Rest of the year (concludes the notebook) under the cloud of A.'s misery. I went down to Sir Douglas Shields and had some excellent tennis. Ghastly Christmas; both A. and Rhoda ill.

At this point the series of diaries and notebooks comes to an end: those useful screeds that have served us till the last of the turning-points in Galsworthy's career. For that the publication of *The Forsyte Saga* did constitute such a turning-point there can be no question. For sixteen years his name had been a household word amongst the intelligent and advanced; but it was not till this (at that time unprecedented) publishing achievement brought home to the great public the majesty and the intimate achievement of the *Saga* that he became in any real sense a popular writer. His eminence was already unquestioned both at home and abroad—witness, for example, the Scandinavian tour—but it was only now, as a direct result of the one-volume *Saga*, that he became a “best-seller.” For the public took mightily thereto, and in an incredibly short time the sales had passed the six-figure mark on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, in the thirteen years that have elapsed there has been no waning in its popularity, and regular reprints are still required.

Obviously this fact in no way affects the merit of the work, for good or ill; but to become a “best-seller” (remaining so, as Galsworthy did) clearly marks an epoch in an author's life. Henceforward he stood before the public in a subtly different light. He was subject more than ever to the envy of the less successful, the detraction of the snobs, and the tooth of time in general. But he gave pleasure, he gave help, he gave encouragement by his work; he received the appreciation and the gratitude of two continents. All the toil, and the feeling, and the honesty that he had put into his work was justified. Was that not his exceeding great reward?

From now on the stream of his life and his work broadens out like some river—the end of the long journey from the distant source almost in sight of completion—that enters the ampler confines of its delta before its still greater expansion and merging into the ocean. From now on, our survey broadens too.



## PART V



# I

## 1923-26: WORLD FAME

1923 began neither eventfully nor very happily for the Galsworthys, for Mrs. Galsworthy was afflicted with an unusually persistent bout of chest trouble, which, as ever, was a source of anxiety to her husband, and restricted his outside interests. But he was not entirely withdrawn from the outer world, for on March 8th he lectured on *Five Favourites* (authors) at King's College, London, to a packed audience—people were even turned away. He was also busy trying to secure a publisher for his friend R. H. Mottram's *The Spanish Farm*, and wrote a preface for it. He did not relax his labours in the vineyard of the P.E.N. Club, and, at the beginning of May, presided over its first yearly International Congress, over which he had lobbied painstakingly. Shaw was one of his captures:

[From G. B. Shaw]

HOTEL METROPOLE,  
MINEHEAD.

Unluckily I am booked and reserved at Stratford-on-Avon from the 30th April to the 5th May.

If they are all as hopeless at languages as I am, the Babel will be hideous. I have tackled Hauptmann and Bojer; and Bojer, who knows English and speaks it, came off the better. Give them both my love.

Never heard of Nexö; he sounds like a polish in an oil-shop.  
G. B. S.

HOTEL METROPOLE,  
MINEHEAD.

13th April, 1923.

All right for the 2nd May.

Will there be room for Charlotte? She can gabble French like mad.

If so, don't trouble to reply; we shall meet at Philippi.

G. B. S.



Meanwhile a book named *Some Impressions of my Elders* by St. John Ervine had appeared, in which, in a paper on Galsworthy, Mr. Ervine, while according him many merits, had taken him to task for sentimentality, loose thought, and inefficient observation. The following letters refer both to this and to the dinner:

5 May, 1923.

99 CARLISLE MANSIONS.

DEAR J. G.,—Many thanks for the address, which I will keep by me in case of need. I thought the P.E.N. dinner was a great success and a remarkable achievement, although I could have wished for fewer speeches, and more general movement and talk.

All the reviews of *My Elders* insist that I've been unfair to you, and I begin to feel that I'm a chump who cannot properly express himself—for, of course, that was the last thing I wished to be. This will "larn" me not to piece bits of journalism together again, but to re-plan a book. I began to read the *Saga* again the other day. More and more do I feel that Soames is your biggest creation, although I cannot read about Fleur and Jon without being deeply moved.

I hope Mrs. Galsworthy is much better now that this warm weather has come in.—Yours ever, ST. JOHN ERVINE.

[To St. John Ervine]

May 6th, 1923.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR ERVINE,—I'm very glad you thought the P.E.N. dinner justified itself. It was difficult to avoid the many speeches. However, compared with most dinners, they didn't take long.

Ada has not yet shaken off this wearing wheeziness—perhaps the warmth came too suddenly. It has been a dejected household a long time past.

About the *Impressions*, I'm sure you didn't mean to be unfair; and equally sure that you did not realize the peculiar difference in the atmosphere of that particular impression compared with the others. It came from your taking a piece of criticism written in a mood of definite irritation and attack for the centre-piece of a general impression; and also—unconsciously—from the fact that you write your plays at least in something akin to my technique. The fact is we craftsmen are not good or just critics of each other. I think *Punch* (the only review, I think, I've seen) summed up the general result of your impression very well in the words "exhausted sentimentality." And this, of course, is a severe

simplification with which I can hardly be expected to agree. In fact, you simplified me too terribly—I'm afraid I'm vastly more complex. I may yet end my life as a sculptor, an ethnologist, or a breeder of race-horses. I have come to regard the word "sentimentalist" as a mere parrot cry. "Nuff said!"

I was at *Anna Christie* on Friday.—Excellent first three acts—lamentable last. "R. U. R." impressed me, because it said what we ought to feel, but there again the last act! These are what I call bows to sentiment and box-office.

My best wishes to you both,

J. G.

Towards the end of May the Aberdeen University Labour Club wrote to propose the adoption of Galsworthy as its candidate for the Rectorship of the university at the forthcoming election, adding:

We appreciate the fact that you have never—so far as we know—directly participated in party politics. But from your work and the influence of your work it is clear that your sympathies lie with what we believe to be the better half of the truth. The attitude of mind evidenced in your writings means more to us than the politics which may or may not emanate therefrom.

There are no obligations on your part save that of keeping away from Aberdeen during the election, and of delivering an address here within three years in the event of success.

Galsworthy, however, declined the invitation on the ground that "a writer could only take such a post if elected by agreement without contest."

On May 15th *The Burning Spear* appeared, bearing its author's name. We have read the letter with which he sent a copy to Murray; here is the reply:

MY DEAR J. G.,—I have owed you a letter for a long time, but was so overworked that I didn't write to anyone. I read *The Burning Spear* twice, chiefly in bed. But somehow I don't quite think it comes off. It is in the *Don Quixote* style, and I think it is too rude an instrument for you. I suspect that it was a veil for an intense indignant sensitiveness which it did not really express. Having uttered which censures, I hasten to add that I met three days ago a beautiful virtuous Austrian young woman at the top of a small mountain, without guide or food, who consented to share my sardines and chocolate and confided to me in German

her great admiration for Shaw and Galsworthy. I told her she was quite right, and urged her to continue. . . .

We have had some fine expeditions here—none better than yesterday, when we were ten hours on ice or rock in a succession of hail and snowstorms—with some mists as well, which of course were worse. . . . Made me feel young again! I hope Ada is in better health?—Yours ever,  
G. M.

In June came a more important upheaval; for the Galsworthys learnt that they must give up Wingstone. It was not an unrelieved wrench, however, for the climate did not at all suit Mrs. Galsworthy.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

June 15, 1923.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I owe you a letter anyway. I won't butt in for the Exeter scheme. I'm not interested in Education—that is, not *enough*. And, alas for us!—or for me, rather, because I think Ada is almost glad to be quit of Devonshire damp—Wingstone will be reft from us next month. Major Ffrench (nephew of the old lady who has just died) wants to come there. It's been in their family four hundred years, so one can't grudge it to him; but to me it's a blow. *I don't say so however.*

We go to Cortina d'Ampezzo, Hotel Cristallo, on Tuesday. We'll be coming to Wingstone about the end of July, and must see you. Would you mind giving me a report on Porto Fino—is the climate really good, or only so-so for winter; and what's the hotel like—"Grand and Margharita"—isn't it?

Our love to Helen, and to William if he's still with you. We expect him 4.30 on Monday to tea.—Yours always,  
J. G.

HOTEL CRISTALLO,  
CORTINA.

June 26, 1923.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I thank you much for diagnosing Porto Fino. The only thing certain at present about our winter plans is that I get Ada out of England on October 3rd.

At present we waver between—

1. Monte Carlo first, and Biskra later;
2. Monte Carlo first and America later;
3. Tenerife.

I'll probably be having a play produced in the autumn and shall have to come back for some rehearsals, so we think Monte might be a nice quiet harmless sheltered place for Ada while I'm

away. It's difficult to combine a warm spot in the interim with Teneriffe later, otherwise we, too, have good reports of that island—much better than of Las Palmas or Madeira. If we knew you were going to Algeria it would probably clinch us for that part of the world after the play is out. If by any chance the play isn't to come on before Spring then we might plump for Teneriffe all through, but six months is a long time in one place, and for six months Ada must be out of England, if not more. We're as happy as ever here, and she's nearly all right. We hope for long walks next week. Weather chancey at present.

We must certainly see you at Netherton or Wingstone this summer.

Our love to you both.

J. G.

*[From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds]*

June 29, 1923.

HOTEL CRISTALLO.

MY DEAREST MABS,—We had a very good journey to Innsbruck, which was looking as sweet as pie. Next day, on here, by train over Brenner to Franzensfeste (now Fortezza!) along the Pusterthal to Toblach (Dobbiacco). There the little car of the hotel met us, and the driver and the son of the house were all smiles and welcome, and whisked us off here in 40 minutes. It was a pretty cold evening, and I buried my nose! . . .

Jack is splendidly well, and writing with great gusto; he always found this a good place for work. His usual program is: Writing from 9.15 to 11.30, then we go out for an hour's stroll; lunch 12.30, a little lazy afterwards, walk from 2 or 2.30 till tea at 4.30, writing again till after 6, then letters and newspapers arrive, and all is chaos till 7.30 dinner. Sometimes he gets some tennis from 5.15 to about 6.30. Most of the guests are English, not immensely "repaying" nor very fatiguing, 'cause we don't let them be! It's a biggish hotel, but we are only about 50 at present; when schools finish and heat begins it will be very different.

We intend to stay till July 21st, motor to Meran and stay one night, then motor next day to Landeck, where we pick up a train to Zurich, and after a change of train come straight home, via Bâle, Laon. . . .

Very much love from us both, and to you all.—Ever your devoted,

ADA.

This is a Saint's day, and oh! the lovely old church bells! The campanile here is a dear, though not grandiose.

On their return they duly went to Manaton—for the last time; and the following letters tell the story of the next month or two. Now comes the fulfilment of that warning which was mentioned in a very early chapter. Galsworthy had been cautioned by his brother that, at his age and with his short sight, it was surely rather dangerous to play cricket, as he might get a bad knock. And within a few days he was hit over the heart by a ball at practice, with quite unpleasant consequences.

[*To Dorothy Easton*]

Aug. 14, 1923.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST DOROTHY,—A thousand thanks for your letter, and the most delightful and convincing embroidery for shoes I've ever seen. What a swell I shall be! It is too sweet of you to give all that time to making my feet beautiful. I'm so glad you're having a cricket success. You will become a kind of fairy god-mother, and immortalizer of Kentish cricket.

Here we've had some good games. Beat Bovey Tracey Junior, and Moretonhampstead, and got beaten by Newton Y.M.C.A. I wish straight bowling didn't paralyse me. On Friday my cricket week begins. At present I seem to have quite a crop of little ills, so what I shall be like after it I don't know. Otherwise I'm very well, and so is Auntie. The Freelanders drive up with us, starting to-morrow. We go through Honiton, Dorchester, Lyndhurst (New Forest), Winchester, and Farnham, Guildford (two days), sleeping at Lyndhurst.

I hope work goes well. I do nothing but revise just now, though I got on pretty well in the Tyrol.

Our best love to you.—Yours always affectionately, J. G.

At first the accident seemed trivial:

My cricket week is bust. I got a knock at practice and have been laid up. Nothing to worry about, but enough to stop my playing. So here we are still. We may or may not come up about Thursday, but only for a perch at G. L., because if we do come up I at least must go to Barrie's for the week-end (Worcestershire) and we must be back here for the Masefields on Aug. 30 at latest.

But things turned out to be not quite so simple:

WORLD FAME

[*To Dorothy Easton*]

Aug. 30, 1923.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST DOROTHY,—Thank you for your letter. That sounds a delightful present for Lily. You are quite a genius at embroidery. I am much better these last three or four days. In fact, if only my temp. would cease to go up about 6.30 for three or four hours, I should be down and out. As it is I'm kept up in my room. But the other symptoms are clearing up well, and I feel much more myself. The temperature does linger on in these cases.

Auntie has been an angel of a nurse, and has borne up well on the whole.

The weather here is broken—sometimes sunny—sometimes very wet. And the corn, of course, in parlous condition—just on the point of being saved or lost, according.

You seem to have gained a victory all along the line. Congratulations.

Our best love,

J. G.

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

Sep. 1, 1923.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—It was good to hear you have found a good new mountain haunt. Ada knew Luchon of old, and liked it—and this, I gather, is Super-Luchon. We've been distressed to hear, through the Masfields, who were here last night, of poor dear Darragh—*so very sorry*. As to ourselves and movements I think our best chance of meeting now will be at Grove Lodge between Sep. 19 and Oct. 7th.

I've been toying with what some calls Cystitis, others Pyeritis, others Nephritis—anyway something lingering and unpleasant, which has only become quietitis in the last two days. To-day I'm down—my temperature having ceased to vibrate, with other signs of clearance. But I'm weak, and got to guard against chills and so forth.

We note from Helen's letter that you've pitched on an Algerian hotel. We have had good accounts of that place before. Let us know when you come back.

I hope William Archer will be coming to us for a few days.

Our love to you both.—Always yours,

J. G.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

[To Dorothy Easton]

. . . I progressed rapidly till last Thursday afternoon, then had a little set-back from which I'm pulling up again—a nuisance, the whole thing, and the end, I'm afraid, of cricket for me. Well, it was foolish, at my age. Manaton has won 5 out of the last 7 matches.

Lovely weather here lately.

Auntie is being inoculated with her own vaccine. I hope to God it will work. My book *Captures* comes out on the 15th. You will get your copy, but there is little you haven't read, except the last story.

Our best love to you.

J. G.

If all's well we come up on the 21st and 22nd motoring, for good and all.

In September *Captures* came out and was well received.

[From Joseph Conrad]

23.9.23.

OSWALDS.

MY DEAREST JACK,—The vol. of your stories arrived while we were over in Havre arranging for John's stay with the family of the Rev. M. Bost to learn French by "forced practice." This explains why I didn't write before.

Thanks, my dear fellow. It is a jolly good handful. Some of them I've seen before in Mags.—but not many. For instance the *Late*—299 was quite new to me. And so was *Feud*. The one I like best is *Philanthropy*. Terrific! Indeed the little sheaf of pages 176-216 is my favourite of the shorter pieces; of the longer I fancy most all from p. 235 to the end. I see *The Times Suppl.* reviewer selected *The Hedonist* to hang some rather inane verbiage on . . .

[From E. V. Lucas]

Nov. 7, 1923.

78 BUCKINGHAM GATE.

MY DEAR JOHN,—As I much prefer slices of life to symmetrical arrangements I like your book greatly, but I guess you will disappoint the regular short-story reader. *Had a Horse* is splendid, but what a murky curtain that is of which you lift a corner! I shall never bet again except on the "Classics." *Virtue* might have

been called "The Death of Candour" or "The Drills of Secrecy." What a terrible life that fellow and his wife have before them! I hope you are going to make a pamphlet out of *The Times* articles.

I wonder where you are? The sun is with you, I trust.—  
Yours, E. V. L.

His own comments were: "*Captures* has a notice too in *The Times Literary Supplement*, which seems to me very just and kind. I *have* lost fervour." And again: "People seem to take it better than I thought they would."

His publisher wrote:

I sent Edmund Gosse a copy of *Captures* out to Evian-les-Bains. He writes me this morning as follows: "*Captures* is a very remarkable production. I have not met with such an excellent volume of short stories for a long time either in English or even in French. Galsworthy is unquestionably our best living (and producing) novelist. Of course, there must be inequality, and the stories are not of uniform importance, but the rule and not the exception is excellence. If you have an opportunity you might tell Galsworthy how highly I think of his book," which I hereby do.

. . . I told you in my last letter we were reprinting *Captures*. We published the book on the 13th, and we have just begun on the last thousand.

By the time the publication of the Manaton Edition of his work began, in October, the Galsworthys were back at Hampstead.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

Oct. 11, 1923.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—The first two volumes of my Manaton Limited Edition have gone to you at Netherton. The others (21 all told) will follow two by month. I trust they will not strain your bookcase capacity beyond bearing. It seems an awful infliction—forgive me.

We'll hope to see you. Here we are—in nearly all the time.

I'm nearly all right. Ada is poor-poor, with the bronchial cloud. It's grievous.

Our love to you both,

J. G.



THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

At the beginning of November the Galsworthys set out for Teneriffe; but, in spite of intentions, they never reached it.

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

Nov. 21, 1923.

REID'S PALACE HOTEL,  
FUNCHAL.

DEAREST MAB,—As you see, we are still lingering at Madeira, but go on (unless very rough) on Monday. Ada is distinctly better this last week. This hotel is excellent, and the island very pleasant and lovely. Barring our previous arrangements, we might have stayed here longer. The climate, of course, is slack, but very sunny. Our room stands about 200 feet above the sea with a wide view over it due South. I have been writing steadily, so far. We have not done any excursions, because Ada has not really been fit for motoring in the open. She enjoys the mule-drawn "carros" and, by walking alongside, I get all the exercise I want.

We were lucky to get away when we did, judging by the written accounts that reach us. I hope all goes well with you all. Many blessings and much love.—Your loving, J.

Ever so many thanks for your wire of birthday wishes, just received. A. AND J.

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

Nov. 28, 1923.

REID'S PALACE HOTEL.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—As you see, we haven't yet reached Teneriffe; but we're rather expecting to get off by an Italian boat to-morrow (unless the Canaries are in quarantine, as a newspaper report here says—probably with complete and unblushing effrontery and falsehood). The islands do not love each other.

Madeira is charming (good for wheezing and so on, but bad for the liver). The people pleasant, the hotel good. If you do think of coming to Teneriffe, they say there are some very good Spanish boats running from Barcelona (perhaps even from Marseilles first) in two or three days to the Canaries.

Grand Hotel Taoro,  
Teneriffe (which is Orotava)

is our address, and the best hotel in the island, they say.

The rains have been falling, and the weather stormy of late,

but better to-day, and after the rains have once come the weather is uniformly good till March or so.

Wherever you go, our blessings attend you both. Ada is bronchially ever so much better, but not uplifted yet; I doubt if this Madeira climate could do that for her or anyone.

Our love to you both,

J. G.

[*To Professor Murray*]

REID'S PALACE HOTEL,  
FUNCHAL.

Dec. 2, 1923.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I expected somehow that your family would hide away from you that deleterious stuff.

As you see, your letter reaches us after a long chase. Our destination was the Canaries, but we are declining and falling off on Lisbon, or rather Cintra, where they say there is some spirit in the climate. Madeira is very charming, but, like all islands, bad for the liver, even though you don't drink the wine.

I am sorry I couldn't answer your wire about the deputation, for it has only just reached me, having gone to the Canaries.

A short sea holiday to Lisbon will do you a great deal of good, especially if you can get William Archer to accompany you. We will have a revolution got ready for you.

Our affectionate greetings to you all.—Yours always, J. G.

The news of the death of Meggie Albanesi—the young actress of exceptional ability and promise who had created parts in several of his plays—came as a shock:

[*To Mr. Shelley*]

HOTEL ESTRADA,  
MONT ESTORIL,  
PORTUGAL.

Dec. 21, 1923.

DEAR MR. SHELLEY,—You must have thought me a barbarian, indeed, not to have answered your most welcome kind letters before, but I only got them yesterday, for we never went to Teneriffe, but came here instead. Except for delay in getting pleasant mail like yours we are glad of our decision, for this climate—in fine weather, and so far it has been fine—is ideal, and my wife is more or less herself again. We have been dashed and grieved by the news of poor little Meggie's death—a great loss to

the stage, and to all who knew her—to yourself, no doubt, more than most. Who can replace her?

What you say of *Windows* is very grateful to its author. It is one of those plays, however, which defy casting, and will always seem more in the study (or steamship lounge) than they will on the stage. The actor whom I had in mind for Mr. Bly—poor Dodd, died a few months before the play was produced. Meggie ought to have played Faith, Nicholas Hannen Mr. March.

I wrote the play at Santa Barbara, and I enjoyed writing it—that's why you liked reading it. But I always realized that out of the ordinary audience it would not be "the money" of seventy per cent., including most of the critics. The philosophy leaps so little to the minds of most folk.

I shall write to you again when I've read *Mutualism* and the play, which I'm very glad to have.

My wife joins me in cordial wishes for Xmas and New Year.—  
Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

At Estoril they stayed till towards the end of February, Galsworthy still helping and advising Mottram over the publication of *The Spanish Farm*. Then they moved to Biarritz, whence Galsworthy paid a flying visit to London to superintend a rehearsal or two, Barrie holding the fort in the intervals.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

Feb. 25, 1924.

HOTEL ESTRADA,  
MONT ESTORIL, PORTUGAL.

DARLING MABS,—It was very good to get your long newswful letter. You may be seeing Jack not so long after you read this. We were to have journeyed to Biarritz to-day, but I developed some bad neuralgia, and, our one aim nowadays being to avoid worse befallings, we postponed the journey till Friday next, arriving there early Saturday, whence he will run over to London for a few last rehearsals of the play; but I doubt if he will stay for the first night, for, you remember, he has got into a habit of avoidance thereof, even when he is in residence! But I am profoundly glad he is going to run an eye over the production; I was getting more uneasy and conscience-stricken than I can say about the casual way we had abandoned *The Forest*. The novel has been finished some time ago, and begins to "run" in the April *Scribner*. . . .

With very much love to you all from us both.—Ever your devoted,

ADA.

[From Sir James Barrie]

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
STRAND, W.C. 2.

Feb. 26, 1924.

MY DEAR G.,—Glad to have your letter, which has just arrived. I hope Ada will be sufficiently well to enable you to get across with an easy mind, but in any case I am writing Dean asking him to send me a copy of the play, telling him what you say and that I shall be very delighted to attend rehearsals from this Friday onwards. From what he has told me he thinks all is going very well . . . his latest acquisition is a black man whom he thinks wonderful in a scene where the black discovers a white man dead. The girl is Miss Baddeley (?) who played the young girl in *The Likes of Her*, and certainly there I thought she had promise of being quite a remarkable actress . . . with a suggestion of Meggie Albanesi and Mrs. P. Campbell. I would begin tomorrow, but have to go to Liverpool to give away the prizes at the school of which my niece is headmistress.

My love to Ada. She is the important thing. If you don't come I'll keep you informed.—Affectionately, J. M. B.

*The Forest* was duly produced at the St. Martin's Theatre on March 6th; Galsworthy, according to his custom, was not present, having returned to Biarritz. This impressive play did not meet with much success. Only one critic went so far as to call it a bad play, but hardly anybody called it a really good one. The general complaint was that the story was needlessly complicated, and the whole not clearly enough worked out. And there was possibly a certain degree of disconcertion at the delineator of board-meetings and courts of law venturing so far afield as the African jungle: as one critic put it: "But it was curious fare to come from the pen of John Galsworthy." The only voice raised unequivocally in its favour was that of Horace Shipp—and that in a letter to the press, and not in a critique. One is tempted to wonder to what extent *The Skin Game* and *Loyalties* may have stood in the light of their successors by establishing a type to which Galsworthy must thenceforth conform for commercial success. It seems significant that only with *Escape*, which does conform thereto with its strong and direct narrative element, did he subsequently make such a hit. *The Roof*, it may be added, also conforms; but by the time of its production in 1929 the reaction against Galsworthy's enormous reputation and popularity all over the world had already set in in

some quarters, where his name alone was sufficient to ensure a "slating." Besides, peculiar circumstances attended that production, as will in due course be told. As for the general public, the present writer, recalling his own impressions of the very vivid original presentation of *The Forest*, would suggest that the tension and brutality of the two middle acts might have been too strong fare for the ordinary theatre-goer, as well as offending the Builders of Empire, while the cynicism of the ending—more pronounced even than in the case of *Strife*—sounded unpleasantly in ears accustomed to sentimental platitude or to flippant revolt. He remembers, too, Galsworthy standing with him at the corner of Regent Street and Vigo Street one afternoon after lunch, about the end of the run, and saying, with a certain bitterness: "I give them something new—a play with only one woman in it, and practically no love interest—and they won't have it." This was the only flash of personal bitterness this writer ever witnessed. But J. G.'s natural philosophy and equanimity soon reasserted themselves:

[To H. Granville-Barker]

GRAND HOTEL,  
BIARRITZ.

April 15, 1924.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I owe you two letters, like the lazy dog I am. This carries belated thanks for both. Sir, you are kind to me and say nice things, and I purr. Max sent me a charming caricature entitled "Breezy Jack of Biarritz." If it's ever shown I shall be that to my dying day; unless the unco-bad change it to "Windy Jack." I resemble Charlie Beresford in it.

We certainly do like this place, though weather of late (bar yesterday, which was divine) has been discomfortable enough to bring back a certain wheeze in a certain quarter. We intend, however, moving on to Paris on the 20th and invading England on April 29th. (In France one naturally uses strategic language.) When do you come townwards again?

About *The Forest*, which I've only seen in dress rehearsal—I fancy the real trouble was that the story was so intricate, in a way, that I couldn't properly develop the characters who have to tell it. I think the *theme* has a lot of merit, and, given all the difficulties, the play is not so bad. But I think the machinery *does* let out the due excitement.

I was really greatly interested by Helen's *Ada*, a thoroughly genuine piece of work.

*Don't* read my *White Monkey* in Nash or Scribner—wait for the book.

Our love to you both, and bless you. Come and see our Grove Lodge as soon as you can after May 1st.—Your always affectionate,  
J. G.

Conrad wrote warmly:

OSWALDS, BISHOPSBOURNE,  
KENT.

DEAREST JACK,—I feel compunctions not having written before about *The Forest*—a piece of work to which I came with the greatest interest. But for most of the time I was not able to hold a pen, and dictating is odious work. So I put it off—waiting for better days.

Anyway it is a fine thing. Never since *Strife* had there been such a first act! I can say no more! As to the audacity of any man attempting to put the Darkest Africa on the stage, the mere thought of it gave me a retrospective shudder. The remoteness of the two would have made me dizzy, and I would have funk'd the mere sound of the names you use with such impunity. In fact, on reading all this seemed to me marvellously atmospheric; an impression which was confirmed by Hugh Clifford, who, directly on his arrival from Nigeria, went to see the play [*the letter ends thus abruptly*].

The Galsworthys remained at Biarritz till late April, returning to Grove Lodge on the 25th. They had now no Wingstone to which to retreat, and it was over two months before they left London again. It need scarcely be added that the principal occupation of these uneventful months was work. He also, however, spoke at the Centenary Banquet of the R.S.P.C.A. on June 25th, and made a fresh drive on behalf of the P.E.N. Club:

[*To Professor Murray*]

June 9, 1924.

GROVE LODGE,  
HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I feel the time has come to make another appeal to you to show your sympathy with the *international friendliness between writers* which is the aim of the P.E.N. Club. This affair is growing all the time—nineteen centres now. Over 300 members in the London Centre including most writers who

count abroad. International gatherings every year. Our dinners are only the machinery of the movement, and you need never attend them. Your name is important to us, and I really beg you to give it to us. Will you let me tell the Committee that you will belong? Nothing but one guinea a year will be asked of you, unless, of course, you wished to take active part. I don't want to feel any longer that *the* people who really sympathize with this great aim are still standing aside. Do say "Yes."—Yours always,

J. G.

We are just sending out an invitation to Arnold Toynbee and Rosalind from the Committee.—J. G.

YATSCOMBE,  
BOAR'S HILL,  
OXFORD.

June 11th 1924.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I am most surprised to hear that I am not a member of the P.E.N. Club. It looks like a ray of common sense amid the ruling clouds of international amity in which I normally welter. However, we must close it up; nothing like consistency. I enclose you a guinea, and have already prepared Rosalind's mind for a similar step. By Jove, you will hate foreigners when you've been president of that club for a few more years! I can't see why they were ever made, except to give trouble—not that they are any worse than Americans and Colonials and English, if it comes to that.—Yours ever,

GILBERT MURRAY.

[From Sir Edmund Gosse]

June 16th, 1924.

17, HANOVER TERRACE,  
REGENTS PARK, N.W. 1.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I was asked to the very first meeting of the P.E.N., but declined as I was told Romain Rolland (my peculiar red rag) was coming. I believe that he did not come. Moreover the 93 "Es ist nicht wahr's" stick in my gizzard. But I yield to your kind persuasion, *for your sake* wholly.—Yours very sincerely,

EDMUND GOSSE.

[From G. B. Shaw]

9th June, 1924.

AYOT ST. LAWRENCE,  
WELWYN, HERTS.

WHITEMAILER!—Very well. I will go quietly. It's your doing, though. But I will not face the recurrent irritation of a guinea a year. Here is twenty guineas for a life subscription

(I am 68). If they won't accept that they can make me an honorary member, and be d——d to them.

Mrs. Dawson Scott had better disclaim responsibility for this, or she will be sacked. They will conceal their dismay from you. However, I am not likely to molest them. I have no objection to receiving the notices; in fact I like to know what these institutions are doing, especially when I am in a measure responsible for their vagaries.

My objection to the Club as presented to me by Mrs. D. S. has always been that literary men should never associate with one another, not only because of their cliques and hatreds and envies, but because their minds inbreed and produce abortions. After my first lunch at the Savile Club in 1876, or thereabouts, I swore that I would avoid literary circles as plague areas; and I have never regretted it. The average literary man always disliked me intensely; and I suffered him as kindly as I could; but it was useless to try to hobnob with him. Now that I am no longer a rival contemporary but a doddering old panjandrum and a hero of letters, this does not matter so much; but I shall not change my habits. It is on the international basis, not the prandial one, that I succumb to your decree of Compulsory Service.—Ever,

G. B. S.

About this time several fresh honours fell to him. He was elected President of the Birmingham University Dramatic Society, and was offered an honorary Litt.D. by Yale—the latter perforce declined as he could not go to America to receive it. He was President for 1924 of the English Association; his excellent address, *On Expression*, was later published. He gave it again at Dundee in early June, staying with the Rev. Dr. Adam Ferguson and his family—most attentive hosts. July and most of August were spent at Broadway and Cortina, whence J. G. wrote on August 12th to his sister, mentioning the loss of a very old friend :

. . . All is well with us; and we have had good walks—four to five hours is about the limit now; but that's quite enough for me when one tops it with an hour and a half's tennis. I've finished a play, which was about half done when we came out, and written a quite short story. . . .

Conrad's death is a grief to us. He died of heart failure suddenly last Sunday week.

I dread speaking of Ada's health, but, *touching wood*, it is good just now—bless her.



Our dearest love to both the tall infants and yourself.—Yours  
lovingly, J.

By August 22nd they were back at Grove Lodge, which they did not leave till their departure for the winter over two months later.

In October the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University wrote offering him the appointment of Rede Lecturer for the coming year. Galsworthy, however, gratefully declined, as he was anxious to begin a novel. "I find the writing of a lecture or address terribly difficult," he added; "and I'm afraid that it would completely spoil my power of concentration on the novel."

Meanwhile the time was approaching when he was to appear once more before the public in both his literary capacities. On October 21st *The Stoic* at last found his way on to the stage in *Old English*, a dramatic version of the story from *Five Tales*; and nine days later appeared *The White Monkey*, the first instalment of the second Forsyte Trilogy, *A Modern Comedy*.

The day before the production came a note of good wishes from Barrie:

20 Oct., 1924. ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
STRAND, W.C. 2.

MY DEAR G.,—May all go beautifully to-morrow night. Regardless of all my rules of life and conduct, I am to be in a box, just because it is your play. Rather nice if it and my Cinderella were going simultaneously. My love to Ada, and may we meet soon.—Yours,  
J. M. B.

There was a remarkable and quite unusual unanimity about the Press reception. By a portentous coincidence *The Times* and *The Manchester Guardian* actually employed the same sentence: "*Old English* is not so much a play as a portrait." This note was echoed throughout, and almost every one proceeded to add that, except for that portrait, the play was dull. The opening board-room scene was widely, and the second act practically universally, condemned, in particular the small boy in that act. Almost the only laudatory notice was that of *The Daily Telegraph*:

. . . that Mr. Galsworthy made of this a story of distinction was not surprising; that he has now written a play matching it upon the same theme is a very different matter. It is a brilliant and

unexpected achievement. That the play will have a very wide appeal we should hesitate to prophesy; but that there will be a large number of people to whom it will appeal most deeply is, we should say, certain. . . . The play had a splendid reception.

On the whole, it is only fair to admit, in the words of an American paper:

Although *Old English* (produced in London in October 1924 and in New York the following December) had a rather cold reception from the critics as a play, the splendid acting respectively of Norman McKinnel and George Arliss in the title role was loudly acclaimed. Had not Galsworthy given them a wonderfully drawn character, two such contrasted actors could not have made probably the hits of their respective careers as this "grand old sinner" (the last words of the play).

(All the same, the play had an extremely lengthy run "on the road.")

*The White Monkey*, meanwhile, had been appearing as a serial—a profitable though unsatisfactory method of procedure. Galsworthy used always to urge this writer not to read him in serial form<sup>1</sup>; and, characteristically, would answer the objection that one simply could not wait till publication by lending a copy of the typescript to be read in advance. Characteristic, too, is the following letter, evidently in reply to one pointing out that the naming of Fleur Mont's Pekinese after their national Sage was likely to give offence in China:

[To the Rev. John Hedley]

June 11, 1924.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was good of you to write to me. I am extremely sorry about this matter. I have directed that "Confucius" shall be changed to "Chinese dog" in the rest of the serial; and the name altered altogether in the volume. You see, I chose it as a typical piece of youthful irreverence—*The White Monkey* being a picture of modern youth in all its irreverence; and it never occurred to me that the book would reach China, where a subtlety of this sort would not be grasped. I am truly grieved, and would I could retrieve the copies which have gone so far.

<sup>1</sup> And cf. the letter to Granville-Barker of April 15th, 1924, pp. 542- .

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

The last thing I would wish to do is to hurt the feelings of the Chinese, for whom I have a great admiration.

With cordial regards.—I am very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The history of *The White Monkey* was detailed in a letter:

[To Mrs. Chichester]

December 17th, 1924.

GIRGENTI,  
SICILY.

DEAR MRS. CHICHESTER,—Thank you for your interesting letter which I have only just received, for, as you see, I am travelling.

It is very pleasing to learn that you and your literary Club are sufficiently interested in my work to be giving it detailed study. You will perhaps like to hear exactly where *The White Monkey* was written. It was begun in my house at the top of Hampstead on the very border of London in November 1922. Rather more than the first part was written there by the end of May 1923; the second part was finished at Cortina in the Italian Tyrol in June and early July; and the third part was written in Madeira, in November, and at Mont Estoril, Portugal, in December 1923. You see, a writer has only to take pen and ink and his head about with him.

It's very simple, so long as you have a head to take; at present I have none, so you must please forgive my sending you so curt and empty an answer to your requests.

I wish you and your Society every good thing, and am, very faithfully yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

It is dedicated to Max Beerbohm, who made warm acknowledgment, writing that he was greatly "touched and pleased and honoured," and adding:

It seems about a hundred years since first I met you at a supper given in some restaurant by Lawrence Irving. I liked you so much at once; and that feeling has been cumulative ever since, at our every subsequent meeting. We are neither of us people who wear their hearts on their sleeves: we wear them in the regulation British place, somewhere behind the ribs. But (though no match for you in penetration) I have often been pleased to guess that you rather liked me. And now I am still more pleased at knowing this for certain.

The snap and sparkle of its opening chapters came as a disconcerting surprise to many readers, who had not expected this sort of thing from Galsworthy, and, moreover, were still hankering after the old Forsytes of the *Saga*, all now extinct. The usual questions were raised as to whether Galsworthy could delineate modern young people truthfully. Thomas Hardy, however, had no doubts:

[*From the Hardys to the Galsworthys.*]

30th Oct., 1924.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have heard of a Green Dragon (there is one a mile from here), I have heard of a Red Lion (one 5 miles off), and of a Black Bear (8 miles away), but I have never before met with a White Monkey. This means that your kind gift has come, and I write to acknowledge it before you go abroad, which I believe you are on the brink of doing.

We hope that Mrs. Galsworthy is better, and that all will go well: also that you are not driven "frantical" (as they say here) by the elections.—Ever sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

3rd Nov., 1924.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR MRS. GALSWORTHY,—We so hope that you are really better. Helen Granville-Barker tells us that you are soon going southward to find sunshine. I hope it will make you well. This has been such a depressing autumn.

I am reading aloud to my husband *The White Monkey*, and you may be surprised to hear that it seems to hold him more than any of Mr. Galsworthy's other novels—much as he has liked them. He always says he cannot understand clever modern young people, so I thought the first chapters might bewilder him—but he said he liked them and that they were Congreveian. He began well by being tremendously interested in the monkey on the wrapper, and wondered what it meant.

He took the book to bed so that he might read some of it himself, if he were wakeful—the first time I have ever known him to have a novel by his bed: Wordsworth, Shakespeare, the Psalms and books of that kind being kept there as a rule.

Of course it is a very beautiful story. I am longing now for another one—about you.

Yesterday three of the "Hardy" players—who are going to give *Tess* very soon—called for us unexpectedly and asked us to go

with them to the old Manor House at Wool, where the scene of Tess's confession is laid—and they rehearsed it there—Tess, Angel and Alec—in the room where it was supposed to have taken place.

The farmer's wife, and her little rosy-faced brood looked on with round eyes, absolutely awed. I wondered what the poor children made of it all. The beautiful old Manor House looked very fine in the November sunlight—though it is now terribly decayed. But any kind of renovation would spoil it all.

I wish I could have gone to the P.E.N. Club dinner to-morrow, but find it impossible to leave.

With our most affectionate greetings to you both, and again thanking Mr. Galsworthy for his splendid book.—Yours affectionately,

FLORENCE HARDY.

P.S.—T. H. did so like the deathbed scene of George.—F. H.

[From William Archer]

3rd Nov., 1924.

THE REFORM CLUB.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I am within a few pages of the end of *The White Monkey*, and can perhaps tell you better in writing than *viva voce* what I think of it. Undoubtedly it is one of the best things you have done—perhaps the very best. It is supple and vital from end to end—prick it at any point and it bleeds. Intensely modern, but never journalistic or ephemeral. Both technically and intellectually a masterpiece. To call it the best thing I have read for years is not to say much, for, as you know, I am a *parcus fabularum cultor et infrequens*; but if there were many books as strong and distinguished as this, I should doubtless mend my ways.—Love to Ada and *à demain*.—Yours always,

W. A.

Meanwhile at the end of October there had fallen on the Galsworthys a heavy blow—the death of his sister Lily Sauter. Through all the years she had been the dearest and most valued of sisters and friends; with her natural quickness, sweetness, and sensitiveness, and her intelligent and comprehending interest in all forms of art and thought, she had been very much a part of their lives. And now, suddenly, that gracious sympathetic presence was, with scarce a warning, withdrawn. It was with this grievous loss still vivid in their hearts that they went abroad,

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

Oct. 30, 1924.

GROVE LODGE.

VERY DEAR HARLEY,—Thank you so much. Yes, it is a grievous stroke. We knew of no danger till the Sunday, and on the Monday she just flew away. No pain, no consciousness of danger. Just gave out. A merciful end.

Please thank dear Helen for her kind letter and believe me.—  
Always affectionately, J. and A. G.

[*To Professor Murray*]

Nov. 17, 1924.

MERANERHOF,  
MERANO.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Thank you so very much. It's a great grief. We are out here for some weeks, and then probably move into North Africa. It's beautiful here, but freezing hard, and we came here to avoid cold.

I, too, am glad you are not in Parliament. It's a sink—of what, I'm not quite sure, but certainly a sink.

I don't think Liberalism will ever really recover as a Party; and it seems to me the Liberal can now do more good by shading off the Tories and Labour towards that middle point which the Liberal Party now represents. In other words by putting a wholesome drag on the mentality and views of both sides. Heaven keep us from any revival of the three Party system. I'd rather have the Continental groups.

I'm trying to begin a novel.

Ada joins me in love to you both.—Always yours, J. G.

They were joined at Merano on November 19th by their nephew Rudolf Sauter and his wife. To him we are indebted for extracts from his diaries covering this and several other winter tours.

Left Verona 2.40, up valley of Adige via Botzen to Meran. Trains slow and late in starting with no reason. Italians have no idea of time. J. G. met us at station and missed us. What a wonderful greeting from them both. A. in bed still. Both so dear.

. . . The people of Meran are all most friendly and are as poles apart from the Italians. . . . The Tyrolese will go any lengths to assist you, especially if you talk German; to wit, the woman who confidentially recommended us to go over the way,

because the rival shop had better goods; or the little people who mended my painting-box and went on mending it because it always broke in a different place when they took it out of the vice. . . .

. . . Took picture in to A. and J. G. Said they liked it, but I soon saw J. G. was "taking a lunar"; and, on asking him, a discussion developed on the treatment of air. His argument was that no one nowadays could paint air, because people could not realize the difference between the ponderable and the imponderable. Air—sky—being of no substance, being in fact nothing, requires totally different technique from a substantial substance. "Look at the old Italians: no one has painted air like them." J. G. argued that a thick "method" was only legitimate in solids, but the sky must be flat, and advocated experiments in various mixtures of mediums to the end of differentiating sky and land. "That is your greatest weakness, old man. And while you are in Italy I should give your time to the study of skies."

On it being explained that the Italians painted in tempera he suggested using tempera for skies even in oil-painting. I said that the contrast would in my opinion be too great, and grow increasingly as time went on, and said I thought any method was legitimate provided one got the effect—rough or smooth. He argued (having a prejudice against rough painting) that no rough quality could ever give the effect of nothingness, and mentioned in support Segantini. V. said that people usually did not "feel" enough. And we all agreed, and J. G. remarked: "how can a man paint sun if he doesn't care if it is in or out? You can see how intensely the Italians loved it, and de Hoogh, Ver Meer, etc.

At the beginning of December they moved on to Rome, on their way south, and spent two busy days sightseeing, then started off on the twenty-hour journey to Syracuse.

7.30 Train for South. Sleeper. J. G. made us all very comfortable. It is perfectly wonderful to see him take care of A. on a journey—everything is made right, and each and every want attended to. A. travelled well, and we all enjoyed the journey excellently.

At Syracuse,

J. G. is full of plans to get away to the sun, Africa, S. Africa, and Egypt on the way, as the weather will not lift and clear, Always thinking of A. and what will suit her,

After a few days they moved on to Girgenti.

. . . The trains here are overstaffed to a degree. In Bicocca I counted twelve men, some in red caps, some in blue, some in black, and all with the same badge of officialdom, engaged in the shunting of one carriage, all giving orders and counter-orders and advice, though few, if any, appeared ever to have seen a train before.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

Dec. 10, 1924.

SYRACUSE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I've been meaning to write to you for weeks. We first spent nearly a month at Meran, which is charming, but my poor dear spent most of it in bed, getting a cold as soon as we got there. Then we were joined there by my nephew Rudo and his wife, and journeyed down (with a day at Bozen and two at Rome) here, where we've struck some of the most appalling weather I've ever lighted on. Sir, give me London!

Ada remains wheezy, so we are in low water, but we move on soon to

Hotel des Temples,  
Girgenti,

where, if the weather turns decent, we hope to spend a fortnight. After that a few days at Palermo, and then either Tunis and Algeria or Egypt, about Jan. 10.

We wonder if you've started for Paris, in case you have I'm sending this to Netherton to be forwarded.

My brother-in-law George Sauter joined us from Venice the day before yesterday. Do you know this place? The ruins (Greek theatre: Roman amphitheatre: and Quarries) are very excellent; but oh! for the sun! How dishevelled the South is without it! I try to write, but succeed poorly.

*On the Road with Wellington* and *The Constant Nymph* (both Heinemann) will well repay you. I'm just beginning Wickham Steed. I can't remember whether I wrote to thank you for your sympathy, dear man, before I came away. If not I do now.

Ada joins me in love to you both.—Always yours affectionately,  
J. G.

Mrs. Galsworthy wrote, *à propos* of this:

Jack has been the usual angel he always is in illness; I am more annoyed at my behaviour than I can say in taking up his time in



this rotten way, but of course there is no choice about it, and the tiny consolation is that he has a genius for nursing and does really enjoy coffee-making, milk-boiling and all such games.

[To Dorothy Easton]

HOTEL DE FRANCE,  
PALERMO.

Dec. 28, 1924.

DEAREST DOROTHY,—Thank you very much for your letter of Dec. 12. We are still at Girgenti, but leave on Dec. 31 for the above address for a week at least, after which it will be either Tunis and those parts, or Egypt.

Perfect weather the last three days, and I think Auntie is better; but her pipes are still wheezy, and we have rather chequered nights (poor darling).

I hope all goes well with you in the new existence; and that you had a good two days at Selborne.

Rudo and Vi are well and cheerful. Rudy makes good drawings. His father is with us still, but will not be coming on to Africa with us.

I am struggling with a sequel to *The White Monkey*, but get on slowly.

*The Constant Nymph* is the best novel by a woman for a long time.

Ralph Mottram has got the Hawthornden Prize for *The Spanish Farm*. His next book is even more interesting in my view.

Good luck to you both, and our love and best wishes for Xmas and New Year.—Your affectionate,  
J. G.

The diary resumes:

J. G. says: "there is nothing more deceptive in the world than the beautiful eye. It doesn't by any means go with goodness. You see it shining; and you know that underneath is a fund of roguery."

. . . Later walked round town with J. G. He does not like the smells and picturesqueness as much as we.

Walk with J. G. and talk about his article on prevention of cruelty to animals which he is writing for the *Munchener Neueste Nachrichte*. Packed. Queer how it is that on some days a person will notice all kinds of intimate little things of Nature, which on other days he will pass by without comment. J. G. was like that to-day, pointing out little flowers, a piece of coloured stem, a tint

of sky or a pale gray moth, as if writing of animals had put him into touch with all these things.

J. G. said he thought it was bad for a writer to begin too early. He must first have experience; then "break it down." Otherwise he won't have anything to write about. Experience must come first and force him to write, otherwise he will soon become self-conscious, and, once that self-consciousness is set—"you can't get rid of it."

Walk with J. G. Long talk arising out of a criticism of *The White Monkey* (from U.S.A.), talking of the "earnest strivings and questings of the modern generation." J. G. asked if I knew what the tendencies in art, etc., were, and whether there was anything new beyond the cult of motion in all arts; expressionism being as old as the hills (and inherent in all fine art of all ages, from the cave man who sought to draw the "inside" of a buffalo on the wall of a cave); and vibration being as old as Monet and the Post Impressionists. Certainly there is a striving after the "New"—but then "The New" is not enough in painting any more than in music, where "Newness" is as insidious as drink, each generation having to go a step further in dissonance to produce a like effect on ears more and more sated with discord. To me it seems that this conscious striving after novelty is bound to lead by over-emphasis to the grotesque. And J. G. thought that these modern tendencies were summed up in the word "Grotesque." I said I felt all art must spring from strong emotion, otherwise it becomes nothing more than a mathematical formula, and asked J. G. if he thought the lack of emotion usual nowadays to be wilful or *non poss.* He said: both. "All those people who've been through the war have had their emotional side strung up to such a pitch that partly they can't feel any more, and partly they don't want to. And then there's a good deal of the spoilt child about it. When they were children they got their own way with their parents, and that; and so they avoided emotional situations, which hurt; or, if they couldn't avoid them, refused to see" . . . and so they skated a good deal on the surface. Then came up the question of whether people had as much time, with their reduced incomes due to the war, as formerly, and J. G. said, on the whole, there was less idealism than formerly, but the curious thing was that Norman Angell (and his cult), who was a great idealist, should ever have thought war would be impossible because of the *commercial instinct*. . . . Spiritualism (interest in a better world to come); Doing the best one could to make the

world better—pure Humanism; What, then, were the new faiths with which the Younger Generation was busying itself and which should replace the old ones? Was it purely a destructive policy, a creed of annihilation of the older doctrines? Evidently J. G. thinks materialism in the ascendancy—"Have a good time" sort of spirit—if you can get it.

. . . J. G. read us the first sixty-five pages of the manuscript of *The Silver Spoon*. Great work, but will want just a trifle more pruning and incision—or so a first impression.

. . . Later J. G. read us the rest of his new novel right up to where he had finished that morning. Reads wonderfully (even from manuscript), and it's getting mighty interesting even without any blue pencil, which he is most careful to use freely on revision. It is indeed a treat to hear it, and, red-hot, while he is thinking it all out, all the more so.

. . . Strolled with J. G. and ruminated on the beauty of ships and how (according to J. G.), if one were a really good sailor, and had some work such as a writer's or painter's, it would be ideal to sail from place to place in a yacht. . . . Evening, J. G. read *Pickwick*. Delightful fun; how he enters into it, though he knows it so well.

From Palermo Galsworthy wrote sadly about the death of William Archer:

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

HOTEL DE FRANCE,  
PALERMO.

Jan. 11, 1925.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—Thank you for yours of Dec. 28. It is difficult to realize that we will never see that staunch and upright presence again. We had grown very fond of him these last ten years. The last letter I wrote him was urging him to join us here, about six weeks ago. He is a real loss to all that is good in the world. Both Ada and I had been shocked by the change in his looks for some time past; indeed, since before we went abroad in November 1923 the change was beginning. I hope that it may be possible to publish his rationistic articles. I don't know if you saw them, but they were the best kind of humbug-demolishers. He was a most precious controversialist. You will both feel his loss terribly, I know. He was a true friend to us all. So far as I've seen the notices of his death, they have been quite inadequate; but I had the same feeling in the case of Conrad and of

Massingham—so I suppose it's usual to be disappointed where one feels affection.

We liked Girgenti but don't care for Palermo. Ada has been poorly here—rather better now. We hope to get away to Tunis on Jan. 20. Thence Hamman Meskoutine, Algiers, Figueir, and back to Algiers, thence to Montpellier (via Marseilles) in April, and so home towards the end thereof. Will you still be in Paris then; if so we'd stop off. Anyway I expect we must be in Paris early May for the P.E.N. International, which takes place there this year.

I do practically no work. I hope you can now do some; and we both hope you are well.

Ada joins me in love to Helen and yourself, dear man.—Always affectionately,  
J. G.

On January 20th they crossed to Tunis, whence, after four days' sight-seeing, they moved on to Constantine, and so to Algiers and Beni-Ounif. At the last named they experienced the coldest weather they had yet encountered, combined with sunshine so dazzling as to hurt the eyes. However, they stayed for over a fortnight. To this time belong the following notes:

J. G. says "Happiness is largely a matter of unself-consciousness; that is why wealthy people are seldom happy. They think too much (about it). It's deeds that make for happiness; and, answering a question of Vi's as to whether artists (of all kinds) were generally happy, J. G. said, 'I think that they're happy when they're doing their particular work, but on the whole I don't think it's a very happy life. And also it's partly proportion.'"

J. G. is reading *Pickwick Papers* aloud almost every night now.

The other day J. G. and I were talking of what was characteristic. He said "apart from the sand, it's the white buildings, palm trees, and colours due to radiation from sand."

J. G. at the time-tables again. Wants to go a week earlier than originally planned.

Come to conclusion with Vi that the atmosphere of Sicily is glowing and light and clear. But the desert is light and dreamy, softer and more shimmering, melting one colour into another. This is the difficulty, intense light combined with delicacy. Quite exasperatingly difficult. J. G., A. G. and Vi taking great trouble with my picture of gateway to try and help with composition. J. G., too, taking infinite amount of trouble in telling

me what is wrong—and suggesting things to put it right, and, in his usual practical way, going straight out to the root of the matter, measuring shadows and calculating their lengths and positions with me (as there are none near where I want them for my picture).

. . . Walk to see some hieroglyphics; some of them Berber (translated and purposing to state that a certain tribe passed that way), some undeciphered as yet, with cabalistic signs . . . and above, some animals which appeared older, as the lower writing showed yellow through the black weathering, whereas the animals (elephants, rams, giraffes? horses? etc.) are outlined in grooves and sometimes sunk over their whole surface, and have weathered *since* they were drawn. J. G. says they resemble both bushmen drawings and also those in caves in Spain and may be a link between the two.

Next day,

J. and A. G. went to animal rock and discovered three more animals: a leaping gazelle, a camel and a ?.

Again next day,

J. G. read further chapters of *The Silver Spoon*. Better and better.

Two days later they returned, via Oran, to Algiers, to get their passports renewed. "J. G." his nephew noted, "*will* tip so freely in spite of 10%." On the following day they proceeded, again via Oran, to Tlemcen. Here, in the Mosque of Sidi Ahmed Bel Hassan, a carved plaster mihrab, or altar-niche, drew their particular admiration:

. . . Later went with A. and J. G. to Mosque of Sidi Hassan again. One cannot tire of looking at the delicate work of the mihrab, with its exquisite touches of colour and marvellous workmanship. A. and J. G. both greatly impressed, and say it is the finest bit of Arab work they have seen. "The high-water-mark of Arab workmanship" (J. G.). He said, "what is it exactly which differentiates handwork from machine-work and gives it its character? Little irregularities, I suppose." . . . *Pickwick* getting better and better.

In a day or two, though none of the party were feeling well, they proceeded to Oudjda, where they had some trouble over passports, and so on to Fez "by car (one which had done 250,000 km.

in 2½ years, or 170 miles per day), starting at 10 to 8 A.M. and arriving 5 P.M." Here they spent a week.

. . . Afternoon, rain. With J. G. to Museum, viewing long Arab firearms manufactured in Fez up to thirty years ago, and through Jewish quarter, where it was curious to see so many unveiled pale women in Sabbath Jewish costume of long green plush reaching almost to the ground, and other things so different from Arab dress.

Wet, wet, wet! and the streets are like the farm lane at Wingstone. Drew, under cover, with my feet in the running gutter. Later: walk with J. G. and guide round El Bali. Chanting of Muezzin from little gallery. Sūks. Notaries. Narrow streets rushing with water. Only drainage in Fez is into main stream, running through bottom of valley . . .

On by car to Rabat, through Volubilis, Mulay Idris, and Meknes; and again two hundred miles more to Marrakech.

Minerva car, pretty good going, one or two narrow squeaks at over 40 m.p.h. J. G. kept us in fits with accounts of his last night's dinner with Lyautey, "Tino," and various other "Royalty." How they went round and round the garden in single file, creeping under the "plants," and how every now and then one would turn to him and say: "been long in Morocco?" in a peculiar voice, and he would murmur some answer. Then: "Staying long in Morocco?" Then: "Been long in Fez?" "been long in Fez?" And then another would begin: "Been long in Morocco?" . . . Also how Madame Lyautey came up to him and said, "I've read your books!"—"Which?"—"Oh, *Le Patricien* et *Le Rosaire*" (*The Rosary*) . . . Such is fame! And of another who came up and said, "I've read some of your books."—"Which?"—"Oh, that one that came out in *Nash's*."—"Which?"—"The one about a boy who went about France on a bicycle looking for a girl."—"Well, *The White Monkey* is coming out in *Nash's*."—"Yes, yes, that must have been it" (!).

At Marrakech the party spent nearly six weeks, sight-seeing and playing tennis.

J. G. says: "The standard in art is that which is best appreciated by the most perfect being."

. . . Discussed condition of England. J. G. very pessimistic. Thinks only way out is emigration and policy of back to the land. High wages, etc., due to England not being self-supporting.

Long talk after lunch with J. G., A. G., and V. about survival after death. J. G. thinks that there is little difference between the Yogi idea of transmigration, ending in final reunion with a universal "Principle," and the theory of instant loss of individuality and immediate absorption into the "universal" at death. "We all *want* to meet people again, I do as much as anybody, but I can't see what grounds there are for believing we do—and it would alter all our life if we did. . . ."

In the middle of April they at last left Marrakech, and, after a night at Rabat, made for Tangier by car. From Rabat he wrote to André Chevrillon:

HOTEL TRANSATLANTIQUE,  
RABAT.

March 6, 1925.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—After having been lost in the post for some three months, your admirable and welcome letter on *The White Monkey* reached me three or four days ago at Fez. I was delighted with its insight and sympathy, and felt very much at one with you in nearly all you said. As I say in my little preface to *The Man of Property* written at your niece's suggestion, the satirist in one swings automatically with the times, and cuts up the excesses of the Left just as in the past it attacked the excesses of the Right. I don't know, really, whether it's the artist or whether it's the satirist in one that clings to the middle of the road.

Here in this very wonderful Morocco one feels Westernism, especially in its exaggerations, very ugly. I'm afraid that the East is something of a whited sepulchre, but it is strangely graceful and enticing. We found Fez, of course, thrilling, but had poor weather. Here it is very pleasant. I am to dine with Marshal Lyautey to-night; am curious to see a man who has done so remarkable a work. To-morrow we go on to Marrakech, and hope to stay there three weeks, before making for Tangier and Spain. We stayed nearly three weeks at Beni-Ounif, and enjoyed the real Sun and its settings. Wonderful colour and light there, and the Figuig oasis very fine. Some interesting rock carvings of animals at the entrance there. I see the French geographers put them down as pre-neolithic. But I'm wondering. There's a camel among them which must, I think, have escaped their notice. Surely the camel was unknown in Africa till the Arab incursions.

I'm sorry to see in *The Daily Mail* (which is not synonymous with seeing the truth) that you are putting on regulations in France requiring tourists (even British) who stay more than a

fortnight to register and present the police with 5 photographs and pay 200 francs. This is a step in the wrong direction. I hope it won't be ratified. In spite of it, I hope very much we shall squeeze out a couple of days for Paris, and shall see you.

My wife joins me in all good wishes to you both. We do hope Madame is well again.—Always yours most sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The journey to Tangier proved highly eventful. They proceeded smoothly enough as far as the Spanish war zone; then their troubles began. A tyre went; then something went wrong with the car; ten more kilometres, and something else went wrong with the engine. Finally, they were left, listening to the Spanish shelling or bombing the Riffs, while a military salvage party was being collected from Arzila. As if this were not enough, when they did reach Arzila, at about four in the afternoon, they were informed that no cars were allowed through from that end of the zone after three, though—to make things more vexing—there was apparently no restriction at the other end. They were compelled, therefore, to “rough it” for the night at Arzila, which they did with considerable philosophy.

Next day, their car was sufficiently recovered to get them to Tangier, which seemed less attractive than Fez or Marrakech. Then, after an excellent crossing, to Algeciras, and so to Madrid.

From the train between Algeciras and Madrid:

The people at stations and lounging about, with their flat slav cheeks stretched like drums from cheekbone to angle of jaw (turned outwards a little), their dark brown hair, their faces capable of humour—so different from the North Africans—sombremos, and coats slung over one shoulder. . . . J. G. says a type to be met with in Wales and Cornwall, in Ireland and the West: an aboriginal race driven ever westward. . . .”

One night at Madrid, in which the Prado was all they found to interest them; and on to Biarritz, where Galsworthy's niece, who had been ill of a fever for two weeks at Marrakech, had a relapse.

J. G. began re-reading *The Silver Spoon* to us in the evening: What a reader! he would make the veriest balderdash amusing—and, as for this! why, it grips.

. . . J. G. read to near end of 2nd part. Closing up dramatically, very gripping. Grip of character, of problem, of inter-



weaving of material. In this book at last you see him championing his cause of England's good, openly—no longer the outsider! but the man deeply concerned.

So, via Paris, the party returned to London on the last day of April. For the next six months the Galsworthys hardly moved from Grove Lodge. The most important displacement was a two-day visit to Paris from May 20th to 22nd for the International P.E.N. Club gathering, during which he delivered a lecture at the Sorbonne to a most responsive and brilliant audience. Otherwise there were but a few days spent now and then on a short and infrequent "jaunt."

After the visit to Paris came an unpleasant bout of paratyphoid, which was surmounted, though a month later he nearly had a relapse.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

June 2, 1925.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Great charm and great fidelity, and beautiful painting is the only truthful verdict that can be recorded of your Brittany volume. A true poem in prose. I have been reading it since we got back, for I have had time, though not much brain. Indeed, we got back in the nick of time, and I have been in bed ever since. Fever left me two days ago, and now I'm as thready as an anchovy, though no longer as thirsty (if anchovies are what they make one). It was a relic of Morocco (paratyphoid) incubating away in me all this time. We pay, as usual, for luxuries.

It was a joy to see you in Paris. The welcome given us by you all was wonderful.

Ada joins in best greetings.—Always your affectionate friend,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

June 12, 1925.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—Thank you. I am nicely now, and after a few days at Littlehampton from Monday next shall, I hope, be quite all right. . . . Nasty thing, though, paratyphoid B, especially when complicated by jaundice, as it generally is. We're *not* going abroad till November, I hope. Do let's see you when you next come to Town. Love to Jack Hills if you see him again, and tell him time gets on and we never see him. Ada adds her love to mine for you both.—Always,  
J. G.

Meanwhile, on March 26th, the "assembled tales" had appeared in one volume, under the title of *Caravan*, and Galsworthy was at work on *The Silver Spoon*; his only appearance of the year with fresh matter was with *The Show*, produced by Basil Dean at the St. Martin's Theatre on July 1st. Its reception is described, *inter alia*, in this interesting letter:

[To André Chevrillon]

July 18, 1925.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—My spirit has been long wishful to answer your good letter of June 13, but my flesh has been kept therefrom by a multitude of hamperments. We have been very greatly grieved by your last news of a set-back in dear Madame Chevrillon's health. We do feel for you all so very much, and most earnestly hope that the complete rest is restoring her again.

So far our summer has been blessed by the sun, and I hope it is so with you. I am never quite happy without the sun. The news of Pétain's departure for Morocco confirms your view of the long and difficult task before you in Morocco. I have felt much as you have from the first, and I wish that they could see their way to grant autonomy to the Riff country. So age-long a record of independence merits confirmation even at some slight risk; and would be better commonsense than continuing a war for the sake of the word suzerainty. Of course Abdel-Krim is an able and ambitious fellow, and peace with him may not be possible. That's another matter, worth testing, however, by offer of real independence within fixed limits. I found your *Marrakech* most interesting, indeed fascinating, especially, perhaps, the chapters you spoke of.

One has, of course, a real admiration for Lyautey and the way he has carried out so terribly difficult a task. This Riff business must be bitter for him. I found that all the French officers I spoke to had a true admiration for the Berber "dissidents." It's an interesting race, that. I wish I could show you my nephew's drawings and type studies. Do let us know if by any chance you come to London before next November.

Here I'm afraid we are in for industrial trouble again before long. Coal! I should be glad to see the Government buy the royalty holders out at a low rate. Theirs is a precarious property as it is, and they ought to be glad to sell cheaply. But with our

present Government it's a matter of "principle" and regarded as the first ditch against "Socialism." Why can't politicians divest their minds of the idea that there is such a thing as a "principle" in politics; except those of being honest men and of doing their best for the country by all and any means.

I push on with my second novel about Fleur and Michael (who has gone into parliament); Soames is kept on his usual tenter-hooks.

My new play *The Show* was produced here about three weeks ago. Its theme is our modern love of sensation; and the Press, whose knuckles have been rapped (as was unavoidable), have done their best to "do it in." They have an *entente cordiale* with the hot weather, and the play is staggering. I should like it to recover, but I don't think it will. It seems to grip an audience all right; but since it starts with the morning after a suicide it's rather grim for July. By the way, did you see *The Beggar's Opera* when you were in London; it has been revived, and really is a perfect gem of cynicism, and English colour. The music (all old English tunes) puts to shame the modern stuff. It's worth paying a visit here to see, so perfectly sung and played—so original. As you know, it ran for three years, and looks now as if the revival would run another three. We've seen it, I think, ten times.

Ada is well and joins me in affectionate greetings to Madame and yourself; and please greet Pierre for me.—Always your most sincere friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

On July 8th Galsworthy took the Chair at the Second Annual General Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa, and on October 19th he gave his Presidential address as Honorary President of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh in the McEwan Hall, Edinburgh, under the title of *An Unlearned Address to Students*.

About the end of October he came across the work of Henry Williamson for the first time, and was very favourably impressed; characteristically, he wrote at once to say so, offering to be of help in any way he could. And indeed he went to much trouble in order to do so, as his correspondence shows. There was something almost touching in the business-like quality of his letters on such occasions: his anxiety to be of practical use was so plainly reflected in the way he "got down to it" at once, even in writing his offer of assistance. It is pleasant to add that the present instance formed

the beginning of a cordial friendship between the two writers, and that Galsworthy later stood godfather to Henry Williamson's son.

It was now November—time to be off and out of the mists and damp of England. This time the winter was to be spent in America. The party set out on the *Majestic* on November 4th, and reached New York on the 11th, twenty-four hours late.

We had a very rough crossing (wrote Mrs. Galsworthy from New Orleans), though we were not seasick. On one day the boat made her record *slow* time! The seas were so very heavy that they dared not drive her along, though she has the powerful engines of a battle cruiser, they say. We went on from New York the same afternoon after arrival, and had a very pleasant stay in Washington of several days. Then two days at Southern Pines, then one night (just for the sake of sleeping in a quiet bed) at Montgomery; then here.

At Southern Pines they lunched with James Boyd, the author, and an interesting discussion is recorded:

. . . J. Boyd said he thought the technique of novels and plays more than a man could master in one life-time, that of plays being peculiarly difficult in its restrictiveness. J. G. replied that he considered too much attention was paid by young writers to technique. That he just visualized the scenes in a play, his people talking, the way they sit, their gestures, their faces as much in his novels as in his plays. He cited the scene in *Fraternity* between Hilary and the model, which could be transported bodily into a play. Boyd thought the scene would depend on dramatic cumulation of scenes before. J. G. agreed, but thought difference with novel not so great. (Seemed to me that the difference in view was easily explainable by the difference in style of their two writings.)

"With plays," J. G. argued, "it is only a question of the 'fourth wall'; if you have a subject of sufficient dramatic interest, and visualize it powerfully enough, perfectly naturally, as if you were the fourth wall, you will be able to present it to others in the form of a good play. I worked for ten years at writing, and in the course of that time I had had a lot of experience in writing dialogue; then I wrote *The Silver Box*, and it was immediately taken by Shaw and Barker, controlling the Vedrenne and Barker affair, showing that it was not a bad play. Of course there are limitations in the

theatre (as to size and time), but these ought to impose their own technique automatically to any one with commonsense." . . .

Their objective was Tucson, where they settled down for a stay of some weeks. Riding, tennis, general sight-seeing, and an occasional minor ailment filled the time of the various members of the party—in Galsworthy's case, what time was left him by an almost uninterrupted series of lunches, dinners, and readings.

Mid-December found the party at Chandler, Arizona.

J. G. is much intrigued by the find of leaden crosses or swords in a lime pit near Tucson; these finds the Mormons declare substantiate their "faith," while wildest theories are current with regard to their origin. J. G. arguing from the occurrence of the words "Seine" and "Gaul," that they must be frauds, and not either Roman or Phœnician, as people claim. . . .

Afternoon, ride with J. G. Partly on desert, beautiful light. J. G. remarked: "*lovely the desert is where it borders on this,*" pointing to the fields, beyond a row of gold-gleaming cottonwoods, where frisions, seven or eight hundred head or so, crop the fat alfalfa. . . .

On the way back he asked suddenly: "what do you think the best and worst characteristics of the Americans?" I suggested warm-heartedness as the former, but he said he thought they were warm-mannered and cold-hearted. And went on:—

1. "Their desire to be first and get the best of everything." (Perhaps nationally a "good" characteristic, though I should put it down as bad.)

And (2): "Their passion for standardization." (I should have said "boosting.")

Evening, J. G. read *Treasure Island*. Wonderful to hear him enter into the old yarn and read with what gusto, laughing at himself when he makes a slip, and sometimes with great gravity making some delightful "slip" which sends us all into fits of laughter, to wit: the Jolly "Rogger," pronounced with such solemnity that we roll with enjoyment. Again, chanting the old Pirate song, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum," as if he were Captain Flint himself.

Evening, J. G. read *Loyalties* to guests of hotel. Mostly doddering stockfish. Extraordinary how difficult Americans find it to understand English as pronounced by an Englishman.

Painted A. G. [a portrait on which her nephew had been at work for some time]. J. G. and A. G. both pleased, and that is a great

thing in a portrait of A. G. . . . J. G. has been extraordinarily interested and good all through, interrupting his work to run in continually to criticize and give advice (which from him is so valuable), and patient when I disgruntle about it and complain of the lack of time.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

Jan. 21, 1926.

CHANDLER, ARIZONA.

DEAREST MAB,—Thank you so much for your good letter of Dec. 20. I'm addressing this to Maresfield Gardens in case you have left Kitzbühel. I do hope Owen and you had a good holiday there. I'm ever so grateful, dearest, for your labour on *The Forsyte Saga* and *The White Monkey*. It must have been a deadly grind. I recently had a fresh large cheque from Rheinhardt, which means, of course, that an equivalent has gone to Schalit. So that he is really getting substantial returns at last.

We leave here (Chandler) to-morrow and go to Redlands, California for nine days, thence to the Desert Inn, Palm Springs, California, which every one says is warmer than here. It can't well be drier.

Ada, though a bit inclined to thickness in the tubes, is well on the whole and has good nights, which is lucky, for we have frost or thereabouts nearly every night. Rudo has just finished painting a really delicious small full-length of her sitting in a chair with a back rather like a peacock's tail. It's highly successful. He has also oil-painted an Injun in his grandfather's war dress and done various drawings. In fact he has overworked and been rather done in these last days. Vi has been learning to ride. I have walked in a desultory way, and had some riding and tennis. We have been a few jaunts in beautiful scenery.

From Palm Springs Rudo and Vi will go up to San Francisco to stay with Curtis O'Sullivan, and then go to the Grand Canyon, where they will be for a month, and we shall join them there, and move on thence by way of Santa Fé (and the Pueblo Indian village) to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington and New York, sailing thence for home on the *Aquitania* on April 14th.

I hope you and Ronnie had a good time at Wingstone.

We all join in very best love to you all.—Your ever loving, J.

Towards the end of January (1926) they moved on to Redlands.

J. G., apropos the first page of *Pride and Prejudice*, which he read us while waiting for dinner to be served: "How lengthy and

stupid this all is! as if people ever *talked* like this. And critics call it sly humour! My idea of a novel is that such things ought only to be indicated by a phrase or two. Looking back as far as I can remember, people didn't *say* such things—it wouldn't hev been naice. And that was in the seventies."

Long talk with J. G. about science—he does not see much use in it (except in so much as it ministers to human comfort, and not even always then), *because* man cannot ever arrive at ultimate truth, but must go on building ever more supposition upon supposition and involving himself in endless intricacies to no purpose. And he doesn't see the use of it. . . .

From Redlands they went to Los Angeles for the day, but this visit was not a success. Mrs. Galsworthy was so unwell that they had to stay the night, and on their return next day both J. G. and his nephew had bad headaches: "Los Angeles," commented the latter, "has the reputation of producing such effects." And during a walk, back at Redlands, Galsworthy observed: "Jolly, the scent of wood smoke. It makes one believe in real things again."

Evening, J. G. read us Stevenson's *Catriona* or *David Balfour* in the most inimitable Scottish, and with such gusto that the whole thing started out into relief as in a play. And really, so read, it is good stuff.

J. G. has been massaging me for some days now, his hands are wonderfully soft and sensitive.

Evening, J. G. read more of *Catriona*. J. G.: "When you come to compare Stevenson and Hardy, there really isn't any comparison at all. Stevenson's all life and Hardy's all death. Stevenson's so lively. . . . I don't think it's so much the contemporaneousness, the time, which makes a novel live; it's a certain liveliness. And it's this which puts *Catriona* on a level with *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Three Musketeers*, and with Conrad's greatest." . . .

Evening, J. G. read us more *Ballantrae*, reading the Chevalier de Burke's memoirs in such style and with such character and braggadocio that we were either in fits of laughter or full of admiration. Always, in his reading of an evening, he so enters into the character of the people that they stand before us quite re-created and alive, and one is apt to wonder how much is Stevenson and how much J. G.—I rather suspect more than half is the latter.

## Extract (Palm Springs, California):

Imagine a flat plain running away East and West for some 100 or so miles and 20 miles across, from 500 feet elevation, where we are, to 200 feet below sea level at the other end! Imagine this sandy expanse covered with scrub and sage, creosote bush and cactus, and masses of wild verbena sprawling its pink and violet bloom all over the place! Imagine, all round, mountains, range on range of them, some covered with snow at 10,000 feet, each taking on magical colours of its own, purples, pinks, rose and lavender, all very pale, and blue according to the time of day, buttressed about with foothills of shifting golden and ash-gray sand. Imagine, snuggled in one corner of this isolated world, a group of 30 or 40 bungalows, each complete in itself, laid out with grass lawns between, among pepper trees and eucalyptus, cottonwood, palms and umbrellas, grapefruit groves and orange and lemon trees, and presided over by a central hall and a swimming pool under the sky! In one of these bungalows imagine us ensconced, and before the verandah flights of great five-inch red-gold butterflies drifting down wind like autumn leaves, and occasionally the hover and hurricane flight of the little green-backed humming-bird. And then, at the back, a steep mountain wall, from which one may overlook the whole plain and watch the sunsets change and turn their tricks of colour on the opposite mountains, while the blue smokes go straight up from the green and rose and gray roofs below, or enjoy the daily sun, hanging in an arch of blue so vivid that the eye aches beneath it, and yet soft enough never to be harsh. Imagine these things, and more—the scents, the warmth, the strangeness of it all, the dark Indian faces, the smile of the Chinese servants—and, of an evening, over the blazing fire of mesquite, J. G. reading the tales of Stevenson. . . .

. . . Because of rain, we had meal in bungalow, J. G. expressing great pleasure because he was away from “this crowd of Americans”; but when I suggested his having all meals away, he said: “that would be petting a fancy” (And therein lies much of his sanity—“Don’t pet a fancy!” Yes, and how many artists do that!)

J. G. says he hasn’t enjoyed a meal in America: “Can’t get a plain decent meal anywhere.”

. . . J. G. is now getting on with the new play, and has finished the second scene. Wants to know how potatoes are picked. Later tennis. Evening, J. G. read us his favourite



Shakespeare sonnets, strongly favouring "the Southampton Theory" of dedication. Does not read these quite so well as narrative.

(*February 25th.*) At 10 P.M. J. G. wrote the last word of a play: *Escape*, in nine episodes. Read us last scene. Fine, but wants to be longer, so as to balance rest of play and overtop other scenes.

From Sir James Barrie had come an entertaining letter:

*Feb. 4, 1926.*

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G.,—I know not where you are now, but Scribners will know and pass on my missive, I hope. Whether delivered in sunny clime or on icy mountain peak, by motor, redskin or dromedary (which kneels politely to let you take it with your customary grace), I trust it finds you both well and happy. While you have been occupied as discreetly hinted above, I have been occupied in looking after Harley's interests at the Literary Society, where he was duly elected this week. There were six vacancies, and he and Chesterton came out equal. . . . Others chosen by the Gods are Milne, Lord Kerry and Bishop of Oxford. The meeting was dull, I thought, and I missed you sore, many times—I recall what the policeman in *Kiss for Cinderella* wrote to her: "I am sitting with 34 policemen, but I would rather have you, my dear."

I have been doing little, but I wrote a play for the children at Stanway to do at Christmas, a tremendous long thing, and they never needed the prompter once. It turned out to be by far my best work, having an amount of "business" in it that would have dashed P. Pan himself. Everybody arrived and departed on horseback (shells of cocoanut rubbed together) and some had thunder and wind and the sea breaking on lonely beaches (sago).

Act 1. The Chinamen Come Back.

Act 2. A Woman for Sale.

Act 3. The Unholy Wedding.

Act 4. The Dreadful Trial in the Barn.

Act 5. There are no more Chinamen.

Soames would have become a different man after the last scene (thus giving you a chance for at least one more book about him. I see suddenly that my *métier* is now to provide you with these chances). Cocksure the Detective (age 6) is left alone. He

soliloquises "What is this love that cometh to all but never to me? Oh Love, Love!" (*Enter Mary Rose, also six.*)

*M. R.* Did you call me, Simon? (*examines him*). He's asleep. I'll sit here till he wakes. Of course, it's a pity he's quite so cocksure, but one must take men as one finds them.

*Cocksure (in his sleep)*. Love! I wonder whether Mary Rose—but I don't suppose she would.

*M. R.* He's not cocksure about me! How nice of him—but how silly of him! (*She goes to him, gently takes handcuffs from his belt, puts one on his wrist and one on hers, and sits close to him till 1946.*)

Well, I'm glad to think you are both handcuffed to me in a way.—My love,  
J. M. B.

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

THE DESERT INN,  
PALM SPRINGS.

March 1, 1926.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—Kind of you to tell me about *Loyauté*! Hum! Hum! From your account the performances would anyway seem better than the Berlin—where, by the way, it ran 150 performances. I heard from Hugh Walpole that there it was a screech. After all, the English stage has produced a better school of acting than some, if not all others—partly, if not mainly, thanks to you. You leavened the lump, and the yeast is still working. I hope you were pleased with *The Madras House*.

We were two months in Arizona and have been six weeks in California, and now go back to Arizona and to the Grand Canyon before coming East at the end of March. We sail on the *Aquitania* on April 14, and should be home on the 21st. Let us know when you are in town. By the bye, J. M. B. writes me that you were elected to the Literary Society . . . (with Chesterton), the others being Earl of Kerry, Bishop of Oxford and Milne. Nine others ran, I believe.

We have been keeping as quiet as ever we can, and I am not speaking or lecturing anywhere. Two short stories were all my bag till three weeks ago, when I suddenly burst into drama and wrote a play in a fortnight (forgive me—such a thing I have never done before). It's a queer play—just episodic, and Ada's good enough to like it.

I wonder what you have done. Ada has been fairly well, but more wheezily inclined here—the hottest place—than elsewhere.

I think it must be dust. Good riding here, and nice desert and mountains. For my sins I got let in to sit for a portrait to a very nice American painter called Randall Davey. Luckily it looks like being good—it's for the Chicago Art Museum. Oh! there are such a lot of cars in America! And we pine for drink at times. My nephew has painted ever such a charming thing of Ada, and some good landscapes and type studies.

Ada joins me in love to you both.—Always yours, J. G.

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

March 22, 1926.

GRAND CANYON, NATIONAL PARK,  
ARIZONA.

DEAREST MABS,—Here we're reunited again, at the Mecca of every traveller, the Grand Canyon. Rudo and Vi have been here a fortnight, recuperating after a very gay visit to San Francisco and the Curtis O'Sullivans. Jack and I stayed on at Palm Springs while he was sitting for a portrait, destined for the permanent Art Gallery in Chicago. We had seen something of the painter's work while we were all at Chandler, where he was painting portraits of some Chicago friends. He's an interesting worker, and I think we are all agreed that Jack is the best thing he has yet done. (By "all" I mean Jack, myself, the painter and his wife; Rudo and Vi have yet to see the finished picture, they saw only the first two hours' work, and then were due in San Francisco.) We purpose trekking to Chicago on our way homeward, to see the picture all together; later on, a reproduction will be made, and we shall have one sent to us at home.

Jack and I went from Palm Springs, Calif: to Castle Hot Springs, Ariz.: for ten days by way of giving the Grand Canyon a chance of becoming spring-like enough for me. We greatly enjoyed Castle Hot Springs, for it's actually a place where one can tramp the hills, and lunch out. Also it has a charming swimming pool, which came in very handily as a diversion after long hot walks. It's wonderful air there too, one races uphill without knowing it. . . . Jack was stung by a scorpion just before we left, but the effects appear to have been greatly exaggerated (like the report of Mark Twain's death). It was quite painful for 6 or 7 hours, irritable and numbish for nearly two days, and *sonst*—nix! The brute was lurking in his bath-sponge, and after having washed his face therewith Jack had evidently given Mon-

sieur Sc. a good squeeze, and received a hearty puncture on the finger in return. Luckily it was not his face, which would have been more awkward.

Rudo is painting away quite anxiously here, for time is getting short. The Canyon is most lovely, a little quieter looking in this heavenly weather than I had remembered; or perhaps I don't take impressions so vividly as in 1912! Crowds come up every day, but by breakfasting at 7.45, and dining at 7 P.M., we see just *nothing* of them, if we so please. We leave here on Sunday next for Santa Fé, where we meet again our artist-friend and his family. Thence we run up to Chicago, then an excursion to Indianapolis to see *Old English* on its provincial tour! but with Arliss all right. Then to Cincinnati for a weekend with an old friend, then Baltimore and New York, where we have a hectic week before sailing in the *Aquitania* on April 14th.

Now this is *all* all all *us*. It's so long since we had news of you dearest, that there's nothing left but best of best good wishes, and very much love from us all to you all.—Ever your loving,  
ADA.

The hectic week duly came off, and one episode is worth recording:

. . . After supper Winthrop Ames and J. G. discussed the new play *Escape*, W. A. saying he liked it and wanted to put it on, but criticizing the second half between end of "shingled lady" to beginning of last scene. He said: "I think the interest drops there, and it becomes to me as if J. G. were wanting to show the reactions of different types to this particular individual only, whereas I miss the development of the man's character. I want to see him take the offensive in one or two scenes, rather than be the passive instrument." To which J. G. replied: "Yes, but under stress of any emotion, a man is apt to lose individuality; fear, passion, love, hate, any of these makes him revert to type—and this man (the convict) is always the hunted. And, besides, I think the interest of [not] knowing [if] he will be captured or not will carry the audience along." Ames disagreed with this, as, of course, people must know he isn't caught, anyway until the end. Liked last scene immensely, and all early part. J. G. said he thought something might be done to tighten up the interest.

Next day, April 14th, they sailed for home, arriving on the 22nd. It is on the cards that the interest of *Escape* was tightened

up, for Barrie, to whom it was promptly shown, wrote enthusiastically:

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
STRAND, W.C. 2

2 May, 1926.

MY DEAR G.,—All I can say is that I could not lay the play down until I had finished it. I once joined in the long pursuit of a thief in Oxford Street, but it was nothing like as vivid as this, and I feel as if I had been on the heels of Matt the whole time (propelling him forward as my St. Bernard used to do when the rabbits he was pursuing wouldn't go fast enough). Of course the last scene is the best of all. I wondered what it would be, and indeed it is of your very choicest, and belongs to you as much as your right arm. I'll send it back registered to-morrow. I'm not certain I can get to this Lit. Club dinner, but hope to. In the meantime I'm prouder of you than ever.—Yours, J. M. B.

The play had but three months to wait before the public verdict endorsed this eulogy.

Meanwhile, after a "breather" of three weeks, the Galsworthys were off again for a P.E.N. International Congress. They sailed from Dover on May 15th and were back on June 2nd, having in the interval covered Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Vienna a second time, and Salzburg. At Berlin they had "a tremendous time of it," and Vienna was literally hectic:

[From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds]

HOTEL BRISTOL,  
VIENNA.

May 28, 1926.

DEAREST MABS,—. . . We are having simply a terrific time of it; we have seen two plays: *Urwald* and *Loyalties*, and see to-night *Fenster*, at the Burg theatre. On Monday we get back from Buda Pesth in time to see *Senzation*. This seems to beat all records, 4 plays of one author in one city in 5 days! Poor Jack was so mobbed by autograph youngsters last evening going in to *Loyalties* that he had to be rescued by a special policeman. He just disappeared in a surging shouting mob! At *Urwald* he signed about 150 cards and books. The interpretations of those plays were really very good—both; the *Loyalties*, of course, more elegantly set, and admirably finished; but Dancy was *bad*, and a defect quite impossible to get over, for the balance of the play is "Kaput."

In *Urwald* the smallness of the stage and the intricacy of the scenery required were hard nuts to crack; but the scene was wonderfully well tackled, considering.

Everybody is terribly kind and thoughtful. The Zsolnays seem ready for anything—day or night. We have been out to their house for lunch once, and to-night after the theatre they have a party. And Paulchen takes us about nearly everywhere in auto. Yesterday morning we spent in the Kunst Historicher: a wonderful collection. The Director showed us round, and we had our old friend Mitzi Rességuier (a knowing bird in art) with us. After that huge gallery we saw the Czernin (very small) with its fine Ver Meer. In the afternoon we went to Schönbrunn and to tea in Hietzing, and at 7.30 to *Loyalties*. All this meant that we had no dinner, nor the day before, either. Last night we did dine at 11.15 P.M., but I'm not taking much at that time o' night! To-day, if we don't watch it, it will be the same, for we go to the Rathaus to tea at 5, and the theatre begins relentlessly at 7.30. We met the Chilstons last night, very nice, both of them. Many messages to you, dearest. To-morrow morning we start for Buda Pesth at 8.25, and it promises to be an even more strenuous time than here, judging by the signs.

Vienna is very lovable at this time of year; Austria and Austrians ever appeal to us very much. Jack is a little tired, but I am going strong; his speeches take it out of him greatly. Last night, at the P.E.N. dinner, about midnight, he spoke his speech in German. He also spoke in German at Berlin. At Prague, naturally, English was the language. The President, Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia, struck us as a very fine person; his daughter also. We lunched with them at their country castle. Karel Capek we saw a good deal of; he is a dear.

The flowers I have received during this tour would easily stock a handsome flower shop! I do grieve that they should be so lavishly more or less wasted!

Very very much love from us both, dearest. Take care of yourself.—Ever your devoted,  
ADA.

After this they stayed at Grove Lodge till the end of October, their only absences consisting of a night at Brighton, three or four days at Littlehampton, and a similar period at Cheltenham, Shrewsbury, and Rowsley. But during this interval appeared a play and a novel. The play, *Escape*, announced as the last that Galsworthy intended to write, and produced by Leon M. Lion at the Amba-

sadors Theatre on August 12th, was a brilliant and immediate success, and ran for about a year. The reception on the first night was extremely enthusiastic, though one woman denounced the play as "propaganda for murderers," adding that her grandfather had been killed in Ireland. She found, however, no supporters among the audience, and, according to one paper, was publicly rebuked by Mr. Noel Coward. The Press were on the whole cordial, though there was a correspondence between Galsworthy and Mr. St. John Ervine over his critique in *The Observer*. However, for a year the public continued to be gripped by the play's direct and vivid action, and to come away as stirred and absorbed as that first-night audience. Its success was opportune, for one may suppose that had it not been appreciated Galsworthy might possibly have held to his purpose of writing no more plays; though even so it was to be three years before another appeared.

A fortnight later, on the 26th, appeared *The Silver Spoon*, which, however, had already been out some seven weeks in America, where it had been accorded a warm critical reception, and had quickly sold over 100,000 copies. In this country the critical tone was cooler, but the public acclaimed it; for a first impression of 40,000 copies was exhausted within a month, and a second reprint was necessary by October. Various competent judges, too, praised the book warmly:

[From and to H. Granville-Barker]

NETHERTON HALL,  
COLYTON,  
DEVON.

27.8.26.

MY DEAR J. G.,—Thank you much for *The Silver Spoon*. Helen's thanks expressed in this (though I expect she'll write them too) that she came up to me yesterday afternoon with the parcel, saying: "This looks like J. G.'s book. Open it, please." And thereafter, but for a few words at dinner, not a sound from her till she put it down at 11 P.M. finished. To-night I'll take it on—not a sound from *me*. Thank you and bless you—and may you continue in the same.

Hi! you can assist me. Two of my characters in *Waste* were at Harrow together. Your seniors when the thing was written. Your juniors now I revise it. But that's no matter. I want one

to say of the other that they shared a study (two in a study?) and that he remembers him at the table writing out 20 paragraphs of Cicero for having shamelessly misguided him. I have him say "We chummed, etc." Please put down at a venture what was the right Harrow word for "sharing a study"?

See how careful I am! Shakespeare never took such trouble.

The Hardys have this minute left us. He amazing, livelier than ever. Sorry they've had no glimpse of you both.

And we—but for one dinner. All love. H. G.-B.

Aug. 29, 1926.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—Thanks so much for your letter.

Sir, my memory is awful, but I'm almost sure we used to say "Find": "Found": *i.e.* I "found" with a boy called Hall. That is to say, we ate our meals together in my study. One would say: "Whom are you 'finding' with?" It's rather a nice expression when you think of it—the schoolboy's hand being against all the world's to supply his stomach and appetites adequately. Whatever we found we ate. We certainly *didn't* say "chummed." I'll make certain for you. Now, I think of it, however, there is a complication. "Finding" only applied where boys were in the Sixth Form and had separate studies where they had their breakfasts and teas. Then two of them for convenience would "find" together. In *lower* forms they would actually share a study or room (as we called it), but they did not have any meals there. They took those in a public dining-room.

But I'll find out from my nephew.—Our love to you both,

J. G.

2.9.26.

NETHERTON HALL.

MY DEAR J. G.,—"Finding" is keeping. It'll do to a T—and I daresay my man sat writing out his "lines" among the bread-crumbs. Bless you and thank you.

I too sucked *The Silver Spoon* dry at a sitting.—Yes, sir!

"So J. F. moved in his chair, and the pupils of his light blue eyes became as pin points. He nodded imperceptibly three times, as if he had seen the Holy Ghost."

I had found it quite good up to that—and at that I chuckled very loud—and read it again and chuckled louder. And said it over. And from that on you had got me tight. I like, too, the detachedness of the whole thing—and, once "got," appreciate this better, of course. And the job as a job you do, of course, with much ease and judg-



ment. But the peripety—as dear W. A. would have called it—is the masterstroke—the sympathy for Marjorie Ferrar. Not only the right thing. But the “type” thing which puts the story in its place and makes it of its period.

Of the characters, really I think I like the old Marquess best, that is—he’s new to me and true to me. But, dash it all, you know these things better than I!

Yes, I like it better than *The Monkey*. It is to *The Monkey* as *The Way of the World* is to *Love for Love*.

All love to you both, as ever,

H. G.-B.

[*From Thomas Hardy*]

29 Aug., 1926.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—We have already read several chapters of the book, but I don’t wait till the end before writing since, owing to the weakness of my eyes, I am at the mercy of my wife’s reading it aloud, and she can only do so in the evening when the house is quiet and trippers cease from troubling.

So far I find the story moves along very briskly and brightly.

I had nearly forgotten to say how much I thank you for it, and for the inscription.

Kindest regards.—Sincerely yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

We should be pleased to see you and Mrs. Galsworthy at any time you may be coming this way.—T. H.

13 Sept., '26.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR G.,—Have finished the book. One of the very best you have done!

T. H.

[*From Stacy Aumonier*]

WHITE LODGE,  
BRANKSEA AVENUE,  
HAMWORTHY,  
DORSET.

Sept. 3.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I was very happy at receiving your kind letter *re The Baby Grand*. In fact I was *A Happy Man* at once. I thought you would like that one best. . . . I wish I could always keep you in mind when I write, but have to think of other things . . .

It seems unfortunate that I have in the same letter (or the same

breath) to thank *you* for *The Silver Spoon*, and to say how much I loved it, because doing so sounds like some comic *quid pro quo*!

But honestly I enjoyed it enormously and derived great benefit from reading it. What always astonishes me is Soames. He is the kind of man that if I met him in the flesh I know I should instinctively dislike (indeed I think I have met him). But wandering through the *Forsyte* pages I find him a most lovable person. I hate it when he goes off the stage.

We are down here till the end of the month and perhaps longer, but I hope to see you in October. I am supposed to be going up on Thursday to debate on *Escape* at the Ambassadors. I'm sure you won't be there.

With all best greetings and gratitude for your letter and *The Spoon*.—Yours very sincerely,

STACY.

Please excuse this prostitute's notepaper! I bought it in the village.

[From Hugh Walpole]

BRACKENBURN,  
MANESTY PARK,  
KESWICK.

Sept. 5, 26.

MY DEAR JACK,—I bought *The Silver Spoon* as soon as it came out. I found the copy from you at 90 Piccadilly, and was going to write to you until I thought there was a chance of your coming here, which I'm awfully disappointed there isn't.

It was jolly of you to give me the book. It goes into the sacred archives here.

I think it is awfully good, and for myself better than *The White Monkey*. It is, of course, fierce and rather bitter, and I do hope that the last volume of the trilogy is going to show the other side of the new generation. The Marjories seem to me in a small minority, and I know so many fellows and girls under thirty who are fine and true and full of ideals, and all the better for not being hypocrites. But I expect that the third volume will be to show something of this. The details of this book are splendid, and the beauty of the writing is as ever.

Speaking for myself, I have felt a great change in myself during the last two years, and you have been a strong influence over me. I hope you may see something of that in my book this autumn—not, alas, in the technique, which will never, I fear, be yours, but in the spirit. A number of us owe more to you now than we ever did in our younger days.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

I should much like to see you before the 25th, when I sail for the States, if it is possible. I get to 90 Piccadilly on the 10th. My love to Ada. And much love and gratitude to yourself.—  
Yours affectionately, HUGH.

The following letter tells of an important event:

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Oct. 19, 1926.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I was very delighted to get your letter, and we were both greatly relieved to hear so much better a report of dear Madame Chevrillon. By the time you get this you will be back at St. Cloud.

I know so well that complete physical (rather than psychological, perhaps) revolt against the effort of writing a letter, even when one wants to write it. And your letters are always so full of thought when you do write them, that one understands the revolt even better in your case than in one's own.

Our news is fairly good: Ada has been quite decently well since we came back from America last April. We had a strenuous three weeks in Central Europe in May. Vienna and Buda Pesth were especially hectic but very charming to us. Since then we have been rather busy buying and settling into a new country house (though we're *not* giving up Grove Lodge) called Bury House, at Bury, between Pulboro' and Arundel on the Sussex Downs. I don't know if you know that part, but it's most beautiful. My nephew Rudolf Sauter (the painter) and his wife are going to live there, and we shall use it as much as we can. I think it will enable us to put off going abroad till December and to come back in March.

Our present intention this year is to go to South Africa for the dead winter months. If we don't we shall probably try Montpellier, and go on to Biarritz for March. If we do this we shall hope for a glimpse of you. I am working on the last section of that new Forsyte trilogy—but rather slowly and unwillingly. You don't say what you are doing yourself.

Please give our affectionate greetings to Madame, and with my very grateful thanks to yourself,—I am, your very attached friend,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

For this personal and intimate aspect of Galsworthy's days the reader has but to turn on to the ensuing Interlude.

## II

### INTERLUDE: BURY

NOTHING shows Galsworthy's sense of continuity more clearly than his patriarchal attitude to his family. Since his father's death he had been head of the large Galsworthy clan—there were forty-five of his own generation alone, it may be remembered—and he had treated the position with all seriousness. Apart altogether from any question of personal affection, he felt that he had a definite responsibility to all the younger members of the family, and innumerable were the problems brought him by them. In every case advice or help was forthcoming, for it was not his way to do things by halves. Naturally, though, his own immediate family were nearest to his heart; and when his brother-in-law was interned and later repatriated, and his nephew also interned during the war, he became in a very real sense his sister's comforter and protector. Nor did this relationship cease after the war, for Professor Sauter did not return to live in England, and Mrs. Sauter and her son remained, as it were, under Galsworthy's wing. The two letters which follow give beautiful expression to his feeling on these matters.

[*To Rudolf Sauter*]

*April 12, 1918.*

I ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAREST RUDO,—Your Mother has sent on to us the beautiful letter you wrote on the 16th of March at Wingstone. My dear boy, you have said all that could have been said, and much more than we deserved, anyway. Your Aunt and I feel that we have done all too little; and what little we have done has been a joy to do. We love you very much, and it's a grief that you're cut away from your blessed mother and ourselves. However, it's all in the day's work, and I quite see that you feel a sort of relief. I do quite understand your horribly complicated position, especially in view of your dear father's repatriation,

Your mother told me that you would like my books. Well, I'm sending you the whole lot, and if you read them all I don't know what'll happen to that brain of yours, already developed to a dangerous point by your Harrow education. The thought, however, that they were written not only by a mere Uncle but by a fellow Harrovian will sustain you in the hope that they are not so "high-brow" as they seem. Cheer-oh! Or, as it should be written, I see, *Cheerio*; a comparatively vulgar word.

Your Aunt and I have the most serious intentions of paying you a visit—probably next week. She is just avoiding sciatica, and I am not avoiding the pestilence known as a running cold. But next week we hope to be lion-like again. We're back here now; and shall see as much as we can of your mother.

Learn Spanish, old man; it's a nice language—one of those languages that you think you know beautifully till you get to Spain; and there they do so lisp and sneeze it out that you don't understand a word; but it's a nice language, and rolls lovely on the tongue; and *Don Quixote* is a great book, and I don't believe you've ever read it. No, but quite seriously learn Spanish. Spain's a grand country for a painter—no grander; and it's really easy to learn. Do set yourself to come out of your retirement the wiser by some one definite accomplishment at least. And do your Muller exercises. Lord bless me, what should I be without them—a toothless and decrepit sage! And don't—like Sir Hubert Parry (whom I rubbed noses with the other day)—write too many symphonies on the corners of the dining-table. And curb your disharmonic vibrations. There's a story of a man—and I believe it's true—who persuaded a lot of people with money that he could extract copper or some such base metal out of mountains by the use of disharmonic vibrations. They gave him lots of money and came for the result, but there warnt none. However, it is still popularly supposed that the walls of Jericho fell down because the band played. When we go to Wingstone, which I hope may be early in May, we shall take a frame down for your portrait of Aunt. I'm looking forward to seeing it again, and your new work. We shall miss you horribly, especially when the harvests come. I mean to work half time on the farm, if other work will let me.

Good-bye, my dear boy, until next week, I hope. Your Aunt sends her very best love, and so do I.—Always your loving Uncle,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## INTERLUDE: BURY

HOTEL ALHAMBRA PALACE,  
GRANADA.

Feb. 11, 1920.

MY DEAREST OLD MAN,—Your letter was something of a nasty jar—not so much because of the scandalous parsimony of the P. T.<sup>1</sup> which we will trust is temporary (if not my blood will boil, and we shall see what can be done); but because it gives us the feeling that we must have seemed not to welcome the chance of having you all with us. You will have had my letter about Grove Lodge crossing yours. It's a positive boon to us to have you there keeping the house warm, and, though I do not say you wouldn't all be happier if you had a country cottage of your own to run to and feel quite free in, Grove Lodge simply asks for your presence, as do its master and missis. Dear old man, the one thing fatal in the adjustment of all our lives to the new circumstances of the times before us will be that unnecessary and dangerous creature the high horse. And there's one thing especially you and your mother should remember. Your Grandfather intended his children and their offspring to share his money *equally*. If the Government is so un-English as to deprive or sequester the English property of an English-blooded person, to pay the claims of another English-blooded person, it behoves me, who am blessed by Providence, to see that my Father's sacred wishes, for which he laboured all his life, are not upset to any material extent. Your Mother is not fit to rough it, and it will only handicap you all to try the experiment. By all means resolve to conquer fate and make a living, and work to that end quietly and resolutely (without nerve storms); but you will get there much quicker *without attempting the impossible*, and to get there quickly but unhurriedly should be the object of your talents. And no high horses should be stabled. Having no children, you see, we are bound to look on you with a special eye; and it would be in the nature of the ridiculous for you to stand on ceremony with us in material matters, don't you see? This next year is but a transition year—the *real* transition year for all of you—and the hard and fast decision (also the heroic resolve) is still out of place. So we do beg you all to follow the lines of my letter about Grove Lodge. If you can find a cottage—very difficult just now—all to the good. But you really must not think of mutton once a week, and baths every other Sunday; time enough to come to that when we do ourselves. Vi's good sense will tell you that

<sup>1</sup> Public Trustee.

I am right, and so will your affection, when you come to think of it. Hang it all, I am your wicked Uncle.

Dearest love to all of you, and don't worry.

J. G. also A. G.

When I was your age I didn't spurn my father. I took all I could get from him, and look where I am now, paying goodness knows what in super-tax. Towards you I am my father personified—don't spurn us.—J. G. What ink!

Nor with Mrs. Sauter's death did the relationship cease, as his nephew, R. H. Sauter, records in an account of Bury and its life:

The manner of our coming to live at Bury was this. On my Mother's death in October, 1924 (to my Uncle's great grief, for he was devoted to her) it happened that I was still rather ill after an operation, and my Uncle and Aunt, always thoughtful of others, took charge of our bewildered and stunned selves and, of their goodness, carried my wife and myself away with them to Italy and North Africa. On our return he, who had bought Free-land<sup>1</sup> for my Mother, thinking I ought to be in the country (especially as the property was about to be built round), suggested that it should be sold, and a small place in the country purchased where Vi and I could live. As, however, the climate of Devon had proved at long last too damp for my Aunt, and Wingstone had some three years before been given up, he proposed that they should have a suite of rooms in what was to be virtually our home, to which they could come whenever they wanted—a *pied à terre* to take the place of Wingstone—£3000 being the price mentioned. "I'll give you that much, Vi," he said, "and you find a nice place." With this in mind, we went to a number of agents and searched along the South coast, from Rye to West of Arundel, picking out the most likely houses for them to come and inspect later. Which, in due course, all four of us did during August of 1926, travelling in his car and searching for two days, without any of the small houses we had earmarked quite meeting with their approval. It so happened that we were lunching at Pulborough on the second day, in despair of finding what we all wanted, when my wife said: "I think I'll just pop into the local agents and see if they have anything." They, as we expected, had nothing of the sort, but there was a house, they said, in Tudor Style with 15 bedrooms which had been to let,

<sup>1</sup> A house at Hendon.

but was now for sale. Bury House had been in the market only a week. Would we like to see it? It did not sound attractive; knowing the ways of agents, "Tuda Style" had a doubtful savour, and we hesitated some time before finally deciding that, as we had come so far, we might as well go a little further out of our way to see it. The exterior was hardly promising, the house being much closer to the road than we had anticipated, and we very nearly turned our backs and returned to London forthwith, without opening the gate. Eventually, however, a desire to leave no stone unturned prompted us to enter the gate and, as we had no key, to walk round the end of the house, before knocking up the caretaker. The picture of my Uncle turning the corner and looking over the descending terraces to the Downs beyond is characteristic. One quick glance at the outside:—"This is the place," he said, without even going inside. "But it's much too large," I said, horrified and with a sinking feeling at contemplation of the manorial splendour of that grey stone façade, the mullioned windows and the great slab roof. "Never mind, old man," he said, "*we'll* take the house, and, if you will, Vi and you shall come and live with us here instead." And to the end of his life they always made us feel it was indeed our home. So it was arranged, though with misgivings, at any rate on our part, as to the magnitude of this undertaking.

Subsequent investigation inside proving satisfactory, we stopped at Pulborough on the way back, and my Uncle offered the full price of £9000, for he disliked haggling. Needless to say he got it, though another offer was made for it the very next day. The house eventually was furnished partly from my Mother's furniture and partly with that bought and chosen by my Uncle and Aunt for the purpose, and we entered into possession on September 16, 1926.

Thus it was we came to enjoy the remarkable privilege of living for so many years with two such rare people, sharing their lives intimately, travelling with them on long winter journeys, to Italy, North Africa, South Africa, South America, the U.S.A. and elsewhere, and coming back, always with pleasure, to the green Downs and the life at Bury, which, though my Aunt never liked it as much as he (for living at the bottom of a hill was to her depressing), she did her best to enjoy. It was for us a wonderful experience.

Bury House is a long stone house of three storeys with a stone-tiled roof, rebuilt in 1910, to the designs of an architect named Mart,



on the site of an earlier house destroyed by fire. It lies quite near the quiet little lane which leads off the main road, behind a strip of grass and a highish stone wall. On the other side of the lane lie several acres of ground, comprising the stables, gardeners' cottages, tennis courts, vegetable gardens, and the studio which the Sauters later built themselves. But the main garden lies on the other side of the house—the side on which most of the rooms front, and on which the life of the house was lived. To right and to left of the house were formal gardens, gay with tulips, roses, zinnias, and other delights according to the season. Before it spread a wide expanse of grass presided over by two huge elm-trees, descending to the bottom of the hill in terraces, the lowest of which made a croquet lawn (the scene of innumerable epic struggles). Beyond it was a paddock, with hurdles set at intervals, wherewith J. G. and his nephew could “top up” their early morning rides; to the left lay flowering trees, and, at the bottom, a fishpond, populous with bulky goldfish, and a rockery—the special care of the ladies of the house—which somehow seemed to manage a show of colour whatever the time of year. Beyond the domain, and to the right, lay the imposing mass of Bury Hill; from the terrace before the house one could watch the weekenders scurrying feverishly up and down the main road, and thank one's stars for leisure and repose. And far to the left, the smooth outline of Amberley Downs, with white chalk pits hollowed in its side.

His nephew's account continues:

You might see him go forth any morning at a quarter to eight, clad in russet jacket and buff breeches if he were riding the Chestnut, or in green jacket and green breeches if it was the silver roan's turn, and feel that the bustle of the century was at rest. With that monocle or pince-nez which he never failed to supplant by spectacles when beyond the sight of prying eyes (and to replace punctiliously as he again approached the village), he would ride up past the little, secluded quarry where poor Ferse<sup>1</sup> swooped to extinction on his mad wild run across country, and canter on the Downs, jogging his liver and clearing his mind for the morning's work. Usually I would accompany him, riding the other horse; sometimes the groom; and always a dog, when one was available, eddying in widening circles round

<sup>1</sup> The tragic lunatic in *Maid in Waiting*.

## INTERLUDE: BURY

the flying heels. The old farm labourers could set their watches by his going out but with less certainty by his coming in, for he could not readily bring himself to return, and for this lateness he was often scolded, though it never made any difference. He rode with an admirable easy seat as if built into the saddle, and would take his horse over ground where, following, one momentarily expected to see horse and rider pitch over in a rabbit hole. But luck or some innate sense (for he was not always attending to the matter in hand) preserved him from the worst. . . .

Walking his horse beneath the dappled, flickering light of the beechwood, he would become so much at one with beast and tree, and air and sun and shadow, moving, as it were, in a world remote, that a mood of ecstasy, very nearly approaching religious exaltation, would come over his face. And so, reluctantly, with few words, over the clean, smooth, lark-infested edge of the Down, which hung above that marvellous view of Amberley Wildbrooks which he so loved, we would descend once more by sunken ways to the more prosaic business of the day. But, however urgent the nimble calls of breakfast, he could never bring himself to omit a precious five minutes—perhaps the happiest of the day, who knows?—when, after unsaddling, he would fondle the horses, feeding them unconscionable quantities of sugar, and they, in return, would try to eat his monocle—a never failing resource with animals and children. So justly did he understand the difference between sentiment and sentimentality that it was only in his relations with animals that he let the former give way to the latter, so that they became quite outrageously behaved under his hands.

Having changed leisurely, he would peruse his correspondence over breakfast, setting it up all over the room in a wild orderly litter, to the exasperation of A. G.'s more tidy nature and the rest of the family generally. Meanwhile he would sip that brew of strong coffee which he drank neat with a little cream, and which made him the terror of American visitors; for he swore it was the strongest (and only) coffee in all England, and would press it on their more timorous natures with enthusiasm. After breakfast, which usually lasted till about ten o'clock, he would settle down with A. G. in the billiard room, strolling about and dictating letters to her, who took them down neatly and efficiently in a manner admirably adjusted by years of experience so that the minimum of time was wasted. For, among many other joys and duties, my Aunt acted for over thirty years as his indefatigable Secretary

and amanuensis, typing the first two or three drafts of his work and writing his letters from dictation in her own hand.

The bulk of this correspondence done—and it was large—he would betake himself to his work, either in the little top study where the dwindling branches of the elm never permitted him enough sunlight, or, when fine, on the terrace, with Alsatian or spaniel at his feet, a low table at his side, pad on knee, with ink and the inevitable “J” for tools. There he would write or sit, pen in hand, believing that thus most readily his thoughts might be enticed to flow, while A. G. moved about the house doing the flowers, herself a flower among flowers, or sat tapping out the latest pages of his book, copying letters, tallying proofs, or sewing in her little sitting-room upstairs. Sufficient for him to know that she was within earshot; and, if either my wife or I ventured into sight, he would always look up with a smile and the inevitable question: “where’s Auntie?”

Latterly, after the arrival of the dog Michael (devoted specially to my Aunt), a dog who could never be let off his lead for fear he would go off hunting, my Aunt would leave her chores and my wife her gardening and household duties, and they would set out together to exercise the dogs, walking every day for two hours on the Downs and returning refreshed, for they were both good walkers.

After lunch there was always some game, croquet or billiards, in which we all joined, and, later on, tennis, in which he was far too great an individualist ever to play doubles really well.

Billiards and tennis were the only games he considered seriously in later life, for he despised golf, affirming that it was an old man’s game, though he played cricket almost to the last, himself wielding a nervous bat and fathering the village team generally. He was always a difficult opponent, especially at tennis, for he had a way of covering the court surprisingly and would give men half his age all they could do to keep up.

Though preferring in general what he called “family games,” if faced with serious outside opposition he would unconsciously alter his own game and, absorbing his opponent’s methods, most disconcertingly beat him on the post. He won by character and instinct, and not by that professional technique which he always rather despised, for he could never tell you how he got results, and was quite incapable of imparting instruction on such matters to others.

Of music he was inordinately fond, usually of the more tuneful kind: Gluck, *The Beggars’ Opera*, Mozart, Bach, because he

## INTERLUDE: BURY

wove so many tunes together, Chopin and Folksongs; while the throbbing rhythm of a Tango would always bring a smile to his face and a response to his feet. From Beethoven he would seldom derive much pleasure, and Wagner was anathema. After tea he would spend the time revising or correcting proofs and so on, listening meanwhile to her of whose playing he never tired. But music seemed always to unlock some secret box of dreams within him, and often at the conclusion of a favourite piece he would exclaim, "Why don't you play such and such?" naming the very music we had just been playing.

. . . Dinner, for which he always dressed, was a longish affair, beginning at 8, or as near as was allowed by his unpunctuality, and a cook whose temperamental vagaries were only equalled by her devotion to my wife—and whom he would, on that account, never dismiss. Indeed, in his relations with those of a lower social order he was born a generation too late. The feudal instinct was strong in him, and anyone who worked for him could be assured of an almost patriarchal care. It was his personal pride that during the six years he lived at Bury there was practically no unemployment in the village. As for himself, all and sundry were assured of his protection.

(The following letter—so characteristic of its writer—provides a telling commentary :

*Sep. 17th, 1930.*

. . . Take, for instance, the question of the garden, which is, I feel, very much at the bottom of what we are talking about. I do thoroughly sympathize with you and Auntie in your great dissatisfaction, I quite understand that the garden ought to produce more, and that the beds ought to look better, and that the work you and she do is rather wickedly wasted. It must be an acute worry to you, as a practical person and a good gardener, as it is to her. But I think I ought to put down here fully the situation as it seems to me. You see, I can see nothing but two courses possible—the one is to go on as we are with a severe shaking up of the men from me, which I'm perfectly willing to do; the other simply amounts to dismissal of all three. This last is a very serious matter indeed. I didn't engage these men, but I should have to do the dismissing, which I must say, selfishly, would be a thing I should shrink from terribly. That's temperament, and perhaps oughtn't to count. But these other considerations, I think, must

count, and very seriously, with all of us: First, there are over two million people out of work, and where men of this type are going to get employment I do not know. A . . . is well on in years, and, if dismissed from Bury House, which people think is a lenient place, will find it a terrible job to get taken on. B . . . is, after all, something of a war victim, and is even less likely to get a job. C . . .—well! Then: A . . . cannot, I feel, be turned away while his wife is in extremis. B . . . is married to D . . ., and however all the family may feel about him, our two girls would feel it very much if D . . . were married to a man without a job, especially so soon after losing their mother.

There is further this question: If they go we could not replace them with local men, it would mean getting "foreigners." Those foreigners would almost certainly find themselves very much in B . . .'s position, generally cold-shouldered. I should expect a series of shiftings because the place didn't suit them. One might get a superior Scotch head man at considerably more expense, but the chances are that we should be just as badly off with underlings and not so settled. And, after all, a quiet life is worth some sacrifice of flowers and vegetables.

Finally, there is the disruption of good feeling towards our household generally that would follow from the presence in the village of three disgruntled men dismissed for no reason that they would admit, and for no reason that the majority of our neighbours would understand as sufficient. I have always gone on the plan that life is a compromise, that we cannot get perfection, and that the most important thing of all is an atmosphere of good will in which to dwell. Possibly I have been cowardly, but I am too old now to change. If I can't get perfection I would rather put up with what is by no means perfect than live in an atmosphere of ill-will. It comes to this, I suppose—apart from questions of humanity which very distinctly come in—I would rather have peace and quiet than better flowers and vegetables. So much for the garden. I know you and Auntie are perfectly right, but——!

My dear, believe me when I say that I am ever so grateful to you for all you do and are; and as to disbelief in what you say and all that—well try again! For that was a very bad shot.

Our love to you and many blessings,

J. G.)

But so evenly-balanced was he in every way that his very flesh rebelled at contemplation of hideousness, just as his mind revolted

## INTERLUDE: BURY

at any excess. He could never bear the sight of ill or deformed people, and would do everything in his power to avoid direct contact with them. Nothing would induce him to approach personally that gardener's wife with whose welfare he was so concerned. Nevertheless, but a few words of description sufficed to set the sensitized plate of his imagination at work, until so vivid an image took form there that he was able to render a positive and intense picture in his writing. For example, the end of old Betty in *Over the River* grew simply out of an eye-witness's description of an actual death of which he himself saw nothing. For all its vividness it was never experienced by J. G. himself.

The fewer the facts observed, the more these little motes, stirring within, irritated his emotional sensitivity. The greater was the galvanic action of the creative impulse and the more living the picture which resulted.

Thus it was interesting to note how his mind, concentrating only on essentials, was able to discriminate and leave unnoticed a multitude of unessentials, which, however, would be recreated eventually, not from direct observation at all, but even more vividly out of the few fundamental germs themselves which his observation had retained.

After dinner he would read or dance or play billiards again, and sometimes doze, to the vast astonishment of visitors, who would look down on him with a curious expression on their faces, forgetting, in the manner of townsfolk, that two hours' riding before breakfast, a full morning's work, and several sets of tennis will induce sleep in a man of sixty accustomed to regular hours.

For one condemned in London to a life of interviews, functions and other business, interspersed with runs to Newmarket with A. G., it was difficult to filch time for work, and in consequence it was his relaxation at Bury to find outlet for those instincts which were with each advancing year becoming more apparent.

Love of the country, strong enough in the Devon of Manaton, here in his own freehold possession found such expression as never before. He could not rest content, but was continually altering the house, building cottages, planning all sort of changes improving the small estate generally, and in these enterprises he would first sketch the plans on paper himself. These I would elaborate to scale, drawing elevations and details, so that he might see how it would look, for it was remarkable in a man of such imagination that he could not visualize such things clearly in his mind. Even to the end his thoughts were filled with plans for

the enlargement of the hall, which he always regarded with disfavour as too narrow and badly proportioned, so that, as he said, when it became ours it might be as perfect as he could contrive. . . .

As one who believed in the need for a positive agricultural policy in England, he was naturally interested in all the farming activities about him, studying the crops and noting with regret the steady wave of machinery encroaching on man's handiwork. Like his father before him at Coombe Warren, he liked the cows to be continually before the house munching their way across the paddock; and he leased the grazing to a neighbouring farmer for very little, so that he might see them whenever he looked out of the windows.

When visitors came, they had to conform to a definite arrangement of his day; for, although he had pleasure in his friends, he was disinclined to any sort of social life at Bury, feeling that the country was for work and rest. A few misthought that sometimes my wife and I stood between them and him. True, we occasionally acted as buffers, and often served, doubtless, as an excuse; but this was only a part of our function in the house, as much so as the ordering of meals and contact with the servants which my wife took so efficiently off my Aunt's hands.

One visitor, at least, felt nothing of the kind: the serenity and harmony of life at Bury still linger on in memory. Indeed, the atmosphere of the house caught you as soon as you had put foot inside it. The note was set by a smiling maid and a couple of barking, tail-wagging dogs, by the appearance of the rooms themselves—very light, very spacious, not full of furniture, but serenely well-ordered, and reflecting the personality of their inmates. One felt already something of the soul of the place. The feeling increased with the appearance of one or other of the "youngsters," Vi and Rudy, who made you welcome with hospitable offers of brown sherry. (Or sometimes, when they expected to be delayed, you would find the sherry and biscuits already set out against your arrival—a pleasant anticipatory gesture of greeting.) Then Ada Galsworthy would turn up, bright and benignant, and, at lunch, J. G., with that rarely radiant smile of his. And, with an inward sigh of contentment, you recognized that you were now fully caught up, as it were, into the spiritual machinery of the house, and gave yourself up to the clean, simple aura that it diffused. Lunch had

about it the real flavour of the beginning of a holiday, for one was looking forward to every minute of one's day. After lunch, croquet (full of disparaging references to the bumpy and erratic nature of the lawn) or a drive in the car. Tea and talk, music (oh! those duets with Mrs. Galsworthy—those Beethoven Symphonies, that Suite from *L'Arlésienne*), billiards. You could never beat J. G. He plodded through the game without brilliancy, seeming hardly to score, and yet somehow he always managed to slide serenely home ahead of you by a comfortable margin. (Towards the end, yielding to persuasion, he bought a "Slosh"—Russian Pool—set, but he was incredibly unlucky at this quite flukey game and never took to it.) Then came a hilarious dinner, more music, billiards, talk; and bed. So the day passed, and the next; and one went home feeling somehow cleansed.

The simple programme outlined above precisely resembles, in its very simplicity, what actually happened; and yet—there was something more than that. The talk and the music and the billiards were scarcely more remarkable than in other houses—except occasionally when J. G. was in a communicative mood; but they were different, they were more enjoyable. How without sentimentality to conjecture what it was that made them so? I think it was the personal harmony of the whole thing. For one thought of those four as a unit, so closely knit were they; to have one of them in the room with you was, in a measure, to be with them all. Behind it all, of course, was Ada Galsworthy. It was she who was the scent and the colour and the shape of her man's days. Chiefly her handiwork were the beautifully arranged vases of flowers, large and small, which filled the house; and her nephew's reference to her as "a flower among flowers" is indeed apt. But though she filled the highest function of all in bringing beauty into Galsworthy's life, she helped him most effectively in other ways as well. As we know, for thirty years she had been his secretary, nor did she disdain the despatch of all his parcels, and a dozen humbler matters. The eye of memory sees her on hands and knees in the hall at Bury, making parcel after parcel that would have been a credit to any professional. Into this setting the Sauters did more than fit easily—they too had much to contribute. She, in addition to running the house and working on local Committees, was her aunt's constant companion, sharing the daily walks with the dogs,



the care of the garden, the arranging of flowers; and adding to the graciousness of the family life her own loyalty, sensitiveness, and intuition. He, loved by his uncle and aunt with what amounted to parental affection, was in return as a son to them. Nor was there anything in the least high-flown about it all; nothing could be simpler or more natural than the relationship of these four. They were human beings, and doubtless experienced now and again their strains and stresses and differences; but the foundation of their unity was built upon a rock. Thus there was a rare serenity which permeated every room and corridor, so that even when alone one felt the love and the tolerance and the kindness that suffused the place. Does this sound fanciful? It is nonetheless true. That is why, though they made the most generous, attentive, and thoughtful of hosts, it was something beyond that which warmed their guest. Behind all their words of welcome, their acts both great and small, of hospitality, one felt something, unexpressed yet vivid, which did more than all else to assure you that you were among friends. It was less, in fact, what they said and did that made their magic than what they were.

Such was the home life of one reputed to be remote and cold of temperament. But, unlike certain doughty gladiators in the arena of letters, Galsworthy did not care to bask luxuriously in public privacy. For him home life was in the true sense a private matter; and so, comparatively few knew more of him than that he had perfect manners and a kind heart. And, knowing no more, they looked askance at him, misreading him in their hearts for a cold creature. That is a sad pity, yet hardly surprising. For it was only with a few intimates that the essential warmth of Galsworthy's nature shone through his gravity, that the tender, almost caressing quality of his affection was made manifest. Those intimates saw that what passed for austerity in him was really a certain solitary independent spirituality which, though in a sense it set him apart from other men, in no way affected the temperature of his friendships. His fires burned always inwardly, the furnace door was tightly closed; and those who saw no spouting flame supposed—how wrongly!—that no fire gleamed within. Those who knew him in the society of his chosen few, those who have seen him greet a friend by his own hearthside, know better, and the memory of that knowledge they are not likely to lose.

### III

#### 1926-33: THE LAST YEARS

[*To Edward Garnett*]

Nov. 29, 1926.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I'd hoped for a second meeting, but getting settled here, together with things at large, has mopped up time. We sail for South Africa on Friday with Rudo and his wife till the end of March. I hope you'll come down and see us here in the Spring. It's turned out even jollier than we thought.

Do you know the work of Henry Williamson? It's uneven but at its best extraordinarily good, I think. A strange and sensitive nature lover, and worshipper of Jeffries and Hudson. I wish you'd ask him to come and see you. I believe you'd like him. *The Old Stag* is his best book, but he's got one in the Press on the life of an otter that he thinks is better. He has a hard struggle to screw enough out of a "nature-less" public to keep himself (wife and a child) going. I told him to send you proofs of the new book. If you like it give him a word of encouragement. He can see and he can write.

Ada joins in love to you.—Always yours affectionately, J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Dec. 2, 1926.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Your letter comes, alas, just as we are off.

We sail to-morrow from Southampton for Cape Town, and expect to be away till the end of March.

We have just got into this very jolly house; we shall share it with my nephew Rudolf Sauter and his wife, and are already liking it very much. We are keeping Grove Lodge, however. It's a great disappointment to miss you. If I'd known a little sooner I'd have come up to see you. We get so little chance of meeting.

Our affectionate greetings to Madame and yourself and the daughters and Pierre.—Always your sincere friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

On December 3rd they duly motored to Southampton and set sail for South Africa in the *Windsor Castle*, in due course reaching Madeira. Here, in the harbour, occurred a macabre little incident which must have left a melancholy impression:

Afternoon<sup>1</sup>: swung away further out to mend injured coal "scuttle" door. One belated boat, containing one man and two almost naked boys, offering to dive for sixpences, following in spite of rising wind. On swinging round, the man apparently feared being fouled by the propellor, and jumped overboard with one of the boys. The boy climbed back, but the man did not come up. Both boys struggling to reach shore, using the one oar which remained, could make little headway. Only after some 25 minutes could the officers be prevailed upon to lower a boat (which took another 25 minutes or more, owing to jamming) and tow the boat, which had been signalling desperately for a long time, to shore. The last we saw was a lonely little tug, steaming out with a cockle in tow to look for the poor fellow's body in the dusk.

Galsworthy wrote to his sister:

Dec. 6, 1926.

R.M.S. *Windsor Castle*.

DEAREST MAB,—A line to tell you that all goes well with us. Ada quiet in her cabin so far, but not feeling ill. Vi had a bad twelve hours but is all right again. The boat's a good steady one and the weather moderate. To-morrow we should run into something warmer and calmer. As usual the utter laziness of ship life has sunk into one's bones. One does nothing except read "bloods," and toddle about. After Madeira perhaps one may get some order into existence.

Queer, rather, that ships now take nearly two days longer to the Cape than I took coming back in 1893. We did a record passage of fifteen and half days in the old *Scot* of 7000 tons.

I do hope you'll enjoy your Xmas at Bury and have fine weather for it. A fine day there makes an enormous difference. I've secured the old cottage opposite for £400.

Best love from us all, dearest, to you all,—Your loving, J.

After an uneventful journey, save that Rudolf Sauter won the men's singles deck-tennis competition and J. G. made a speech at

<sup>1</sup> As before, this and similar extracts are from a diary kept by Rudolf Sauter.

the prize-giving, they arrived at Capetown on the 29th. Here followed a stay of several weeks, full of tennis and other delights, and it was not till January 28th that the party moved on. The following extract and letters belong to this period:

J. G., when asked whether he hadn't had great opportunities as a novelist owing to travel, said: "It isn't the opportunities; there are many writers who have travelled far more than I have; it's making a great deal out of a very little."

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

Dec. 23, 1926.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,  
CAPE TOWN.

DEAREST MAB,—We arrived, all well, on Monday, and are well and agreeably housed here for some weeks. Rudo and I both started to work to-day, and it looks as if the place would be good for us both. It's on the West (Atlantic) coast, about three miles from Cape Town—a very good hotel. We have been for three long drives and already seen most of the country around. Very beautiful it is—especially Constantia, Wynberg, etc. Ada stood the voyage very well for her; and is bobbish so far. It was a fine voyage on the whole. The weather is gorgeously sunny, and here—fortunately—very fresh from the sea breeze. Many of the places on False Bay (the other side) would be quite impossible from heat and crowd.

To-day we went to Groote Schuur—Rhodes' old house—now used (like Chequers in England) for the lodgment of Prime Ministers. It's amazingly placed for beauty, and is a very fine Dutch building (rather heavy interior), with a lovely garden. But I expect you remember it. Doubt if we shall go about much. At present we think of staying here till Jan. 26, then going to Hermanus, the George district, for a fortnight—then up to the Drakensberg on the borders of Natal, and back here for a fortnight before sailing for home by the same ship, *Windsor Castle*, on March 11.

The flowers are wonderful. The old Dutch farm where I stayed at High Constantia in 1893 has been demolished, and a modern building stands in its place—alack! We came out with Basil Phillips, young Sydney Phillips' son. And Charlie Phillips came over to see us on Tuesday. He is very aged and infirm—poor old chap. Everybody's very kind, but we're avoiding all functions and invitations. To-day we just missed seeing a troop

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of baboons *on the road*, coming back from Groote Schuur—bad luck!

We all join in loving wishes to you all.—Ever your loving, J.

[*To H. Granville-Barker*]

QUEEN'S HOTEL,  
CAPE TOWN.

Jan. 27, 1927.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—The sun makes one too lazy to write letters, though this is not a slack climate. It's a long voyage, but as voyages go a pleasant one—*very* different to the Atlantic crossing. The climate is glorious. It is, in fact, *the* climate to replace the English winter. We've been here ever since we arrived—very fresh sea air and wonderful daily sun. I've been able to work steadily in the mornings, and we've avoided all fuss and function. This one *can* do here, without trouble, by simply expressing the wish to be left in peace. Now we're going to rustle round, and see beauty spots and various large blots on the landscape, such as Johannesburg and Kimberley; then we come back here and work again till we sail for home on March 11th. We shall go straight to Bury till the weather becomes decent. I gather from Helen's letter to Ada that you are now in the South of Spain. You will love it, but I hope you won't catch any fell disease. The Spanish germ is a brute. We shall earnestly hope to see you at Bury some time this summer. Come and we'll walk or ride on the Downs. God bless you both. Ada's love and mine.—Ever your,

J. G.

[*To Leon M. Lion*]

QUEEN'S HOTEL,  
CAPE TOWN.

MY DEAR LION,—Thank you for your good letter containing the *Daily News* article, which, as you thought, amused me.

I hope Ames has not put his visit too late, and that the play will still be alive. You'll cable him, I expect, if it goes into rapid consumption.

By the way, in making your future plans I hope you won't be so definite that there will be no room for me to discuss a revival or two with you. I think specially of *Loyalties*.

We are revelling in sunshine and the beauty round Cape Town; all very changed since I saw it in '93. We go to Hermanus and the George district to-morrow, thence Bloemfontein, Drakens-

## THE LAST YEARS

berg, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Kimberley—all flying visits (I hope incog.)—and back here on Feb. 20 till we sail for home by the *Windsor Castle* on March 11.

I've been working quietly at my novel, and Rudo has been painting. Ada (touching wood) has been very well. She joins me in affectionate greetings to you. Please give our love to Hannen and all the company.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

There followed a day or two at Hermanus, on the coast, famed for its wild flowers, and then a long car journey to Mossel Bay:

Run of 230 miles over poor roads with McPherson of the Queen's at the wheel. Rocked, bumped and jolted most of the way, making more than 30 almost impossible, but J. G. telling McPherson stories from Aberdeen, while the car and McPherson and the others all rocked together in a gale of laughter, round hairpin turns on a bad road, was a delight for the gods.

After further journeying by car and train they reached Bloemfontein, whence the Galsworthys went to spend a few days with Leonard Flemming (author of *The Call of the Veldt*), while the Sauters proceeded to Ladysmith, the party reuniting a week later at Johannesburg:

[To Edward Garnett]

LUTHJE'S LANGHAM HOTEL,  
JOHANNESBURG.

Feb. 14, 1927.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I expect you have been putting Cape on to "Aloysius Horn's reminiscences." It's gorgeous stuff right out of the raw. I've seen the old chap—a rare "character"—at Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis's house to-day. This volume and the succeeding two should be a gold mine if properly boomed. At present the old fellow (though rescued from the doss house) has but two pound ten a month to live on besides the sale of postcards), which he's getting too feeble to hawk. I'm leaving three pound a month for him extra with Mrs. Lewis for a year any way, and on that he can just do. . . .

The thing ought to sell like blazes, if Cape launches it properly. The old boy's memory is prodigious and his experiences endless. I pumped him this morning for an hour, and the stream flowed without a moment's intermission. But he can't last long—very

fragile. I saw some of his credentials. Sure enough Lancashire, for the accent still clings. Aren't the conversations delicious? Mrs. Lewis made a lucky shot in sending it your way. She has worked hard on the thing at a good deal of sacrifice to her own work. . . . I wish you could have seen the old boy—he would interest you vastly.

We shall be back on March 28th, and I want to see the revised proofs before you print from them. There are some personal reflections on Stanley and others that ought to come out. No more Gladstone cases!

God bless you—we are all well—and hope to see you at Bury in April.—Always affectionately yours,  
J. G.

They returned to Sea Point, Cape Town, by way of Kimberley, and there spent the remaining fortnight of their tour.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

QUEEN'S HOTEL,  
CAPE TOWN.

Feb. 25, 1927.

. DEAREST MAB,—We should move a fortnight after you receive this. So I won't write heavily. We went our trip round, of which I think Ada has told you—enjoyed it on the whole, and are back here till we sail. This is the best place for work, because it's always fresh and yet always sunny. We've been so very sorry about your back. I do hope it's quite all right again now.

Leonard Merrick, the writer, and his daughter have just turned up here. I like some of his work very much, and he seems a lively person. I never knew such uniformly fine weather in my life as here. Ada has been *entirely* free of wheeze all the time, for the first time since her Spanish illness in 1920.

I suppose your youngsters are back now. I expect they had a royal time. Work goes fairly steadily, and I have kept splendidly free of functions. Well, we shall be seeing you, I hope, before long. Our dear love to you all.—Your loving,  
J.

Schalit wired "*Escape* excellent reception Vienna and Prague."  
—J. G.

The summary in his nephew's diary runs:

J. G. working every morning and playing tennis before breakfast with me every day. Then a drive or walk or visit in the afternoon, and reads all evening—to himself, not to us, as last year;

and hardly a word to be got out of him all day. But he read us the next section of the novel one day, and marvellous good reading it is, too. But I am afraid either he is getting more and more apathetic and uninterested in both people and things, or he is disgruntled with us. Certainly, I've been grumpy as a bear, but it's mostly the work, and anyway I don't mean it. He gave one lecture, *Expression*, at the Library here,<sup>1</sup> and one Broadcasting talk—very good indeed—which we all heard relayed through to the courtyard.

A hot journey of a fortnight brought them back to England on March 28th. For the most part, they stayed for the ensuing months at their new Sussex home; indeed, 1927 was, so to say, an unobtrusive year in more ways than one, for the only publication of this year was that of the *Two Forsyte Interludes* on December 15th. Galsworthy was by no means idle, however, for *Swan Song* was finished, and Soames, after hesitation, killed off—more regretted, one may say, than many creatures of flesh and blood. The P.E.N. Club, too, took up both time and money, and, as ever, there was a mass of general correspondence to be dealt with.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

April 8, 1927.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I hope this letter catches you in Paris. We got home on March 28th, and I had your letter, and was very glad of it. We are all well, and Ada had a fine winter (or rather summer out there), the best since we were in Granada. However much we suffered there, we still look back on it as one of the most beautiful of scapes. Seville certainly is fascinating. Bull fight I have not seen. We are full of love of England just now, and specially of this place. Last week I was loosed into London, and promptly went on the bust—buying two horses and two Irish setter pups. They come on Monday and Tuesday. I trust my family will like them. When you come up for Easter do drive down only 54 miles and spend a night, or if you can't spare a night drive down to lunch and home after tea. Let me know, and I'll send you minute directions. We won't be in Town till May. Ada has been expressing loud admiration of Helen's stories, and I'm just going to read them. No, Sir, Soames will survive this book. I purport

<sup>1</sup> There was a tremendous overflow audience.



killing him in a final outburst, but I expect he will outlive me yet. At present he's so young, you know—a mere seventy-two.

God bless you both and do let us see you and show you our toys.  
To you both Ada's love and mine. J. G.

[*To Leon M. Lion*]

May 13, 1927.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR LION,—Thanks ever so much for your letter. We envy you first sight of that Odyssean coast. 'Twas I, Sir, who urged you to Amalfi.

You have a lordly programme. At Vienna stay at the New Bristol Hotel. Thank you so much, but all my affairs are in good hands. I don't quite know what you'll find of mine in Vienna, but at the Vicszinhay Theatre in Budapest there'll be, I should hope, *The Silver Box*. Maugham told me the other day that he couldn't go to the theatre in Central Europe because there were nothing but my plays. But curiosity will take you even if I do abound. At Budapest stay at the Hungaria. I'm sending you an introduction to the British Minister there, and also one to the British Minister at Vienna.

We—Ada and I—are going to Geneva for a P.E.N. function on June 16 and shall be there the 17th and 18th. It will be great fun to see you there. Let us know where you'll be. Ada joins me in affectionate greetings.—Always yours, J. G.

I'm almost sure the Barclays are still at Budapest; but better make sure. Very nice people; so are the Chilstons at Vienna.—J. G.

[*To an American Correspondent*]

July 19, 1927.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Thank you for your full and interesting letter on your view of *Escape*. If you'll forgive me saying so, you do what I rather expected you would when I saw that you used the word "purpose" in your letter to my agent. I would like you to begin with the author from the other end. Please put yourself in his place. He begins with an incident leading to other incidents, and with a character leading to other characters. Having these incidents and characters, he invests them with as much life as their variety, as his own temperament (which is more than half ironical or satirical—call it which you will) and as his knowledge of humanity at large permits. He does not set out to clothe

an idea, a purpose, an allegory. The play may give off ideas, it may suggest much; but that is because human life and incident treated by a temperament that has some feeling, intelligence, and philosophy will inevitably suggest much, and have some final meaning, such as: "We don't escape from our best selves." As a general thing, speaking with some experience, that is the way plays are written—at least such a play as *Escape*. And it is the reason why you have not tired of the play, as you infallibly would have done if it had been a self-conscious "allegory of life."

Incidentally, the Parson would certainly have lied if Matt had not come out.

You see I was wise to ask you to tell me what you thought was the "purpose" of the play, because I should not at all like you to be telling audiences that it has an allegorical backbone and meaning. No, it's just human life, character and incident, emotionally, philosophically, and to some extent satirically observed, imagined, and expressed. And that, to my thinking, ought to be enough. The temperament of the writer will supply all the moral or meaning that is needed. If *in the light of this letter* you care to pursue the lecture recitals (which I should doubt) I should have no objection.—Believe me, very truly yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

You omitted to notice, I think, that the reactions of the persons to Matt (and to a prisoner generally) varied with their class. But if you had noticed it you would not have been justified in assuming that the play was written to express that idea. J. G.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

Aug. 12, 1927.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—I feel very guilty for never having written to thank you for *Waste*. A greatly improved version, I think—though how you had the pluck to dress it down after so long a time I don't know.

How are you both? We have been well, and enjoying Bury so far as this summer will let us. I've finished my novel, and after all *Le Roi est mort*—this for your private ear, since you spoke to me about it.

Two horses and two setter dogs are pleasant. We go to Stanway on Sep. 2-5. Where are you going to be these next months? Ada's love to you both and mine. J. G.

Sixty on Sunday. Too old! But a cricket match to-morrow. —J. G.

[*To Leon M. Lion*]

Aug. 12, 1927.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR LION,—I hear you are to have Wyndham's and to run Edith Evans. You remember I spoke to you about a matinée for the P.E.N. Club. Would you be a brick and put on an extra P.E.N. Club matinée of whatever play you are running with her in it? I would personally pay the actors' screws for that single extra performance, and we would start P.E.N. publicity to get a special audience, so that a good sum could go to the Club. November, I should suggest.

What say you? Our best greetings to you.

J. G.

The following, which belongs to about this date, gives an idea of his daily routine when big events were not afoot:

### ANALYSIS OF AVERAGE DAY

Sleeping in bed . . . . .	7 hours.
Thinking in bed . . . . .	1 hour.
Trying not to fall asleep in chairs . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ hour.
Eating, and listening to others talking . . . . .	2 hours.
Playing with dogs . . . . .	$\frac{1}{4}$ hour.
Playing without dogs (on the telephone). . . . .	$\frac{1}{4}$ hour.
Dressing, undressing, bathing, and Muller exercising . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.
Exercise in country (riding or walking) . . . . .	2 hours at least.
Exercise in London (walking) . . . . .	1 hour at most.
Imagining vain things, and writing them down on paper:—	
In the country . . . . .	4 hours.
In London . . . . .	3 hours.
Correspondence, and collecting scattered thoughts—	
In the country . . . . .	2 hours.
In London . . . . .	4 hours.
Skippping newspapers . . . . .	$\frac{1}{4}$ hour.
Reading what I don't want to, or otherwise attending to business . . . . .	1 hour.
Reading what I do want to . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ hour.
Revision of vain things; and of proofs say . . . . .	1 hour.
Education by life . . . . .	the rest.
Call it an eight to nine hour day.	

J. G.

## THE LAST YEARS

On May 18th Galsworthy had received an honorary Doctorate of Letters from Manchester University and addressed its Literary Society, and on July 14th he placed the "brick of literature" in position at the Kingsley Hall, Bow. At the end of August he and his wife returned to Grove Lodge, where they remained for some seven weeks, save for a short trip to the west which included a night at their old home, Manaton. At the beginning of October came the offer of an honorary degree from Princetown University through Charles Scribner; Galsworthy was at that time unable to make the journey to receive it, but during his last visit to America it was duly conferred. On October 13th he presided at a lunch of the Anglo-French Luncheon Club in honour of Paul Valéry, and the next evening found him in Manchester addressing the local branch of the English Association. On this occasion the attendance was so large, and the dissatisfaction of the crowded-out so manifest, that Galsworthy later proceeded to the Whitworth Hall, there to repeat some of his address for their benefit.

The Galsworthys now returned to Bury for a longish stay, broken for him on November 3rd by a distribution of prizes at the Leyton County High School for Boys, on which occasion he also made a short but extremely successful speech. A day or two later he wrote this singularly interesting estimate of the most intimate of his *confrères*:

[To André Chevrillon]

Nov. 6, 1927.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—As usual, it was a great pleasure to get your letter. Don't I know that narcotic influence of the "pukka" critic or student! I am so glad that the "better" Conrad has ever a stronger hold on you. The volumes *Youth*, *Typhoon*, *Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Mirror of the Sea* are for me the top note. I esteem greatly, too, *The Secret Sharer*, the early pages of *The Rescue*, *An Outpost of Progress* in *Tales of Unrest*. The early part of *Lord Jim* and *The Secret Agent*. The real failures for me are *Under Western Eyes* (except the first part), *Chance* (again except the first chapters) and *The Arrow of Gold*. I wonder if you agree. *Victory* is a patchy book; *The Shadow Line* is fair to good; the same applies to *The Rover*.

. . . I'm not sure that much, if any, hidden relation exists

between the extravagances of modern artistic expression and the extravagance of modern conduct. It seems to me that art (as understood by the young moderns) is just a medium for conversation; I mean that anything at all old or obvious, is not art to them simply because they can't find anything new (or seemingly new) to say about it. Anything plain and straightforward is dull to them, because they live in an indoor atmosphere of studio conversation, and cocktails. Conduct, on the other hand, is, I think, among the young mostly dictated by new ideas of hygiene, and is really a physical business.

A young lady (who writes verse) the other night told me that the *really* young, here, are going back to Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Tennyson. She was intelligent, and it may be so.

We are so very glad to hear that Madame is ever improving in health. Ada joins me in affectionate greeting to her.

We are expecting to pass through Paris in latish December, and I will let you know if we do.—Always your most sincere friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Just before this, on October 20th, *Castles in Spain* had appeared. An unusual feature of the little volume was that it made its first appearance in a 3s. 6d. series. It consists of various essays, forewords, and addresses composed between 1920 and 1926, a number of which have found mention in these pages as they were produced. There is a significant interest in this comment of *The Times Literary Supplement*:

Destructive science—the thought haunts him all through these papers—has gone ahead out of all proportion. The essays on “International Thought,” on “Books as Ambassadors” (sometimes unhappily the kind of ambassador that “puts the fat in the fire”), on the capacity of the English language to become a second tongue for the world, are peace propaganda grave and persuasive enough to win a hearing from all who can respect fair-minded pleading. Mr. Galsworthy can hardly fail to impart to his readers some of his own fear of a world-catastrophe which should leave our race so impoverished that it will be true to say of it, as of Anatole France’s old woman, ‘it lives—but so little!’

The Galsworthys had intended to go abroad just before Christmas, but their departure was delayed by the severity of the weather. Bury Hill, indeed, was for many days icebound and closed to traffic.

[To H. Granville-Barker]

Dec. 29, 1927.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—We hope you are faring well this cold weather. Paris will be icy, I'm sure—we used to buy hot roast chestnuts to keep us warm.

Sir, I thank you for those prefaces, which are interesting me very much. I admire your gallantry and thoroughness and the *writing*.

Self and partner shied at the last moment, and did not get away to *skedule*. When we shall go now I don't know—not while it's so cold. We may sneak off by boat to Lisbon and Monte Estoril, or we may go to Montpellier or to Montreux as originally planned. Anyway I hope we'll be back by March 20.

She joins me in love to you both and every good wish for 1928.  
—Always yours, J. G.

The New Year began with the presentation of the manuscript of *Strife* to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, bearing the ensuing inscription (dated January 4th, 1928):

This manuscript was sold for the benefit of the Red Cross in the war-time of April 1918, but I bought it in myself, because, after all, it is the first draft of (perhaps) my best play.

I am happy to think that in the "Bodleian" it will have as good a home as manuscript can have.

It was not till a month later that the Galsworthys left England, spending almost six weeks in southern France, at Biarritz, Pau, Carcassonne, Nîmes, Avignon, and Arles, and returning via Avignon to Paris, and so home to Bury on March 15th. The next months passed as usual at Bury and Grove Lodge, though in the middle of June there was a ten days' visit to Hamburg for Galsworthy, unaccompanied by his wife, who was ill.

By now the extraordinary boom in book prices which preceded the slump was setting in, and Galsworthy, as well as being a "best-seller," found that his first editions were being eagerly sought after at increasing prices. (These were to grow until, in a year's time—at the end of February, 1929—a copy of his first book, *From the Four Winds*, fetched \$1000 (then about £200) at auction in New York. Later, of course, all book prices fell very considerably, and it is, to say the least, problematical whether they will ever again reach such heights.) This gave him a natural satisfaction, and each month he carefully studied and preserved the page in *The Bookman's Journal*

on which the varying demands for different authors' "firsts" were tabulated. Indeed, in March 1928, on collating these figures for the previous year, he found that only Shaw rivalled him in the regard of the collectors of modern first editions. The reason for this is simple. Other leading moderns, such as Conrad, Wells, and Bennett, had for years been collected, so that the prices of their books were more or less stabilized, and a comparatively large number even of their earlier volumes had been carefully preserved by collectors. Galsworthy and Shaw, on the other hand, had received much less attention, with the result that, when collectors did at last cease to neglect them, there was, on the one hand, a natural reaction of extra enthusiasm, while, on the other, the rarity of their early works was much greater than had been realized.

Such, then, was the position in March; but by the middle of the year twice as many demands for Galsworthy's "firsts" were being recorded as for the next most sought-after writer. The reason for this sudden rise was, of course, the publication of *Swan Song*, which appeared on July 12th to terminate *A Modern Comedy* and the epic of the Forsytes. It was a big moment in Galsworthy's life. A quarter of a century and more had elapsed since the beginning of *The Man of Property*, and a decade since that July Sunday at Manaton when the plan of *In Chancery* and *To Let* flashed upon him; and in that decade he had not only realized his plan, but also conceived and executed the second half—almost equal in scope—of *The Forsyte Chronicles*. Now at last the coping stone was set on the majestic edifice, and Galsworthy could look back over the years with truly legitimate pride and thankfulness. Their steady endeavour had brought to birth a permanent and solid English classic.

The critics on the whole did not grudge this achievement the respect which it demanded, while the attitude of readers might almost be termed rapturous, for (as with its predecessors) the sale of *Swan Song* speedily reached six figures on both sides of the Atlantic. The following letters speak for themselves:

[From R. B. Cunninghame-Graham]

July 18, 1928.

79A ELIZABETH STREET,  
S.W.1

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have just finished *Swan Song*, the coping stone to the great edifice raised by your genius.

No one, I think, has ever better understood *nos insulares*.

What a strange people they are, so great, so infantile and so unlike any other of the races of the genus *homo sapiens* (?).

In this last volume, it seems to me you have surpassed yourself in insight into character.

Conrad and I, in talking over your *To Let* used to say, *i.e.* he used to say, "It is the finest thing that John has done."

Now he would have to confess he had spoken too soon.

Gibbon, I believe, when he had finished his *Decline and Fall*, walked out into his garden and was happy for at least two hours. May your happiness, at the completion of your great work, last far longer than did his.

Still there will be times when you will regret the men and women that you have called into existence and endued with flesh and blood, breathed soul into them, and made them so much more real than the majority of folk that throng the streets.

All my best congratulations and thanks.—*Suyo amigo aff<sup>mo</sup> admirador sincero*,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM.

[To André Chevrillon]

Aug. 4, 1928.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—It was good of you to write to me, as always, with such generous warmth and such acute discernment. I am very happy to think that you feel the edifice suitably roofed against the weather and Time.

About Fleur: I don't think I have any of the old-fashioned English notions about the French. I'm not in the least taken in by the Parisian novelistic picture of French morality. I should say that you were at least as moral as we are. Where you differ, I think, is in having a quicker uptake' (as the Scotch say) of the senses, a more frank and just appreciation of the blessings of sense-pleasure, and none of that misty outlook over morality introduced by Puritanism.

I think Fleur is what she is more by reason of being the daughter of Soames than the daughter of Annette. It is her Forsytean *tenacity* under the hindrance of Fate that forces her to intrigue. The quickness of her brain indeed is French, but she is not a sensual type—at least, no more so than a daughter of Soames might be. Certainly I don't feel guilty of traducing the French



through Fleur. After all, she has a genuine passion for Jon, and she (if you remember) recoiled from Wilfred Desert; and is not too forthcoming to Michael. Most of the reflections about the French in the Forsyte books are the reflections of Soames, who would naturally have the old-fashioned English views; they are not those of the author. I don't think I had any symbolistic intention in making her half French. It was the accidental recollection of an extremely beautiful young French girl who, in the nineties, was daughter of a Soho restaurant proprietress that lured me to the idea of mating Annette with Soames. Honestly, I think Fleur (however little admirable she may be) has a queer sort of charm that might well be the outcome of her French strain. Mixed marriages do produce a queer flavour in the character of the offspring. Enough said.

I'm so very glad you got the fatigue out of your bones. That Norway trip, as you treated it, sounds most restful.

We had Binyon and his wife here to-day—a most lovely day it has been, too—a little fine weather now and then, and we shall have a good harvest for once.

We go to Scotland on Wednesday for a few weeks.

Ada joins me in affectionate greetings to you both.—Always  
your faithful friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From *Hugh Walpole*]

BRACKENBURN,  
MANESTY PARK,  
KESWICK.

July 21. 28.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I'm just back from Esthonia, and found that you've been brick enough to write in a copy of *Swan Song* for me. I reviewed it in the *Spectator*, saying what I honestly felt, as I know you'd like me to do.

I do congratulate you with all my heart on bringing a great work to conclusion. What a triumph to have created something that really beautifies the world and will go on doing so. I'd like to say, too, that I don't expect you realise what a help your quietness and dignity is to many of us. The temptations to be "cheap and nasty" are now legion, and one has to hold on for dear life. I think of you always when I hesitate, and you help me marvelously.—Yours affectionately,

HUGH.

[*From Professor Murray*]

YATSCOMBE,  
BOAR'S HILL,  
OXFORD.

Aug. 23, 1928.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I am just back from my holiday in Switzerland, and want to use my typewriter at once to tell you how greatly I have felt the beauty and power of *Swan Song*. Soames is a real triumph. I know nothing in English literature like his steady and convincing growth. One feels his past about him all the time—the merely possessive love that devours him in *The Man of Property* turning into the unselfish love that almost equally devours him at the end. It is really great art, that.

And I think you have done Fleur wonderfully also. I was worried by her shallowness and triviality in *The White Monkey*; but here, without any inconsistency, you have led one deeper into her, and into Michael too. And the whole atmosphere of the end has a Greek “reconciling” effect.

But I won't go on into details. My father-in-law used to say that the only interesting or important criticism was to say *C'est beau*, and certainly I say that.—Yours ever, G. M.

P.S.—The description of the charms of the Athenæum is almost too true to life.

In July the Galsworthys had been to Geneva to work on the *Co-operation Intellectuelle* section of the League of Nations, and now, on August 8th, they set forth again, with the Sauters, for a short trip to Scotland, covering Durham, Edinburgh, Birnam, Inverness, Glencoe, Stirling, Windermere, Shrewsbury, and ending up with a couple of days with Sir James Barrie at Stanway. By August 27th they were back again, and for the rest of the year oscillated between their two homes, never staying long in either. On October 4th there appeared a long letter of his on the plight of the unemployed miners, in *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Manchester Guardian*, which was made the subject of a “leader” by each paper. During the same month it was suggested by the International Education Society that a play of his should be recorded on the gramophone by the Columbia Company for distribution in India and the Dominions. Galsworthy agreed, and suggested *Loyalties*, then running in a revival by Leon M. Lion. After discussion, however, the project was abandoned, and the recording never took place.

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

With December the time had come for the annual migration: this year the party of four ventured as far afield as Brazil. They sailed on December 13th in the M.V. *Alcantara*, called at Lisbon on the 17th (seeing nothing of it owing to fog), and landed at Rio on the 28th. It was an uneventful journey; Mrs. Galsworthy and her nephew were neither of them well; Galsworthy revised a play, but was bored by the sea as usual; all the excitement was provided by Mrs. Sauter, who won both the singles and the doubles of the deck-tennis tournament. On arrival Galsworthy wrote to his sister:

COPACABANA PALACE HOTEL,  
RIO DE JANEIRO.

Dec. 29, 1928.

DEAREST MAB,—You will have had news by wireless once or twice. This is just a line to say we landed at Rio yesterday, and go up to Theresopolis (3000 feet) on Monday. Here it's very hot, though we are at a very good hotel on the Copacabana beach. The harbour is certainly magnificent, unhappily we didn't get in at dawn, which is the great time for the lights and shadows. We were held up 30 hours at Lisbon by fog—a brute of a fog that gave Ada and Rudo colds, which [they've] only just shaken off, and rather spoiled the voyage. I was well, and so was Vi, who won the ladies' deck-tennis singles and the mixed doubles. I spent the mornings nursing my play. The ship was a good one, and some nice people on board, notably some called Cassels—she was the Jeffries cousin who was up at Commem. that year. I hope we shall like the hills and that they will not be so hot. I trust all is well with you all. We all join in best love.—Your loving, J.

It was a season of heat, storm, and rain, which the visitors found extremely trying:

J.<sup>1</sup> and A. G. will not adjust themselves to the different day, and do nothing but rail at the weather.

And again:

All getting a bit worried by the climate. A. and J. G. have no good word for it, but I . . . simply dare not agree, or there would be no work to show for all this long trip. And so, every disparagement of the country (and every sentence is full of it) comes as a direct blow.

After a stay inland at Theresopolis, 3000 feet up, and consequently much more enjoyable, they left on January 20th by the *Andes*

<sup>1</sup> Rudolf Sauter's diary is once more of service.

(instead of on February 12th, as they had intended) for Portugal, which was reached on February 3rd, after the usual sort of voyage. After three days at Lisbon, the two couples temporarily parted:

All of us incredibly sleepy ever since we got ashore. J. G. having persuaded me not to take big painting case, have spent nearly the whole day rearranging stuff for Spanish trip. J. and A. G. go to Biarritz with main luggage, and Vi and I go to Spain with small cases (mostly filled with gear) and a bundle of canvases. Walked down to fishmarket, then, after cocktails, saw A. and J. G. off.

After some four weeks, the party reunited itself at Biarritz, where they spent a further fortnight:

Very warm and dear welcome from A. and J. G., who had made room charmingly ready. Meals in private room, with J. G. acting as master of ceremonies and ordering meals. Lazy time with mostly sunny weather, though spring is very backward. Tennis occasionally (Vi had four lessons), cinema in evenings, Rugby to watch on Sundays, and Pelota twice a week. One drive round Cambo, Saar, St. Jean de Luz, and one to St. Jean Pied de Port. A walk or so. Mrs. E. Lucas arrived on Monday. . . . Then on Saturday Vi got laid up with a cold (not mine, which never came on, or rather went off after we reached Biarritz). Later A. G. down with it too. Trip to Loire Châteaux projected for Tuesday, March 12, given up. Mrs. Lucas returned on March 11. . . . Then J. G. got cold from A. G. However, in spite of everything, Vi being better, A. G. a little better, J. G. not developing, the weather being a tardy spring revelation of loveliness, it is decided to go on.

So after one night in Paris, and a smooth but cold crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven, they were back at Bury on the evening of March 16th.

*Exiled* was now finished and *The Roof* begun, and at Biarritz Galsworthy had already started to concern himself with the production of the former:

[To Leon M. Lion]

*Confidential.*  
Feb. 11, 1929.

GRAND HOTEL,  
BIARRITZ.

MY DEAR LEON,—*Nous voilà* back in Europe, and glad to be there. We shall be here in our old, cosy, empty, old-fashioned

quarters—truly French, with excellent cooking—till March 14. After that we shall make our way to Bury, where we hope to see you at once.

I have finished the play that I took away half finished, and am at work on another. I want to know your plans and whether you are still wanting a new play, and if so what are the possibilities of production. I have only just begun the second play, a decidedly curious one. The first is a comedy (so far as I ever write comedies) on the theme of evolution and the present state of England. It has, I'm sorry to say, no part suited to yourself. I have strong views on the casting of some of the parts—not, I hope, too extravagant. If you take it I should want you to produce it. I have no copy at present to send you, but am just going to send over and have the play finally typed. In the meantime write to me of plans and possibilities. We do hope the winter has treated you leniently. I see you have revived *The Fanatics*, which means, I'm afraid, that the *Sutro* was not a success. I am sorry about that. Poor Alfred! *Il n'a pas de chance*.

Our time in Brazil was spoiled by phenomenally bad weather; it rained nearly all the time. Rio is very beautiful—at least the harbour; and it's a green country, but too damply hot at this time of year. Our young people have branched off to Seville, Ronda, and Granada for a fortnight, and will rejoin us here. Rudy has done some good work. We are all well—and we of the last generation are enjoying it here, where we are about the only visitors at present. There's no doubt about it—the old world beats the new all the time.

I look forward to a letter and to hearing that you are fit and flourishing.

Ada joins me in affectionate greetings.—Always yours, J. G.

By the way, a paragraph in to-day's *Observer* speaks of a further Galsworthy season with a revival of *Justice* and *Loyalties*; an error, I suppose?

GRAND HOTEL,  
BIARRITZ.

Feb. 23, 1929.

MY DEAR LION,—Many thanks indeed for your telegram and letter.

You seem, as usual, to have a number of irons waiting to be heated, and it's a little difficult to see how my new play is going to fit in. I shall send you a copy of it very shortly; so soon as I get it back from the typist.

## THE LAST YEARS

There is a leading part in it (that of Mr. East) which might suit Gwenn's taste, if he could play it—that is the question. He is rather a little bulldog, and though the part has that quality underneath, it has the smoothest, gentlest surface. If, in consultation with him, you think it is on the cards, I should have to have a talk with Gwenn to give him my notion of the part. *The play is essentially one which ought to be played as soon as possible*; and the simplest procedure, if Gwenn were chosen, would be to begin my season with it, and as early as possible—May at latest. But I should not be inclined to let this play go to any manager unless he were prepared to give it the fullest run of which it is capable. And, before I send it to you, I would like you to let me know whether you would be prepared to engage yourself to keep the play on until it fell below such an agreed weekly figure as would provide the working expenses and a slight profit. You see, it is not a play that would be likely to revive well, out of its time; and I think it is only fair to it and to me that it should have its full maximum run on its first appearance. I hardly think it could be staged at the Ambassador's.

Please keep every bit of our correspondence on this subject to yourself; and make no announcement of any sort.

I do not think we shall reach a definite stage until after I have had a chance to talk to you. In the meantime our love to you, and all our good wishes.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Eventually, however, Edmund Gwenn played—and with distinction—a different but equally important part in the play, which was produced by Leon M. Lion at Wyndham's Theatre on June 19th. Barrie sent a note of good wishes:

18 June, 1929.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
STRAND, W.C. 2.

MY DEAR G.,—May all go gloriously to-morrow night with *Exiled*. I seem to have retired myself, but it only makes me the keener for you, my man.—Ever yours,

J. M. B.

But this wish was disappointed, for the reception of the play, by critics and public alike, was cold. The general verdict was that it was interesting in parts, but scrappy and sentimental, especially at the end. *The Sunday Graphic* summarized it thus:

From every angle, save that of interest, it is a poor play. "Not

too good," you mutter disappointedly on the night, but somehow you wake up in the morning and find that bits of it stick in the memory.

*The Daily Telegraph*, in a sympathetic notice, called the play "sincere," *The Daily Mirror* "a good play," and *The Daily Sketch* "a fine play that is bound to run"; otherwise the kindest comment was perhaps that of *The Sunday Express*:

The plain truth about *Exiled* . . . is that while, judged from the standard of *Strife* and *Justice* and *The Silver Box*, it is dull and rambling, it is, of course, twenty times as good as nearly all the plays seen in England during the last ten years.

It is disappointing for Galsworthy, that is all.

One must agree with those critics who phrased their objections temperately (not all of them did so) that *Exiled* occupies no very exalted place among its author's works. In fact, E. A. Baughan's critique, besides describing the attitude of certain of the audience, comes nearest to the mark in assessing it:

"A terrible play," shouted a raucous voice from the pit when Leon M. Lion was delivering an unnecessary but quite harmless speech last night at Wyndham's Theatre.

Well, John Galsworthy's *Exiled* is emphatically not "a terrible play," and Leon M. Lion deftly turned the tables on the rude pittance by declaring that the "vast majority" of the audience had been entertained by it.

But it is quite possible that many critics, amateur and professional, will agree in a modified form with the pittance's opinion. *Exiled* is not in a sense a good play; nor is it one of John Galsworthy's best, but what is a good play? It entertained me throughout, and I liked the spirit of it, even the quiet end which comforts us with the thought that if England's body is mouldering in the grave her soul goes marching on.

That is the meaning of the play, but for John Galsworthy it is but lightly emphasized.

Incidentally, he went on to prophesy that *Exiled* would be successful; but in fact the play had but a short run. Galsworthy wrote to his producer from Vienna, where he had gone to attend the P.E.N. Annual Conference:

THE LAST YEARS

[*To Leon M. Lion*]

IMPERIAL HOTEL,  
VIENNA.

June 23, 1929.

MY DEAR LEON,—I feel as if I'd run away and left you to the "bitters," having had the "sweets." Shall be back on Friday evening, however. How's it going, I wonder? You will report to me then, *nicht wahr*?

Thank you again, my dear fellow, for really angelic conduct, and for so excellent a production. Whatever happens we shall have shown Fate that an author and a manager can dwell together throughout a production in amity.

People are being terribly kind to me here. To-night I read to 2000 sitting and 400 standing Viennese, and quite probably a mob outside howling for a renewal of the infiction. Luckily I love the Austrians, and don't mind reading in English, but I *shall* mind autographing if they start a spate of it.

Do hope you are not worn out.

Affectionate greetings from us both.—Always yours, J. G.

But we must now revert in point of time. On May 9th Galsworthy presided at the thirty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund at the Hotel Victoria, over a company of 248 people. He had presented the holograph manuscript of *Loyalties* to be auctioned for the benefit of the Fund. A. E. W. Mason was the auctioneer, and his efforts met with their reward; for, starting at £700, after a duel between Gabriel Wells and W. T. Spencer,<sup>1</sup> the manuscript was knocked down to the former for the very substantial sum of £3300. On the back of his place-card Galsworthy wrote:

[*To Gabriel Wells*]

DEAR MR. GABRIEL WELLS,—That was magnificent of you, and I admire your sportsmanship more than I can say.

Thank you a thousand times.—Always yours sincerely,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From Lord Crawford and Balcarres*]

10 May, 1929.

7 AUDLEY SQUARE, W. 1.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I should like to anticipate the formal vote of thanks you will receive from the Committee of the Royal

<sup>1</sup> The well-known booksellers of New York and London respectively.



Literary Fund, by saying how much my colleagues and I feel indebted to your good offices. Your speech, if I may say so, was quite admirable in every respect—it charmed us by the lightness of its touch, and then carried us along with its momentum towards a real appreciation of the issues before us. I seldom recall a speech which was more emphatic and to the point in respect to the real objectives of the R.L.F.

And as for your gift of that interesting document, we cannot express too sincere a gratitude. It was really a splendid gesture on your part, and I fancy you must have seen how greatly everybody appreciated this generosity. You may rest assured that it will go far to relieve distress in many of those cases to which you alluded in such touching and affecting terms.—Yours very truly,  
CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

[To Gabriel Wells]

May 30, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR MR. GABRIEL WELLS,—I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for not snatching time to write to you to thank you for sending me your little book, which I design to read when I get a moment free. I didn't thank you half enough, either, for your spirited conduct on the night of the R.L.F. dinner. You provided us all with a thrill.

I have been wondering whether you could get me a good price for the MSS. of *The Patrician* and of *Justice*. I should much like them to find a lasting home in the *Morgan Library*. As you know, I design the Forsyte MSS. for the B.M., but I should much like two major MSS. to go to some representative and lasting American collection. *Strife* is in the Bodleian.

Perhaps, anyway, you will advise me on the subject.

I shall be here except for week ends for the next fortnight and more. With very kind regards,—I am sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

And now came recognition of the highest, in a letter from Lord Stamfordham conveying the King's desire to confer upon Galsworthy the Order of Merit. This was an honour that he could accept with pride and pleasure, and he replied:

BURY HOUSE.

DEAR LORD STAMFORDHAM,—I was deeply touched and gratified by His Majesty's most kind wish; and I shall indeed feel honoured if he bestows on me the Order of Merit.

## THE LAST YEARS

May I take this opportunity of expressing the profound respect and admiration which I feel for His Majesty, and my fervent thankfulness at his restoration to health?

On June 3rd his name duly appeared in the list of Birthday Honours as recipient of the Order of Merit, to the great delight of all his friends, and of all those who cared for gallantry and integrity in personal life and in literature. A few only of the letters written and received by him are quoted:

[*To The Prime Minister*]

June 3, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I write to you in briefest measure of my gratitude, for I know that you can have no time just now for reading of the pleasure you have given. Though I fear I shall never think myself worthy of this honour, I shall try to live up to it.

I thank you very warmly, and I wish you health and happiness.  
—Most sincerely yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From J. Ramsay Macdonald*]

UPPER FROGNAL LODGE,  
HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

Monday, June 3rd, 1929.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Just a word, sent to you in the midst of terrible pressure, to congratulate you most heartily on your Order of Merit—a distinction which I know you can carry well.

My only regret is that I am now deprived of the opportunity of carrying out my own intentions.

With kindest regards,—Yours very sincerely,  
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

[*From Sir Herbert Samuel*]

35, PORCHESTER TERRACE,  
HYDE PARK, W. 2.

June 3rd, 1929.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—The pleasure and profit I have drawn from your works for many years past make me venture to offer you my very warm congratulations on the high honour conferred upon you. It is some reciprocation of the dignity which you have conferred upon contemporary English literature.—Yours very sincerely,  
HERBERT SAMUEL.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

[*From Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins*]

HEATH FARM,  
WALTON-ON-THE-HILL,  
TADWORTH, SURREY.

3rd June, 1929.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—All your admirers will rejoice to see your name where it is in the papers this morning. And as I claim to be among the warmest of them, I rejoice in proportion. No name could be more welcome, not only in England and America and the Continent, to readers—but also to your brethren in writing; and that, if you will let me add, no less on personal than on literary grounds.—Yours very truly,

ANTHONY H. HAWKINS.

I have not your address, so send this to the Athenæum.

[*From Stephen McKenna*]

11 STONE BUILDINGS,  
LINCOLN'S INN,  
W.C. 2.

3 June, 1929.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—The birthday honours cannot have given you half the pleasure that your many friends and innumerable admirers derived this morning from seeing your name in the Order of Merit. To congratulate you would be impertinent, but may I wish you many years of health and happiness in which to enjoy this latest honour?—Cordially and delightedly yours,

STEPHEN MCKENNA.

[*From Sir William Rothenstein*]

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART,  
SOUTH KENSINGTON,  
LONDON, S.W. 7.

June 3, 29.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—This is recognition you can honourably accept. No two names more worthily represent the integrity of the arts than yours and Bridges': it is a pleasure and a privilege to be able to congratulate you both in complete sincerity. I look back and remember your beginning, and I have followed your growth ever since. You have stood, not only for the fine things of literature, but equally for the gallant side of life. I send you and your wife my affectionate congratulations *de cœur*.—Yours ever,

WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.

## THE LAST YEARS

Amongst numberless others were congratulations from W. J. Locke—"There cannot be one of us who is not proud to have you honoured at the head of us all"; Alfred Sutro—"I don't think there's a single writing man in the country who won't be glad to read of the honour that has been bestowed on you, and that you do so richly and truly deserve"; Compton Mackenzie—"I cannot resist writing to say how much we are all honoured by the honour done to you"; and Max Beerbohm, who began "*I am* so glad," and wound up thus amusingly:

And of course don't answer this note; for you must be snowed under—or let us rather say lava'd under—with congratulations. Just tear off the appended form and have it sent to me:

---

Mr. Galsworthy's seven Private Secretaries  
regret  
that they are suffering from writer's cramp.  
They hope  
to resume work shortly.

---

[*To and from Sir F. G. Kenyon*]

May 30, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR KENYON,—Thank you for your kind letter. It would, of course, be a great honour to join that illustrious band, and I do feel strongly that the heart of London (the B.M.) is the true spiritual home of *The Forsyte Chronicles*.

I don't know if you realize the size (in bulk) of the MS. In its Morocco asbestos cases it measures 21 inches by 11 by 9, for it contains five whole novels, besides other matter. Can you house such a bulky MS. with those you speak of?

The MS. lacks *The Man of Property*, for, to my great regret now, I destroyed that MS. (with other early MSS.) on changing houses in 1913. It was in an awful state, and I was ashamed of its untidiness, and also unconscious then that I was destroying what had apparently (or rather would have) great monetary value.

The MSS. are here at my house, and if anyone would like to see them before coming to a decision to accept them, I shall be in town for the next two or three weeks and should be very glad to show them.

With best wishes, I am,—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

3 June, 1929.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for your letter of May 30th. If you have really made up your mind to make this very generous gift to the national collection, I think the best course would be to let me mention the matter informally to the Trustees at their next meeting (on June 8th). Assuming that they agree (and I cannot conceive their doing otherwise), I could then collect the MS. from you, and lay it formally before them at a subsequent meeting. The bulk is immaterial; or perhaps one might say the more the better. If Gibbon had offered the autograph MS. of *The Decline and Fall*, I trust the Trustees of the day would not have refused it on the ground of its size; and, as I told you, we already have the MS. of *The Dynasts*, which bears about the same proportion to an ordinary play as *The Forsyte Saga* to an ordinary novel.

So, if you have really made up your mind, I will proceed on these lines, with much gratitude to you.—Yours sincerely,

F. G. KENYON.

*P.S.*—If you wish to attach any condition as to the use of the MS. by the public, no doubt you will let me know. Of course its presence here does not affect your copyright rights.

Let me add to this, which was written at the end of last week, my most hearty congratulations on your appointment to the Order of Merit—the most desirable of all distinctions. It will give great pleasure to all who value the honour of English literature; and it makes your gift of the MS. of your greatest work to the nation all the more appropriate.—F. G. K.

On July 2nd Galsworthy went to Dublin to receive the D.Litt. of that University, and on the 8th to Paris, having insisted on escorting his wife and a friend on the first stages of their journey to Mont Dore. Then he posted back to London for the Investiture held next day at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the King, at which he received his Order; and hurried off again, that same day, to Mont Dore. After some four weeks there they spent a fortnight at their old Devonshire home; after which they settled down at Bury till their departure abroad at the end of the year.

Now came a letter from Sir James Barrie on the subject of

*A Modern Comedy*, which had just made its appearance in one-volume form :

1 Sept. 1929.

STANWAY.

MY DEAR G,—Heartiest thanks for *A Modern Comedy*. The three make a brave show together, and look as natural thus as three stumps. With you defending I don't see who can take your wicket, however new the ball. I daresay you are still at Manaton, and hope you are having a happy time. We scatter here to-morrow, and I go first to London and then Scotland. My love to you both.

J. M. B.

In the autumn came the production of Galsworthy's last completed play, *The Roof*. The circumstances of its production and reception were both unusual and peculiar. The last scene of this episodic play is not only the most important of all, but the most difficult to produce; and in order that this should be perfected for the formal *première* Galsworthy took the bold step of having the play performed for a week at Golder's Green before the official first night at the Vaudeville Theatre. (With regard to the difficulty of this scene, it may be added that rehearsals of it did not finish till three or four of the actual morning of the first performance; and, further, that when this writer told Galsworthy that the scene had seemed to him taken too slowly, Galsworthy replied that his one aim had been to prevent its being played too fast!) In order that the critics should judge of the play after rather than before the production had been perfected, they were not invited to the Golder's Green performances; but one critic, that of *The Morning Post*, found his way into the theatre, and gave the play a favourable notice next day. The play was also drawing crowded and enthusiastic houses at Golder's Green, so that it seemed prosperously launched. But there was deep resentment on the part of the Press at what had occurred, and public correspondence and explanations ensued. When, on November 4th, the formal *première* took place, the notices were mostly unfavourable—though *The Morning Post* remained friendly and E. A. Baughan, in *The Daily News*, praised it warmly—and the run of a play probably superior to the successful (and technically similar) *Escape* soon came to an end. The following letters form a sufficient commentary :

[*To Mr. Foyle*]

Nov. 17, 1929.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAR MR. FOYLE,—Thank you very much for your kind note about *The Roof*. I would certainly much rather have the Public's than the Critics' judgment on a Play.

Unhappily they (the Critics) have (often) the power to keep the public from passing judgment. One must have a "feeling heart"; for dramatic criticism is a dog's job done under shocking conditions, and critics are stale to the bone.

Kind regards.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From Gertrude Jennings*]

27th.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—This is just to tell you that I went to see your play last week and thought it one of the finest things you have ever done. It is really a wonderful piece of work and so beautifully acted throughout. It left me tremendously stirred, and I can't tell the childish suspense I was in about Gustave! A perfect little piece of character-drawing, this; indeed, each individual is a gem.

This needs no answer, but when one has so much enjoyed a play, just a word of thanks seems due to the creator.—Yours sincerely,

GERTRUDE JENNINGS.

[*From and to Denis Mackail*]

December 8th, 1929.

107, CHURCH STREET,  
CHELSEA, S.W. 3.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—Those damned critics nearly kept me away from *The Roof*, but we went last night in spite of them, and I must write and tell you what enormous pleasure it gave to the whole little party, and how to me especially it brought that continuous feeling of having the back stroked the right way which I can only get from real workmanship, and real observation, and real originality, and real wit. In fact, a perfect evening, thanks to you, with thrills over and over again at the neatness of it all, and at the reality of the people, and at meeting with the kind of genuine enjoyment that the theatre ought to give me (but hardly ever does in these hard times) and at not being treated by the

author as either a half-wit or a fossilized highbrow, but as a being with normal, healthy intelligence.

You will see that my emotion, which continues until the following morning, has rather affected my literary style, and that my sentences are much too long and formless. This is enthusiasm, though, which you must please forgive, coupled with a condition of frenzy that the critics should have dared to write about it all as they did. And when I think how they praised—— Well, never mind what. But I'm through with them, and I'm going to force all my friends to *The Roof* from now on.

I wish to goodness I could ever hope to write anything a quarter as good.—Yours sincerely,  
DENIS MACKAIL.

Dec. 10, 1929.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR DENIS (If I may abbreviate to such an extent),—Your letter about *The Roof* gave my wife and myself an extreme pleasure. It was really jolly of you to write so warmly. I have certainly been feeling a little sore, for I cannot believe the play to be the production of a moribund moron, such as some of the critics would apparently have me believe. They are a queer crowd, anyway, and need a chastisement with whips and scorpions. It is the unchastised life that goes to the head. We authors run no risks there.

We're just off (next Sunday) to Majorca, but in the spring I do hope you and Herself will come down here for a week-end.

Warm thanks again and all good greetings, in which my wife joins, to both of you.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

One critic, however—Sydney W. Carroll—did protest against the young men's attacks on Galsworthy:

. . . One of these young critical Bolsheviks, after confiding to us that he intends—bless him!—to take a merciful view, offers to regard *The Roof* as one of Galsworthy's earlier efforts, written before he was acknowledged to be a great dramatist. However, great as Mr. Galsworthy is admitted to have been in the past, we are now told that the seeds of disillusionment have been sown in the minds of thousands of young Galsworthy worshippers, including his own. The great man has descended to the tricks of a hack dramatist and the humour of a schoolboy. The older critics are accused of having been awed by the bare name of Gals-



worthy and so stressing every negligible quality the play contains. Galsworthy, he declares finally, has lost nearly all his dramatic power, while his humour is something to cry over.

Another young man of the same school attacks Galsworthy on the score of writing unnatural dialogue, and it also rankles in my mind that a third young gentleman has utilized his professional position to put Mr. Galsworthy's previous play, *Exiled*, down as "tripe."

I am not one of those theatrical writers who believe that, just because a man has done great work in the past, whatever he writes should be more or less sacrosanct, and I do not wish to set myself up as holding any special brief for Mr. Galsworthy. But surely it is time that the critical fraternity as a whole protested against ill-considered, immature, and rash impertinences made at the expense of the really great men of the theatre—men whose achievements and record entitle them to the most sympathetic, thorough, and well-digested verdicts of criticism. We must not bring our calling into the gutter.

Take this particular play, *The Roof*, which is obviously an attempt by a humanitarian, a philosopher, and a first-class dramatist to reflect the cinematographic aspect of modern life in its episodic and disconnected aspects. If it has no plot to speak of it is because modern life has no plot to speak of. The author has a very much deeper object than merely to examine the reactions of the occupants of rooms in an hotel where fire has broken out. It is true that we see such reactions, but he must be a very empty-headed spectator who cannot comprehend whither these reactions are leading. They must be considered not in sections, but as a whole; and, considered as a whole, they result in a general emotion and human feeling in cumulative effect, giving us the illusion of life itself.

It is a sound piece of criticism to say that the general cohesion of the play is externally imposed, and that it is the outcome of an accidental circumstance, but I cannot agree that that accidental circumstance—and what is life if it does not consist of many such?—has not resulted in a unifying idea. . . .

In spite of its few faults—and what play ever written was perfect?—*The Roof* remains, in my judgment, one of the most distinguished pieces of writing on the stage at the present time. It has a nobility, a fineness of quality, a beauty of thought, and a strength of treatment equal to anything that can be seen elsewhere.

The philosophy of the play seems to me to be summed up by

a remark of one of the characters, the invalid in the sixth scene. He says, "I've always wanted to write the story of a waiter." The nurse replies, "Have a talk with him when he comes up." The invalid, a novelist, says with a sigh, "He won't tell me what he's thinking. That's my job. To tell how people feel and think by the way they don't look and act. We are all better, or, at least, more vivid than we seem. Life's a pagoda. We hatch in the basement and take wings on the roof, and in between we live masked in a sort of unending bluff; and who knows what we are really like?"

Does this not remind us of the French saying, "To know all is to pardon all." Let the younger critic ask himself how much he really knows.

The last public engagement of the year was the Authors' Society dinner on November 20th, at which Galsworthy made a speech. On December 14th he and his family left Bury, and after a night at Grove Lodge, set out for Majorca, which they reached, via Barcelona, on the 17th. Here the party spent a more or less idyllic couple of months before moving on via Carcassonne to Biarritz.

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

HOTEL REINA VICTORIA,  
PALMA, MAJORCA.

DEAREST MAB,— . . . It's lovely weather here on the whole, and a charming place. The journey too was very cosy and smooth. Ada's had a cold, but got rid of it. Rudy is working a bit, and so am I. Our rooms have closed-in balconies, about nine square feet, which open or shut in the front and are a great stand-by. Quite a good hotel. Uninteresting people, the visitors—so far. Natives very polite and pleasant. . . .

All best wishes, darling, for good health again, and in the New Year all good.

Love to all from us all.—Your loving,

J.

As usual, their principal pursuits were driving, walking, and tennis, while Galsworthy was—also as usual—working on the early stages of a novel.

The delights of Biarritz were evidently undiminished, for it was four weeks before they left it to return, via Paris, to England. Life

passed uneventfully, at Grove Lodge or at Bury, till May, when a letter came:

[*From and to Stanley Baldwin*]

18 May, 1930.

10, UPPER BROOK STREET, W. 1.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—You have a chance of giving me pleasure.

I want you to accept the Cambridge LL.D. at my hands on the occasion of my installation as Chancellor on June 5th.

Scratch any engagement you have and come to Cambridge that day.—Yours sincerely,

STANLEY BALDWIN.

May 30, 1930.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR BALDWIN,—I was just going to write and say how glad I was to see you made Chancellor of Cambridge and Saint Andrews when your letter came. I have more degrees than I ought to have already, but since you put it as you have I can but say "Thank you—I'll be there." Anyway, it's delightful of you to want me. Someone, no doubt, will send me the details. I take it there will be no need for me to open my mouth.

Very warm greetings and again many thanks.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The ceremony duly took place, and Galsworthy received his Doctorate in the company (*inter alios*) of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Professor Einstein, Professor Max Planck, Sir James Barrie, and Professor Lascelles Abercrombie. A few days later came a far more strenuous performance. On June 14th the Galsworthys left for Munich and Berlin, where he broadcast once and lectured three times (not to mention a lunch, a dinner, and a reception); after which they proceeded to Warsaw for the P.E.N. Annual Conference. From Warsaw they made for Cracow; thence to Vienna; and so home on the 27th, after a very full and exacting fortnight.

Shortly after, Galsworthy received yet another academic honour, being invested with the Doctorate of Letters of Sheffield University on July 5th.

The rest of the year till mid-December was spent in the usual oscillation between Grove Lodge and Bury, with the exception of a

visit to Mont Dore in August. On the 18th he wrote to Mrs. Reynolds:

. . . Here the weather has been lamentable, but for two heavenly days of which we took full advantage. Ada and Elizabeth Lucas pursue the cure with diligence and decided benefit to themselves. And I've been working regularly, and glad of the quiet mornings. The air is very good, for we are 3000 feet up here. I get tennis with a pro. every other morning—otherwise exercise is a bit desultory. . . .

The first of the two principal events of the autumn was the publication on October 3rd of *On Forsyte 'Change*, which was an enormous success with the public. (So large were the advance subscriptions that the size of the first edition had to be increased before publication, and eventually crystallized at 40,000 copies—an outstanding figure for a book of short stories. Not only this, but the book had very soon to be reprinted.) The second was the completion of *Maid in Waiting*.

[From Sir James Barrie]

2 Nov., 1930.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
STRAND, W.C. 2.

MY DEAR G.,—*On Forsyte 'Change* is every whit as good as the others. I marvel that it can be so, but it is. On reading of Soames and the flag I can't tell you how I wished (and wish) that Soames had kept a four years' diary of the war. Many people probably did so to a greater or less extent, and already how interesting it would be to the rest of us if we had it as you could do it—not necessarily Soames.

All hail. I am now back recovering by stages from making speeches. My love to you both.—Yours, J. M. B.

[To André Chevrillon]

Nov. 2, 1930.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—It was so nice to see your handwriting, and to learn that you liked my Forsyte camoes.

That is really the last of the family in direct treatment. I have started on another family, the Charwells (or Cherrells as it is pronounced), representative of the older type of family with more tradition and sense of service than the Forsytes. I've finished

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one novel, and hope, if I have luck, to write a trilogy on them. It's a stratum (the Service-manning stratum) that has been much neglected, and still exists in English life.

We, too, are going to America, but not till Dec. 16, by when you will be back. Good luck to you on your trip.

No, the Hondekoeter was written (first of these studies) in 1928.

My wife joins in affectionate greetings to you all.—Always your friend,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Mrs. Reynolds*]

Nov. 26, 1930.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAREST MAB,—So many thanks for the glossary, and all your care and attention: I have sent it off to Schalit. It's really splendid of you to do all this work for me.

I'm glad you like Dinny. I'm afraid she's about the only justification for the book; but I have more and more the feeling that novels are no good except for the creation of a character now and then who stays by you. . . . Bless you, and our best love,  
J.

But before we follow the Galsworthys on their last visit to America there is one woeful event to record:

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds*]

Dec. 7, 1930.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAREST MABS,—. . . Yesterday Jack had a little mishap, riding. The mare flung her head up at the wrong moment, and gave her rider a mighty crack just under the chin. She appears to have been just recovering herself after a clumsy jump which had thrown Jack forward. Hence the collision. It was so numbing that at first he didn't realize the skin was broken; but it proved to be a real cut, and we thought it best for a doctor to make it tidy, which he did—with two stitches: for the chin bone being so near the surface there, it would have made rather a gaping inclination and much longer healing. It is looking splendid to-day, and he has the neatest little gauze oval on his chin. . . .

So we seem rather in the wars, and full of cares and chores, and everyone a little "edgy."

I do hope you are feeling "progressive" again, dearest. Very very much love from—Your always devoted,  
ADA.

THE LAST YEARS

[*To the Same*]

Dec. 10, 1930.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAREST MAB,—Thank you for your sweet letters. I am all right except for a healed scar underneath the chin. The doctor took out the stitches to-day. On the whole a very lucky issue. It might have been much worse. Still a little headachy, of course, but that's partly lack of exercise.

. . . Bless you ever so.—Your loving,

J.

With this alarm safely behind them, they sailed for New York on December 15th, arriving a week later. Galsworthy found the crossing "reasonably smooth, and the boat a fine one—rather too much like an elaborate hotel, but then that is new style." Mrs. Galsworthy, writing to Mrs. Reynolds, described the passage as "very moderate," but added, "we did not suffer too much."

On landing (her letter continues), we went for one night and most of two days to some old friends, and the extreme comfort was certainly grateful and comforting. We left on Dec. 23 (night) for New Orleans and arrived there on Xmas morn. If there is a more squalid hole than New O. I hope I may never see it. We were there one night and two days, leaving last night for San Antonio, Texas, where we arrive this afternoon. . . . We stay at San Antonio three days, then on to Tucson, arriving there on New Year's Day. There were the usual reporters on the boat, but since then (and photographers) no great worry. We saw a number of old friends in New York, and some of them appear to be going to call on us in Arizona! These people are cracked about travelling. We are not, and shall be very glad to settle quietly outside Tucson. . . .

[*To Dorothy Easton*]

Jan. 5, 1931.

EL CONQUISTADOR,  
TUCSON.

DEAREST DOROTHY,—Your letter and charming present turned up here yesterday. Thank you so much, dear.

We are all well and thriving on the good sun and air. Riding—mornings before breakfast: tennis in the afternoon: and work in the mornings. I am on a sequel to the novel that I finished in

September. We stay here till Feb. 23. It's about a three weeks' post from England. The journey was long and rather tedious; but our boat, the *Leviathan*, was a very good one—59,000 tons. We sail back on her in the same cabins on April 15, and reach England the 21st.

I have to give 8 lectures on our way back East, in March and April.

I hope you will get through the winter all right. The enclosed little Xmas present comes rather late, I fear.

We all send you all our best love.—Your affectionate, J. G.

[To Mrs. Reynolds]

EL CONQUISTADOR HOTEL,  
TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Feb. 8, 1931.

DEAREST MAB,—I've been most remiss in not writing, but day after day falls into the same routine (most of which is concerned with pen or pencil in hand), and so I've written practically no letters. We're all well. The children [are] away up a Cañon for two days (Rudey wants a certain subject). The weather is a little overcast for the moment, but as a rule splendid. Ada is active; walks five or six miles with Vi in the mornings, and in the afternoons runs after our tennis balls, bless her! She and Vi literally do ball-girls for us.

Five days a week R., V. and I ride at 7.30-8.30. I have a charming little mount. At 9.30 I settle down to the novel, and keep it going till nearly lunch time. If only I can keep this up I hope to bring back half the sequel to *Maid in Waiting*. After lunch we lie up a bit, and I tinker at *Carmen* libretto or read. Tennis for an hour. A grape-fruit. Then more *Carmen* libretto (finished in the rough—and now being smoothed) till dinner, and after dinner again, while Ada and R. play chess and Vi reads.

The hotel (which is very good) is filling up now; but in our little bungalow we have all the privacy we want, and we've managed to avoid Press and residents. On the 25th Feb. R. and V. go to San Francisco and start his exhibition: and A. and I go to the San Marcos Hotel at Chandler, our old haunt, for three weeks. Thence to San Francisco to start my lecturing tour (8 lectures). We shall reach New York on April 3, and sail home on April 15.

We do hope the improvement has maintained itself, darling. Bless you, and love to all from all.—Your, J.

The weather broke, and became somewhat spectacularly bad:

[*From Mrs. Galsworthy's letters to Mrs. Reynolds*]

There has been a lot of unheard of weather *here* lately; very heavy rains, days and days of it. On a sandy soil this is disastrous: roads become impassible rather easily, and even trains have had to be diverted on to other lines where conditions were better. No air mail since last Wednesday. One little unknown town was flooded by a cloudburst (one woman drowned, and most of the population sitting on their roofs). However, it is now honestly clearing, I think, and we have suffered no great inconvenience.

At Chandler also they spent nearly a month:

Jack and I arrived on Wednesday evening last, saying goodbye to Rudo and Vi in the train, which took them on to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Jack is pursuing very much the same routine as at Tucson, riding (a very nice mare) before breakfast, writing from breakfast to lunch, idling for a little afterwards (like everyone else, for it is very hot in the middle of the day). Then we go for a walk or motor somewhere; yesterday we went in to Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, in search of the inevitable dentist.

. . . *Carmen* is drawing to a close; it is a tough job, especially to keep Jack duly aware that there is rhythm in music as well as in poetry. I don't know that I think it was worth while, but it has been great fun. His novel goes on at a great pace, and I think it is excellent.

After play, work. The Sauters were by now concerned, on their side, with the various exhibitions of his pictures, while for Galsworthy lectures began. He had on this occasion refused many offers and requests for lectures, feeling that he had made many appearances of this kind during his previous visit, and that he was entitled to a more restful time on this occasion; he was now, however, fairly in the maelstrom. Through San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia, he and his wife wound their way to New York, with lectures at all these places. At New York again he gave one lecture, and there were visits to Boston, Washington, and Princeton (the two former for lectures, the latter to receive that Degree offered him through Charles Scribner three and a half years before). His subjects were "Six favourite Novelists" and



"Literature and Life." It is probably to the first of these lectures that the following Press extract refers:

\* . . . That evening when I heard him speaking from the platform, I thought I could understand how he felt. Though he had a most exhilarating audience, it was plain that he wasn't wholly at ease. He didn't get into the warm, glowing relation with his listeners that was [*sic*] the lecturer's supreme reward. The amplifier made it unnecessary for him to use anything but a colloquial tone; but some time before he reached the end it was evident that he worked under some difficulty. However, he must have been gratified by the evident pleasure he was giving his listeners, those under his eye. And he must have been intrigued by the thought of the 800 people listening to him in another hall of the clubhouse.

For that hour and a quarter of speaking Galsworthy was paid \$1000. When I mentioned this detail to one of his multitudinous admirers she said, "Isn't it extraordinary that a man should be able to build himself up to be such an appealing public figure." It was indeed extraordinary. But it was understandable enough. . . .

Such were the last days, thus abounding in activities, that Galsworthy spent on American soil.

On April 15 the reunited party sailed, as arranged, for England.

[*To H. V. Marrot*]

April 15, 1931.

S.S. *Leviathan*.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—Here we are a-sailin' home.

Thank you for your last letter. We ought to be at Bury by April 21st, and shall be up in Town on April 28th, and hope to see you then. I trust you're settled in and over your main troubles.

We had a hectic last three weeks—by Gum, Sir, yes! But all went well.

All join in affectionate greetings to you.—Yours always,

J. G.

On the 21st they landed at Southampton and were back at Bury once more.

During May Galsworthy was elected a Foreign Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; he also per-

formed the distinguished duty (which he had accepted from the Vice-Chancellor some months before) of delivering the Romanes Lecture for 1931 at Oxford, choosing as his subject "The Creation of Character in Literature." A month later came a journey to Holland for the P.E.N. Club Annual Congress, and, immediately afterwards, on June 24th, a visit to Oxford for the Encænna, at which he received the Degree of D.Litt.—a close fit, for, as Mrs. Galsworthy records, "We left the Hook of Holland about midnight, the car met us at Liverpool St. Station, and we drove off to Oxford, arriving about 11.20 A.M."

[*To Lady Keeble*]

May 29, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR LILLAH,—Thank you so much for those sympathetic words—almost thou persuadest me. I never feel happy lecturing.

About the 24th of June. Alas! We must go back to Town after the garden party. We'll see you both there, no doubt, if not before. The whole thing will be a scurry; for we only arrive in Oxford at 11.10, coming from Holland. We did enjoy ourselves with you; you were both so good to us.

Our love to you,

J. G.

You don't want to part with your Bedlington? Don't trouble to answer. I feel you don't.—J. G.

I'm sending you a Copy of the Limited Lecture.

The allusion to the Bedlington is more important than might be imagined—with the Galsworthys anything relating to dogs was indeed weighty. Soon after their return from America, at the beginning of May, they had undergone a canine bereavement:

Horrible weather to-day (Galsworthy had written); and we are all gloomy, for poor Rex was run over four days ago and killed instantly. He was such a beautiful live thing! Damn cars, including those I drive in!

Mrs. Galsworthy had succumbed to the fascination of Lady Keeble's Bedlington, Michael, and here was a chance to console her for the loss of Rex. Lady Keeble consented; and Michael became a member of the household, and his mistress's special pet.

To this period belong the following letter and verse, both of literary interest:

[To Mr. Louis L. Weiss of Ohio]

May 26, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. I don't usually answer this sort of question. But I don't mind admitting that *The Man of Property* in the *Saga*, and *Swan Song* in the *Comedy* are according to my own view the best single novels. *The Indian Summer*, however, is probably the best thing in the whole lot.

No! Conrad had no influence whatever on my writing. He was a most kind and helpful critic of it, but in manner we were poles apart.—Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[Written in a copy of "*From the Four Winds*"]

June 7, 1931.

I wrote this book, and certify  
That she's been mine in days gone by;  
In fact the slim and timid tome  
Has only known her parent's home.  
There with a slightly elder twin  
She's stabled been, with kith and kin:  
Thereof lest any have a doubt,  
I write these words, and turn her out.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In August came a week-end at Stanway with Sir James Barrie, and, shortly afterwards, four weeks in Austria, spent at Salzburg, Ischl, and Merano. From the last he wrote:

[To H. V. Marrot]

Sep. 11, 1931.

PALACE HOTEL,  
MERANO.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—Many thanks for your undated letter. We have been abroad since Aug. 19, first at Ischl and Salzburg, and then here. We journey home on Monday, and shall be at Grove Lodge on Tuesday Sep. 15. I hope to see you then at once, and we will deal with Metzler. So don't do anything till my return.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This refers to negotiations in connection with the translation of *Carmen* by J. and A. G., which the present writer's firm was to publish.

Very disquieting that farthing<sup>1</sup>—the wrong sort of safe deposit. It's been delightful here—fine and beautiful. I hope to finish my novel before we start for home. I'm reading Huxley's *Brief Candles*. He *can* write. Maurois, Turgenev, and several 'bloods,' and Sackville West's *Simpson*, are all that I've managed besides. Ada is well, but jibbed at a cure. She loves this place, and so do I.—Yours affectionately,  
J. G.

On September 15th the Galsworthys returned to England, and for the remainder of the year divided their time between their two homes.

At the end of October the Director of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, Mr. William Armstrong, wrote to Galsworthy saying that their forthcoming twenty-first season was to be commemorated by a production of *Strife*, reminding him of the fact that it was this play which had inaugurated the original season twenty years before, and asking him for "a letter for publication in the Liverpool *Daily Post* giving your views on *Strife* as applicable to present-day conditions. Possibly," he continued, "you might point out what the play dealt with when it was written, and if there are any significant changes in the industrial and economic conditions since then. . . ." Galsworthy responded as follows:

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR ARMSTRONG,—It is pleasurable news to me that you are about to revive *Strife* in your admirable "Playhouse" at Liverpool. Is it, indeed, twenty years since Basil Dean produced it there for Miss Darragh at Kelly's Theatre, and out of that venture evolved the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, which has had its home ever since in "The Playhouse"? That first Liverpool production of *Strife* was a very good one, but I see no reason why yours should not be a better. Some people think that the play has dated. I do not. It has always been the fashion to suppose that it is a play on the subject of capital and labour. But the strike, which forms the staple material of the play, was only chosen by me as a convenient vehicle to carry the play's real theme, which is that of the Greek *ἔβρις*, or violence; *Strife* is, indeed, a play on extremism or fanaticism.

Strikes nowadays, no doubt, are less isolated affairs than the strike in this play; and there may be other surface differences, but the human nature behind is the same, the types are the same,

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the accident of a child swallowing a farthing, with the consequent alarms and excursions, happily ungrounded.

and the passions; the heroisms (if they can so be called), and the bitter suffering and waste, which fanaticism (however "heroic") always brings.

Anthony and Roberts are certainly the only characters in the play who can be called heroic, and who move us to admiration; they are also by reason of their extremism the villains of the piece. There is an irony in that, which I'm bound to say has always afforded me a certain satisfaction.

I remember that after a production of *Strife* at Nottingham a certain capitalist came up to me and said: "By Jove, Sir, I did enjoy that speech you gave to old Anthony; that's the stuff to give them," or words to that effect. He was a genial soul, and I trust that the expression of my face did not shatter his illusions. I remember that the same year, after a production of *Strife* at Oxford, a Labour "fan" came up to me on the platform as I was going back to town, and said: "Ah! that speech of Roberts was great; it got the blighters plumb centre!" or words to *that* effect. He was an engaging enthusiast, and again I trust that the look in my eye did not destroy his faith. People who go to *Strife* expecting Capital or Labour to get a hoist are in for disappointment. And people who go to *Strife* to see a photographic reproduction of an industrial struggle of to-day will come away saying that this, that, or the other is not true to life. But I suggest that people shouldn't go to *Strife* to see any such things. They should go to *Strife* to see human nature in the thick of a fight, the "heroism" of diehardism, and the nemesis that dogs it. That is what the author meant them to see in *Strife* when he wrote it, and believes that they will see, in 1931 as clearly as in 1911, if they don't go with their minds made up to see something else. . . .

Believe me, my dear Armstrong,—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In November he gave a very successful reading for the benefit of the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa. A more important event was the appearance of *Maid in Waiting*, which, in spite of a tendency among readers to be disappointed at the disappearance of the Forsytes, sold extremely well.

[To Edward Garnett]

Nov. 11, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Thank you for your letter and "reactions," as they call them nowadays. I expect the book suffers from the

presence of two hares, for your pages criticized just cover the appearance and chase and death of the second hare.

Don't I know the truism that a scene can be truer to life than to art! Whenever (very rarely) I've introduced something taken straight from life, it's always seemed false. In this book I haven't done that at all; but what you mean, I think, is that all the Ferse part is too direct narrative.

What about lunching with me at Romano's on Nov. 20th at 1 o'clock?—Always yours,  
J. G.

Thank you very much for the book of plays.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Dec. 31, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I was, as always, delighted to get your good letter and hear of your reactions to *M[aid] in W[aiting]*. I feel gratified that you remembered that conversation. I certainly did embark on this new trilogy with the feeling that I owed it to the "Service-class" to show something of their good side. Though they would seem to be on the decline they are still, I think, strong in the national life, buttressed as they are (almost as much as ever) by the Public Schools and Universities. They have declined more in print and publicity than in reality. But these are days when things transform themselves below the surface too, and it is ill attempting to diagnose the future. England has been through some anxious months, but the spirit of the country is admirable on the whole, and we are not "downhearted." I am greatly hoping for some real revival of the land and agriculture. Without that we shall find it difficult to get rid of the adverse balance in our trade.

I think you are right about the accessibility of the Americans to the Frenchman, and I understand how you feel that you know them better than the English. All the same I feel that in the English-stock Americans there is more similarity of fibre to our own than there is to the French fibre. Oh! yes, a great deal more really. Manners don't really make man, nor does the far greater expansiveness of the American divorce their nature from ours in many essentials. (I'm speaking rather strictly of the older stock, of course, of whom there are still many.) I hope you are over the struggles with your proofs, and able to rest, and that the New Year will be kind and generous to all of you. Ada joins me in

warmest wishes to Madame Chevrillon and yourself, and to the younger generation.—Always your friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Its successor, *Flowering Wilderness*, was actually already completed, for it was with regard to that novel that Galsworthy had written:

[To H. V. Marrot]

Oct. 16, 1931.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR VINCENT,—It was very sweet of you to read the book; and very nice of you to write to me appreciatively. I am much relieved that you approve of the handling of *Desert*.

I'll attend to the two incidents you speak of.

Your letter is an admirable illustration of clear thought and expression; and I do take it as very friendly of you.

We enjoyed your visit—probably more than you did.—Our love to you,  
J. G.

About this time came a happy little incident. One of the innumerable instances of Galsworthy's kindness seems to have had permanent results, and the following letter, which must have given him great pleasure, pleasantly winds up the year 1931:

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—Some months ago, six, to be exact, you very kindly sent me £5 to buy "a decent appearance" with a view to my winning back a place in the society against which I had sinned, and for which sin I had just paid with six months in prison.

It appears to me, therefore, that 6 months is an appropriate time at which to give an account of myself.

I had a stiff struggle for two weeks following your kind gift—and finally got a start—*delivering bills*.

Within about 5 weeks I obtained a post as Superintendent of Sample Distributors to Messrs. —.

And now after 10 weeks of that, I have been appointed Junior Traveller . . . and I am meeting the Managing Director tomorrow to arrange details as to salary, etc.

I feel sure you will be glad to know, therefore, that "the seed fell on good ground," and I'm sure the knowledge I am making good is the best thanks you can have.

. . . I want you to know I shall always be—Yours very gratefully,  
X.Y.Z.

1932 began with fresh activities on behalf of the P.E.N. Club.

[*To the Lord President of the Council*]

Jan. 2, 1932.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR BALDWIN,—I feel that you must almost surely have missed the enclosed appeal, so beautifully was it tucked away in *The Times*. Do, I beg, glance at it and the real list of signatures, which I append to it. It goes to the Press of all the thirty-five countries where there is a P.E.N. Centre, and, though writers appear to carry no weight nowadays, may, I trust, bear some little fruit.

What a hard time you have been having, but how much you have achieved—not the least being the advance of sympathy and respect you have aroused for our Governing Forces! I send you my very hearty personal congratulations, and best wishes for the New Year.—Very sincerely yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Galsworthys remained quietly at Bury until the second week in February, when they went to Biarritz for a “very restful and sunny” stay of a fortnight or so; returning at the beginning of April, they spent the rest of the month at Grove Lodge. Then, after snatching ten days at Bury, they were off again for the P.E.N. Club Annual Congress at Budapest, going by way of Vienna and returning through Zurich for a P.E.N. dinner there. All this time he had been in correspondence with the present writer over the various copyright complications and details of production incidental to the publication of the translation of the *Carmen* libretto. (This eventually appeared in a limited edition; not all the copies were sold, and, with characteristic generosity, Galsworthy bought up all the unsold copies to avoid any possibility of loss to the publishers.)

The end of May was spent at Grove Lodge, and June and half July at Bury; then came the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, and a visit to Worcestershire occupied with family research (curiously like his own Soames's visit to the cradle of the Forsytes so soon before his death). After this there was a cricket match at Bury—his publishers brought a team over every year to encounter the village talent—and a short visit to Sir James Barrie at Stanway, succeeded by his last journey abroad. At the end of August he and his wife went out to their old haunt, Merano; after a week or so they motored to Cortina (that other favourite spot) and back, returning, via Landeck and Paris, to Grove Lodge on September 19th. *Over the*



*River*, his last novel, had been finished on August 13th at Bury—curious that one trilogy, *The Forsyte Saga*, should have been completed and a second, *A Modern Comedy*, published the day after his birthday, and now a third the day before—and October was spent between Bury and Grove Lodge, with the play *Similes* (never finished) to occupy his time.

In November occurred the two last important events of Galsworthy's career: he made his final living appearance before the public with the novel *Flowering Wilderness*; and—crowning honour—he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. So his friends had one last opportunity to salute him and to wish him well.

It would be a pity (wrote Sir James Barrie) were the Society of Authors to miss the opportunity of congratulating itself on the latest honour that has come to it through Mr. Galsworthy, our so distinguished member. His brothers and sisters of the craft are not merely proud of him as the winner of the Nobel prize, but he makes us thereby a little prouder of ourselves, a privilege which many other bodies share with us, for he is ever doing service to humanity in general as well as to literature in particular. I think the great mass of his fellow-countrymen will acclaim this choice. In a phrase, much in the public mouth at the moment of writing, he is accepted as a "bar of gold"; and other lands than ours best understand our creditable behaviour in a recent transaction through their familiarity with his Forsytes, the best-known abroad of all families from this island, and perhaps the only one who could travel without passports. I am not sure that Soames could not legitimately protest against the Nobel prize going to Mr. Galsworthy instead of to himself. At any rate he has the nearest right to enter a claim, and I can see Mr. Galsworthy, with his famous sense of fairness, doubled up by the problem.

[From *John Masefield*]

BOAR'S HILL, OXFORD.

MY DEAR JOHN,—We both send you our hearty congratulations on your new and well-deserved honour. It is splendid that Sweden should have chosen an Englishman, and glorious that she should have chosen you.

All good wishes for a happy visit to Sweden: and a delightful time in spending the prize. It is a happy day for you both and for us all.—Yours ever,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE LAST YEARS

[From and to H. Granville-Barker]

18, PLACE DES ETATS-UNIS,  
PARIS.

*Armistice day*, 32.

MY DEAR J. G.,—Just about to say thank you for the book when—last night at a theatre, as it happened, on that beastly screen: *le prix Nobel a été décerné à l'anglais Galsworthy*. So first about that, our love and felicitations to you. The right thing. And no one wears honours with a more unconscious grace than you. And if literary honours can't be worn that way—! I like to think of you representing English letters to the world. For your England is my England, more or less; an England that I can explain and be proud of and (humanly) justify.

Helen took the book. I've just got it—to turn it over when I ought to have been at *Henry VI* and *Titus Andronicus* (it is better literature than *they* are, Sir: if not *quite* so forceful). But even turning it over, opening at any page, I know at once *where I am*. Like all true romancers, you've made a world of your own, which is the world of your idea. A complete world now, pretty well. No such thing as the real world in art, of course. And the little *untrue* romancers go patching together bits and scraps of other people's ideas and notions that aren't ideas. But to have created a comprehensive and coherent and recognizable whole—that's the achievement. A humane and magnanimous idea—that's *you*.

Our love to you all, and God bless you.

H. G.-B.

*Nov. 14, 1932.*

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR HARLEY,—You are prodigal and affectionate with your pen. All the same, I have the conviction that you wish me well, and your letters give me the feeling that I would like to live up to them. For all that, I know I never shall.

I believe we will be at the Hotel Louvois, Square Louvois, from Tuesday, Nov. 22 till Friday, Nov. 25. If there is any chance of seeing you both let us know. My handwriting totters, but my heart remains, as ever, true to you, Sir, and to your lady. Ada's love and mine.—Always your friend,

J. G.

[From and to Professor Murray]

YATSCOMBE,  
BOAR'S HILL, OXFORD.

*Nov. 20, 1932.*

MY DEAR J. G.,—You really are a wonder. Such a tremendous output, and such an extraordinarily high standard of artistic work-

manship. Besides, according to all the most up-to-date rules for the effective management of institutions, you ought by now to be declared Emeritus and made to retire; and you go and do a book equal to your very best!

I think Dinny is the most delightful of all your heroines, and the description of her love for Desert—both the quality of it and the swift irresistible flowering of it—seems to me quite magical. Also—though I did, in my philistine way, long for a happy ending, which seemed to be promised by the title if denied by the conditions of the story—it was very interesting to be made to see that the real obstacle to a satisfactory relation between Wilfrid and Dinny was not anything external but his own disharmony, or whatever you call it, within.

One criticism: I feel as if his renegade behaviour was, not exactly the *scène à faire*, but the thing to be explained. I suppose you decided that two or three allusions would do the trick, and perhaps you were right. But I feel that I do not know the creature.

By the way, if ever you turn Hindoo—and thicken slightly in the process, as would be seemly—you will be extremely like Jaiakar. I had a talk with him this morning, and kept being reminded of you.

I am writing a little book on Aristophanes: rather fun.—Yours ever,

G. M.

Many congratulations, too, on your Nobility.

GROVE LODGE,  
HAMPSTEAD.

Nov. 21, 1932.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Your letter cheered me greatly at the end of a hard day. Bless you for writing so warmly. It is well that one's really old friends and critics rally around. I am truly glad of a coming book on Aristophanes. It will cheer me into Greece next Spring.

I am getting to feel as if I'd been buried and dug up again.

Ada joins me in blessings to you both.—Affectionately yours,  
J. G.

The Prize money—something over £9000—was, in accordance with his expressed wish, made a Trust Fund for the benefit of the P.E.N. Club, which he had so loyally and wisely guided and served since its inception. Such was the last, though not the least, of his contributions to the cause of international amity.

And now the shadows were closing in fast; apparently slight ailments which he had long resolutely ignored began to take their toll, and his general condition of health to reveal itself as far from satisfactory. And still he would not see a doctor, and made light of it:

Jack is about the same (wrote Mrs. Galsworthy to Mrs. Reynolds on November 12th), saying he feels all right but looking *anything* but right. He gave us a scare yesterday; the quiet new mare shied at a shining plough lying near her route, and he came off, on his back—he says very mildly, and that he feels nothing, not even stiffness. But it brought three gardeners, Joan, Ru, Vi, and me out, ready for all sorts of horrors, and not quite being able to see what had happened—only a runaway riderless horse careering about.

At the beginning of December he was still planning to go to Stockholm to receive his Prize, but had to give the idea up. Barrie wrote:

12 Dec., 1932.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I am grieved to hear you have been ill and were not able to go to Stockholm. Get better soon is the wish of your loving,  
J. M. B.

But still he grew worse instead of better. How it had begun, and how it ended, is best told by his nephew Rudolf.

My Uncle, whose life had been singularly free of illness, began, about 1930, to be plagued by a small spot which, though of little account, obstinately refused to heal. For some months this worried him exceedingly. At times, too, notably during the visit of an old College friend, J. W. Hills, by which he took much pleasure, he was attacked by sudden lapses of speech, inexplicable in one of his temperate habit. These were followed by others at varying intervals. Then one day, cantering over some rather long grass, the mare, who was noted for carelessness with her feet, pecked and stumbled, throwing him rather heavily. No immediate effects beyond severe bruising were discoverable but, though he never let such "trifles" interfere with his daily routine, we were made increasingly anxious about his state of health.

On our return from America in 1931 he seemed in better health, despite the eight strenuous lectures, which always took so much out of him, as did all public speaking; the spot seemed to have

disappeared, and he was more cheerful for some time. But later there were signs that the virulence had not yet gone out of it, and this depressed him unduly. He, who always liked a room well lighted, began to shun the light, to insist that the lights be dimmed and to manoeuvre that the right side of his face only should be presented to people.

Finally, though the spot really looked no more than a passing blemish, he grew to avoid people altogether. He would have no mention of his health, and, for six months, lived the life of a recluse, working unhappily, self-conscious even in our company—but no efforts would induce him to have a medical opinion. Till one day in November another illness in the house, and the presence of a Doctor, enabled it to be brought about. The verdict was: “a small rodent ulcer, curable by radium in three treatments”—and the usual recommendation to a specialist. It took a number of treatments—but the spot disappeared. There was that June day when, coming back from a short trip abroad, with summer just breaking her sails and that ache on the air, he remarked: “You had better look at me well now, because it’s the last time you’ll ever see me quite well again.” The depression had lingered.

He was at this time still hard at work on the book which was subsequently to be called, with such tragic significance, *Over the River*, but the river of thought flowed uneasily. Time and again to the question: “had a good morning, Uncle?” would come the same reply: “not very good; only one page this morning—I feel like a boy out of school,” meaning that by lunch he was released from work. Nevertheless the work progressed with a sureness of touch and an intensity of feeling, quickened doubtless by what he had been through, which more than compensated for his difficulty in finding expression. And, on August the 13th, the day before his birthday, he was able to announce the book was finished—the actual work on it had lasted less than a year. He was happy as he had not been for months, and in the afternoon began to sit to me for the drawing which now hangs in the Common Room of his College at Oxford.

The Summer had tired him, there was no doubt about it. Everything seemed just a little more difficult to do. Earlier in the year there had been disquieting returns of that momentary speechlessness which had first occurred in 1931. The slightest car-drive tired him, out of all measure, and he kept complaining that his hats were growing too large. This was the only complaint he made. He was still riding, though less often before

breakfast than formerly, playing croquet, and even an occasional game of tennis, and when in London driving down with A. G. to Newmarket for race meetings.

But it was noticeable to those who were about him that something was gravely wrong, though we little guessed how grave it was to be. Casual visitors were easy to deceive, and occasionally those nearest to him, but the sharp eyes of the naturalist, Henry Williamson, and the painter's discernment of my father both detected something amiss, in July and August. Yet on November the 21st, he was able to drive to town and carry on a lively conversation at luncheon with Vincent Marrot and ourselves, and on the 25th, his sister Mrs. Reynolds lunched with him and saw nothing alarmingly amiss. Even before this, however, he had begun to drag one leg ever so slightly, and all his movements were slowed up. He began to mount his horse from a mounting-block, a circumstance which, knowing his independence, could not but be the cause of concern.

On November 10th it was announced that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, and immediately the spate of congratulations flowed in. Characteristically, he and my Aunt kept the sea at low tide between posts, replying to every letter by hand.

Nearly a fortnight later he was due to preside at an international meeting in Paris, but could not go, cancelling unwillingly his trip at the last possible moment for, always thoughtful of others, he hated to put them out. On Nov. 28th he was at last persuaded to see a Doctor, which resulted in an absolute veto on the journey to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize from the King of Sweden in person on Dec. 10th. Still he would not give up. After this writing became increasingly difficult. He was down at Bury, persistently refusing to see another Doctor till there was practically no alternative; confined in the main to his room, giving nothing away, and never complaining of anything. Finally through my insistence and at my Aunt's wish, I got him at last to consent to be taken to a nursing-home for a thorough two-day examination—for which I think he never forgave me—and then only on the understanding that he was to be allowed to return home immediately after.

That drive to town was, I think, the worst thing I have ever experienced: the four of us in that car driving slowly away from his beloved house, where the sun could shine in at every window, from the open downs and the friendly landscape, slowly past the little house at Ockley, where his father used to go to school, and

the Surrey hills where he had so often taken holiday, lit with an almost unearthly December light. It was the 14th, exactly four months after his birthday. All the way he sat silent and grim as I had never seen him before; it was as if he were passing straight to execution.

Always inclined to a sense of claustrophobia, the nursing-home preyed on his mind, and by the end of the examination, which lasted till afternoon of Saturday, he was much too exhausted to travel back to the country; my Aunt telephoned for the car, and they journeyed to Grove Lodge.

Speech was getting increasingly difficult, his limbs cumbersome to move, and, over the week-end, we waited anxiously for the verdict. In the afternoon of Monday he came downstairs and played with Angus, his little Scottie terrier, very withdrawn within himself, gray in the face and remote, conserving, as was his wont, every drop of sap against the needs of an ailing body.

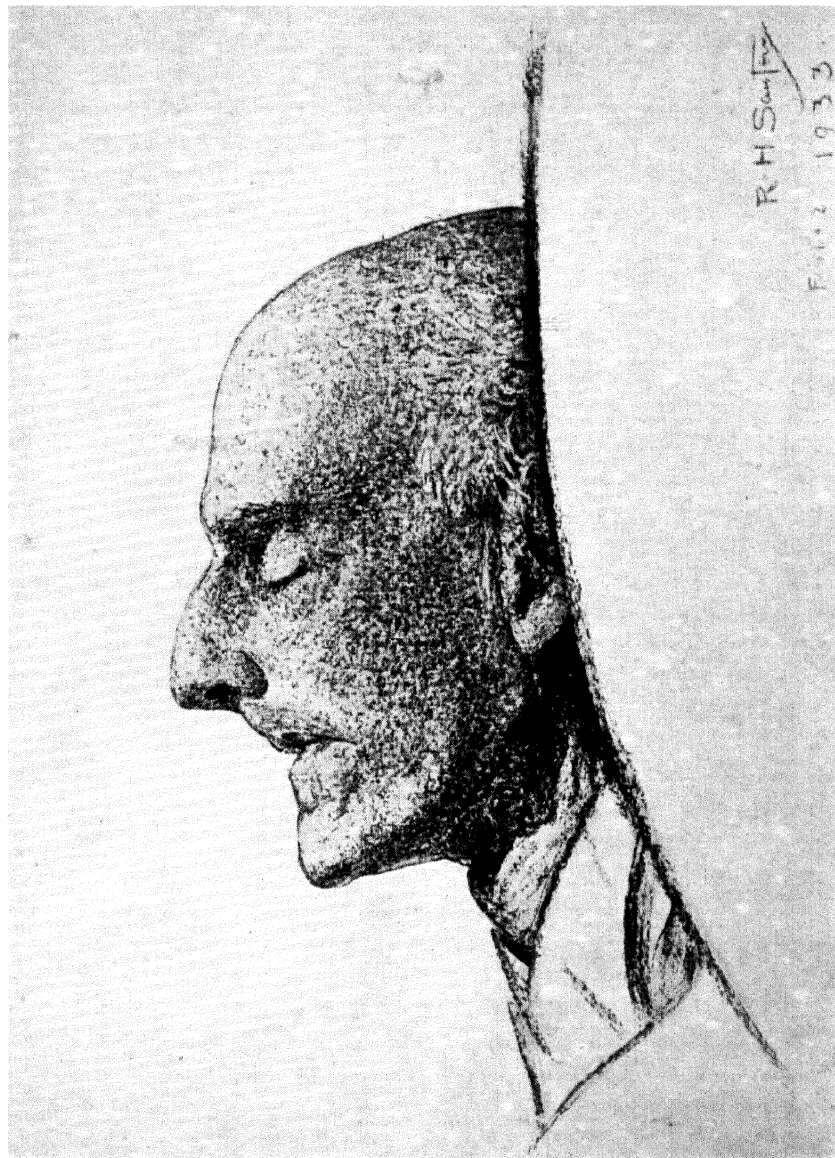
Then came that last conversation with my wife while A. G. and I were at Park Lane, hearing the Doctor's verdict—very halting it was, so she says, very regretful that he had re-sold the house opposite Grove Lodge, because he would have liked to pull it down and let in more light and sun, if not for him at least for Her. Almost the last consecutive conversation, this, holding off that terrible loneliness and despair, for there was no doubt he feared the worst.

There followed nearly six weeks of struggle against that fearful sapping of vitality. At first, with Vi sent down to Bury, because, come what might, Christmas must not be forgotten for the domestics there—and Vi would see to all that—then with all three of us at Grove Lodge.

At first the Doctors gave every hope that all would be well, but saying that the cure would take a long time: the anaemic condition was serious, and some teeth had to be extracted.

As it became evident with almost every day that the body was not only failing to rally, but actually going back in spite of the treatment, other consultants were called in. His speech was gradually becoming quite lost, and the use of his limbs less and less under control. One by one the Doctors came round to the opinion that something more far-reaching was the matter than had been revealed by that first examination, in spite of a pertinaciously steady pulse and a heart that fought like his own spirit to the very end.

All that wonderful winter the sun streamed daily in at his big



THE END: AT REST





JOHN GALSWORTHY Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1933  
R.H. S. 1/5

THE END: AT REST

bay window, all the supports of which his fevered imagination would have liked pulled away, to let in more light still. The branches hung quiet in the air, and there was a beneficent glow over the town. But the year did not turn with happiness. To one of his independence, hating above all things not to be completely self-sufficing in material as in spiritual things, the whole illness must have been a torment past endurance. Yet not one word or gesture of complaint did he ever show through all the indignities of the sickroom. On January 16th I noted in my diary, "He looks, and looks, and looks; afraid he knows as much as we, and can't say a word; looking, staring into—what?"

We were all afraid he must know there was no hope.

Pen, ink, a sheet of paper, a sheltered corner and—the sun! The knowledge that She was somewhere near; this had sufficed him for a lifetime. She and the sun, alone, were left.

Now the sun was dimming; he could not reach her with his voice! Before that terrible glass wall of silence, every artifice of medicine fell away. His gentle hand, timorous, trembling, dreadful to watch in its disembodied purposefulness, lifted from the coverlet towards her face. Slowly, so slowly, it took Her chin once more between the thin fingers, tilting it towards him, as in life it had so often done.

And when it rested again, veined and quiet, on the bed, all conscious contact with the world was over.

So, six days after, in the early morning of January 31st, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-three, not even by the repeated use of oxygen could the gamely working heart keep spirit within the walls of that wasted and exhausted body. The nurse said, "I can't wish him to go on." Then at last, at 9.15—in trouble as in happiness, in illness as it had been in health—*Aequam rebus in arduis servare mentem*—thus passed a Stoic . . . Over the River!

Looking down on that ravaged, agonized face, the thought was borne in upon one that it was a long time since the spirit really inhabited it. This thin body, which hardly raised the sheet—not one single feature individually recognizable as his. The nose had changed its shape and become aquiline, the lips had lost their contour, the sunken temples were no longer the habitation of that kindly intelligence, and the head seemed to have shrunk altogether. We let in the sunlight on to this piece of wreckage, but it no longer called forth that never-failing responsive gleam . . . it shone back lack-lustrely. . . .

By February 2nd, the head had become much changed and beautiful again; and, feeling that some record should be made of it, I got up and, working much of the night so as not to disturb my Aunt, made one drawing, and, on the next night, two more, by which time the whole figure had altered to the likeness of some mediaeval saint in his last repose.

On the morning of February 3rd, all that remained was, by his own especial wish, committed to the flames at Woking in the presence only of his family, a very few friends, his publishers, his Doctor, and some personal servants. No flowers were placed about him, excepting only two wreaths of laurel—one from the Royal Hungarian Government and one from the Hungarian P.E.N., bound in the red, white, and green of Hungary, which were deemed to be different from the funeral trappings which he so disliked. The casket, followed by his own car and one other, all the way to Woking, caused so little concern that few people by the wayside even noticed that this was a funeral procession, and exceedingly few removed their hats.

Thus, in the obscurity which he so much preferred to the notoriety people would have thrust upon him, his body, riding by some strange chance so fitly under the alien colours of Hungary the oppressed, passed to its ending along the wooded English countryside, under the glowing, peculiarly English sunlight of a misty February morning.

A proposal had been made, on behalf of the Authors' Society, that Galsworthy's ashes should be buried in Westminster Abbey; the Dean of Westminster had felt himself unable to concur, but insisted on conducting the Memorial Service, which was held in the Abbey at noon of February 9th. The congregation was exceptionally large, and consisted not only of writers and others of distinction, from the Prime Minister downwards, but also of many members of the public, anxious to pay a last tribute of admiration and respect.

The Dean's decision was for the best, for it unwittingly brought to pass the realization of Galsworthy's own wish, expressed some years earlier in the poem, *Scatter my Ashes!*

Scatter my ashes!

Let them be free to the air,  
Soaked in the sunlight and rain,  
Scatter, with never a care  
Whether you find them again.

THE LAST YEARS

TELEC. BURY, SUSSEX.

Bury House,  
Bury, nr Pulborough,  
Sussex.

Scatter my ashes!

Scatter my ashes!

Let them be free to the air,  
Soaked in the sunlight and rain,

Scatter, with never a care.

Whether you find them again.

Let them be free in the dawn,  
Bright if the noon time be bright,  
And when night's curtain is drawn  
Starry and dark with the night.

Let the birds find them and take  
Lime for their nests, & the beast,

Nibbling the fuddled grass, make

(( ~~scatter~~ <sup>scatter</sup> my ashes with salt to his feast.

Scatter my ashes!

Hole by I make it a trust;

I in no place be confined,

Mingle my dust with the dust  
For me lie free to the wind!

Scatter my ashes!

Wm. Schwenck

Let them be grey in the dawn,  
Bright if the noontime be bright,  
And when night's curtain is drawn  
Starry and dark with the night.  
Let the birds find them and take  
Lime for their nests, and the beast,  
Nibbling the grizzled grass, make  
Merry with salt to his feast.  
Scatter my ashes!  
Hereby I make it a trust;  
I in no grave be confined,  
Mingle my dust with the dust,  
Give me in fee to the wind!  
Scatter my ashes!

Even so it was, and they did his bidding on March 28th, at the top of Bury Hill, far from the road:

And now (in his nephew's words), when the house is in alien hands and others inhabit the shell he loved, walk under the elms, look out on the Downs from the study window, and stare at the faint interlaced moons he had carved above the porch, his dust is up there along that gorse-fragrant hedge, on the sunbaked turf where rabbits scamper and the sheep crop, where, riding every day, he used to look across the beech woods at the far sea beyond.

So at last to him, whose chronicle has filled these many pages, we bid farewell. The years that roll relentlessly over us, bringing change and chance to nations and to men alike, gave Galsworthy to the world, and took him—all too soon—away. One rebels at the thought that such a man, with so much yet to give, with so much service yet to do, should thus untimely be swept away, that one whose life of mercy more than most had deserved mercy at the hands of Life, should have died as he did, the victim of a tumour at a mere sixty-five. But to protest against Life's mockery is only to be mocked the more. Better—if we can summon up something of his stoicism—to outface it, as he did, with a serene acquiescence. Better to reflect, in these stressful days, that he is out of it now, is spared the anguish he would feel, gazing around him at a world grown desperate. Better to remember that at least he outlived neither his art nor his love: that

his last conscious moments were brightened and made sweet by her presence who had been the very core of his existence. Better to find a source of pride in his career, and of encouragement in his example.

The fertile brain is stilled, the blood beats no longer in the passionate, tender heart. Does his spirit still pervade those southern heights he loved? He himself did not set his hopes so high; few but will hope it for him. None that ever knew him can lose him from their hearts while they live: and, in the time that must come, when none are left who looked into his face, who heard his voice, who touched his hand, when this poor record is all that remains to conjure up the living man he was, his works—so like himself—will still endure to speak for him. Alike for us and for future generations there abides, a strength and a refreshment, the beauty that he made in all his writings as in all his life.



## PART VI



## THE LETTERS





## THE LETTERS

May 22nd [1881].

HARROW.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you very much for your *very* nice long letter. I like to get such long ones very much. I shall answer all your questions first and then tell you the news.

My desk has not come yet. I can't make out why. I like my study very much. It is rather hot sometimes but I keep it well aired. The boys think it is very well done up.

There are 8 boys in the house besides me 1 Asheworth major 2 Cowper 3 Remnant 4 Courage 5 Drumlanrig 6 Blackwood 7 Asheworth min, 8 Weekes.

I like Blackwood Weekes and Drumlanrig best but I like the others pretty well also. Asheworth major is head of the house he is 16 and in the same form as I am. Courage is the highest in work he is in the form above me but I hope to catch him up. We have very good grub here at meals and I like them very much. We always have a cup of chocolate before going out to work. I have been taking my quinine pills pretty regularly, but I have not taken one of the pills yet. I haven't recognized Charley Hill yet but I dare say I shall soon find out who he is.

The first eleven plays the first match next Saturday with Mr. Bowen's eleven composed I believe of old Harrovians. Tell Father I shall expect him to take us to a cricket match or two during the holidays. I came out 14th from top in last week's order and I am afraid it will take me quite another week to get higher as it is a great disadvantage to be placed low in Bill order if you know what that means; it means the order when you come into the form. I am also often sent down for not bringing up books which I did not know had to be brought up but I shall get to know all about that. Speech day I find is not till the 30th of June which is rather a nuisance [*sic*].

I hope dear Father has got another horse. Please thank darling Lily very much for those animals they are *very* jolly but I did not mean her to go to such an expense. I was top in prose this week again; but I fancy the form are rather weak in it.

We shall not have so good an eleven this year as last but the two

best men are still here and two or 3 other old boys who were in last year.

When are you going to have another dinner party. The subscriptions are very heavy here so Father must not be surprised if my money goes at a good rate the subscriptions for me have already been £1, 2s. and I expect there will be some more. Give my best love to all at home. I am only writing one letter as you say it is better so darling Mabel must not be disappointed. I hope you and dear Father are quite well did you enjoy the fancy ball. Blackwood is away for an exeat as his father Lord Dufferin is going to Constantinople, to be ambassador there I believe.

I have finished that book of Gilliatt's and liked it immensely.

And now goodbye darling Mother. I am your *very* loving boy,  
JOHNNY.

*Sunday, June 26th.*

HARROW.

DARLING MOTHER,—I am very sorry I did not send my last letter sooner but I hadn't got a stamp and couldn't procure one till Tuesday. I shall be able to stay from the Thursday till Monday as Dr. Butler gave out in the Speech room the other day that the exeat would last during that time it is awfully jolly that it should be one day longer than usual. The Governors of the school asked for an extra week for the midsummer holidays and got it so that now we have midsummer holidays of 7 weeks and 2 days instead of 6 weeks 2 days. Thursday was Governors speech-day and at 12 o'clock Rendall the head of the school read a tremendously long Latin speech in the speech-room to the governors which he composed himself.

In the evening the reading for Lady Bouchier's reading-prizes was held. Kemp our cricket captain got the 6th form prize. Hill read *awfully* well but he did not get a prize. Thursday was a whole holiday. On Friday at 4 o'clock there was a rehearsall [*sic*] of the speeches to be made on speech-day they were very amusing Hill sen has got a part in the Greek and English plays he does them very well he is about the best actor in the school.

We played the "I Zingari" yesterday but it was so wet that they did not begin till 4 oclock and the match was not finished. They made 110 in their first innings and we made 60 for five wickets. Hadow made 20 not out and Martineau 19 not out. Last Tuesday we played against a pretty good scratch eleven. Bolitho made 97 and Martineau 45.

I play cricket occasionally but not often but I *mean to make up* in the *holidays*. We have a sort of little yard here it is a sloping piece

of gravel between our house and Mr. Rendall's which we call the fosse and in which we play cricket a great deal with a stump. There are no boys of the name of Downe in the school. I know this as we all have little books with the names of all the boys in them. I expect to be about 10th this week as Greek grammar pulls me down so. I have only got 10s. left with Mr. Colbeck your money goes tremendously fast here. We shall have to arrange about the train up to Lord's and our meeting place when you come down for speech-day. Please write and tell me what train you are coming by so that I may meet you. The boys are not allowed to go into the Metropolitan station without but there is no difficulty in getting leave to meet your people.

Please send the *Union Jack* as soon as it comes as I got frightfully interested in it. I was very glad to hear that the new horse went well. I like the name *Bruce* very much.

I hope you will take *Lily* to Lord's if you don't bring her here for speech-day.

I hope darling *Father Lily* and *Mabel* are quite [well] and with best love to all,—I am your very loving boy, JOHNNY.

P.S.—I am quite well. Thank you very much for your letter. I was *top* this month in arithmetic [*sic*].

Sunday.

HARROW.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you very much for your nice half letter, and please thank dear Father for his. I was very sorry to hear from dear Mabel that you are not well yet. I hope you will soon be all right again. I am going to write to Mabel to-day.

I hope Father won't turn Bruce out in the night, he'll be going into convulsions or something like the pony. We played a match yesterday against the Quidnuncs from Cambridge, we went in first and played awfully well, we made 203. Moncrieffe 53, Spiro 43, Anson 38, Whitelaw 29 not out, Hewett 25, Greatorex 20, Crawley 19, Ward 16, Sanderson 5, Athlumney 1, Sanderson 2 were the scores. Greatorex and Crawley got their flannels that is got into the eleven for good.

I quite agree with Father about the *Houses* (I mean Mr. Hutton's). Have you settled to stay in London till the 28th of August or go somewhere in the country during the holidays till we go back to *Coombe Leigh*.

I should very much like you to come down with Father the day before *Speech day*, to the King's Head, but don't stay with *Mr. C.*

*whatever* you do. I will write and tell you what day Speech day is on next Sunday. If Mr. C. hears that you are coming down, he will probably invite you here, but to prevent that you might engage rooms before hand at the K.H. and so have an excuse, as Mr. C. needn't know till the day on which you come. If you do come mind you bring down some flowers for *button holes* etc.

Please give my very best love to dear Father and Lily when you see her, and with the same for yourself,—I am your very *loving* boy,  
JOHNNY.

P.S.—I have got the *Union Jack*, please thank Father for it.

*Sunday.*

HARROW.

DARLING MOTHER,—Please thank dear Father for his letter and P.O. and darling Lily for her nice letter. I am very sorry if I have been spending too fast. I will give you a catalogue of things which I have bought etc. as far as I know.

s.	d.	
10	6	Racquet.
2	6	Racquet balls.
12	6	Pictures.
1	6	Candlesticks.
4	0	Books.
4	0	Subscriptions.
2	0	Stationery.
1	0	0 Grub.

This is about as near as I can make them out. Of course I am not at all sure about the grub. I'll tell you what I get under the heading grub on whole schooldays we have dinner over at 1.30 tea at 6.30 at tea we only have bread and butter the latter article is not supplied in sufficient quantity, so I get rather hungry in between as it is 4 hours to wait I generally have 1 cup of chocolate and a muffin which is the usual thing that comes to 6d. On half-holidays we have tea at 5.30 so nothing is required between dinner and tea but nearly everybody gets something for tea such as sausages,—buttered egg—Poached eggs—Plain eggs—rolls and butter etc. I generally get something also, as supper is at 8.30 and you get nothing but meat generally fat and outside which is hardly ever touched by any one, and bread and stale cheese with one glass of beer.

Most of the other fellows have ticks that is to say an account at the grub-shop of 8d. a day so their money does not go so fast.

## THE LETTERS

There was a football match yesterday Old Harrovians at Cambridge v. School. The School won 6 goals to 1. I was so sorry to hear that Father and you would be at Brighton during the exeat couldn't you manage to be at home? Most of the boys I believe are going on the Friday evening before so that I should if I was going home but I shouldn't be able to get to Brighton very well. Will you please tell me what the arrangement is to be when you write next. I should hardly be able to get back to Harrow from Brighton before 11.15 on Monday. I am very glad Bruce is all right and that the stable will soon be finished. Tell Lily I have read *Frank Fairleigh* again for the 6th time.

I hope everybody is quite well, and now goodbye, with best love to all.—I am your very loving boy,

JOHNNY.

P.S.—I have come out 6th this fortnight.

February 4th.

HARROW ON THE HILL.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you very much for your nice letters. I hope you and dear Father are quite well, please give him my best love. I came out first in the holiday task examination and I believe got a copy. I like Mr. Holmes fairly well so far, but I hardly think his amiability will last. Won't you be able to manage so that dear Mabel will be able to come home 3 or 4 days before her time, as well as coming home for Easter, so that I could see a little of someone. I suppose Lily couldn't so I must make the best of it. How is the billiard room getting on etc. I hope Father will have *griffin's heads* with *branches* for the gargoyles or goblins or whatever it is on top of the tower. I am second in the torpid eleven in this house. The torpid eleven is made up of fellows who have not been in the school for two years. I am reading *Frank Fairleigh* for the 8th time, and like it as well as ever. Please will you ask dear Father to send me the money he promised me for my armchair. The armchair is 12/9. The cushions for it 12/9 and some patterns and a catalogue about 1/6 altogether £1, 7. The chair is expected daily.

Now with very best love to darling Father and the girls,—I am your very loving son,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

April 22nd.

HARROW ON THE HILL.

DARLING MOTHER,—As I have written to Father and Lily already this term, and not to you, I must do so to-day. Please thank dear Father and Lily for their letters. I was awfully sorry to hear about Lily's finger. Give my love to Hue and Mabel, and tell

them from me to persevere in their adopted profession of brick pointing, as being extremely likely to pay.

How are Mabel's awfullies?

I hope you will bring Lily and Hue, and Mabel if convenient, over here next Saturday. I should like Father to come but I know he wouldn't care about it. You had better come in the morning, say about 12, down here. Write and tell me what train, and please go straight to the King's Head. I'll meet you at the station (I suppose the old), as it will be a whole holiday I am almost certain. We could go to the Bazaar after dinner, and there will be sure to be some sort of match going on at cricket. I can get Vincent to come and lunch, etc., you know, if you will soon write and tell me the arrangements. The result of the holiday task is not yet known. I think I am getting on pretty well.

Vincent won his house hurdle race, and was 2nd in the hurdle race of the "*Shells and fourth*" forms. I hope dear Father will look out for a cob for Lily. It would be so jolly to have some one to ride with in the holidays, and then any one who stayed with us could ride as well.

Now with very best love to all, I am, darling Mother,—Your very loving son,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

MORETON'S,  
HARROW ON HILL.

February 10th [1884].

DEAREST MOTHER,—Thank you very much for your letter. I continue to take "ye" pills, when I remember them. Hue looks very well, and says that he is getting on better and does not find it so hard. He played racquets yesterday for the first time and was victorious in a very wholesale manner. Vincent, who has not been at all well for the last week through biliousness, is now all right again. I haven't heard any more about Hue's not being able to see the blackboard. I should think he would have told me, if he found it inconvenience him much, but I will ask him and tell you when I write next. I underwent yesterday martyrdom in the shape of having to carve the first leg of mutton, respecting which I was in such a state last holidays; the operation went on very well till the mutton was turned over, when my struggles became so alarming that I caused the butler to "descend" the monster, and covered its retreat by eating a large quantity of boiled beef in a remarkably short space of time. The School Football XI. played a match yesterday, winning by 4 bases to 0. I believe there was a doubt whether I should play or not. I didn't, but nevertheless I consider it a great honour.

I am now 9th in the Gymnasium. I have got rather a cold, and so the "base" voice doth not excell [*sic*]. I should like dearest Father and you and Lily to come down soon immensely. I don't think there is anything on, but that doesn't matter. Next Saturday would be a good day for a detachment of you to come down before dinner, and have it with us at the King's Head, we could get signed for Bill and have it in a leisurely way instead of the usual way hurry [*sic*]. If you and dear Lily can't manage it I hope dear Father will be able. I enclose some comic photo's, leaving you to establish their identity. They will do instead of valentines (one apiece).

Give my best love to darling Mabel. Hall and I are struggling and wrestling sore with a 7 lb. pot of marmalade, backed up by a 5 lb. pot of gooseberry jam, belonging to the former. We hope in the end to prove victorious. Work progresses very fairly in this quarter.

Now with very best love to dearest Father and Lily,—I am your very loving son,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

MORETON'S,

May 10th.

HARROW ON THE HILL.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Thank you very much for your long letter. I am very glad you are enjoying your stay at S. Hayling and hope that you and the rest of the family will be set up for good by it. Please thank dear Father very much for the tennis balls and brushes, which I have not yet received but suppose they will arrive soon. We had Brandram down here about a week ago, I suppose Hue told you all about it, to recite *The Tempest*, very successfully on the whole. There is a new Science master here this term, a Mr. Lascelles, alias the Oxford giant, who is no less than 6 ft. 10½ inches notwithstanding his inches though he is an uncommonly good teacher, a great contrast to the last, who was a complete noodle. Cricket can hardly have been said to have begun yet as the weather has been so horrible, and my tennis has languished rather for the same reason. Please tell Father that the cinder courts have very little effect on tennis balls, and I shall easily make my dozen last through the term, I expect.

Mr. Farmer has been very kind in getting on my music, and my boxing lessons so far have been successes.

Now with very best love to all,—I am your very loving son,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Hue is all right.

[To about the year 1905 may be assigned the following letter. It is interesting not only for its own merits, but because it is unpub-



lished, never having been sent after all, and because it gives a more definite glimpse of Galsworthy's political leanings at that time than anything else we have. He had not long resigned from the Junior Carlton Club—and, indeed, he could hardly have retained membership of a Club professing strictly Conservative principles, as the letter will show. It was a far cry from the days of the Oxford Unionist League!]

To the Editor of *The Speaker*.

SIR,—Travelling the other day between Exeter and Taunton, I met a man with whom I fell into a discussion on Fiscal Reform. The reason he gave for supporting Mr. Chamberlain was so singular that I have ventured crudely to note down our conversation:

"Yes" he said "I'm a supporter of Chamberlain."

"Do you think then that we have not prospered on Free Trade?"

"Oh! certainly not" he said.

"Admitting that, do you really consider that he has made out a case for reform?"

"No" he said "I don't."

"And yet you support him?"

"Yes," he repeated "I support him; I'm the holder of several votes, and I shall give them all to his party at the next election."

"Of course," I said "your side think we shall lose the Colonies if we don't go back to Protection——"

"On the contrary," he put in "as far as I'm concerned I think it very probable we shall lose them if we do."

"And you'd risk that?"

"Yes," he said "I'd risk that."

"But forgive me I really can't see—unless you feel as strongly as some people do on the question of Germans——"

"No," he said "I rather like Germans."

"Or I can understand a manufacturer personally interested——"

"I think I can say that my motives are purely patriotic," he answered shortly. Abashed, I kept silent for a minute or two; but, determined to get to the bottom of it I began again:

"So many people seem simply to pin their faith to Chamberlain as a great man."

"He's above the average" he answered "but I should never go by a single man in a case of this sort."

H'm! thought I you think we have prospered on Free Trade; you don't think a case for Reform has been made out; you believe that Protection endangers the Colonies; you rather like Germans; you are not a manufacturer! "And" I added aloud "you don't swear by Chamberlain?"

"No," he said "I don't swear by him, but I shall give him my votes all the same."

Looking at his square red face, I drew a bow at a venture:

"I'm not surprised at landowners supporting him; the farmers are at them all the time."

"I'm a landowner myself" he said "and the farmers *are* at me—can't say it affects me, though, because I don't myself see how Protection can help the farmers. I've a brother-in-law in the iron trade; he's at me too—not that I think that of any consequence the figures on that head don't seem to me any too clear either; there's a whole lot of things you can't calculate, such as the gradual diminution of the manufacturer's capital by taxes affecting the consumer's pockets. As in the case of a machine it seems to me probably better to put the oil in at the beginning of the process than at the end of it——"

"Exactly my view," I said.

"Then," he went on without noticing, "there's the sentimental side of the question; personally I'm a fresh-air and no favour man, always have been, was brought up like that. Of course the gentleman farmer and the fair weather farmer have a bad time; and an industry here and there, no doubt, is dicky——"

"But surely," I broke in, "that's not enough for you to upset the whole system on which we've fattened so amazingly?"

"No," he said, "that's not enough. A man the other day was drumming it into me that a fighting policy was always the best. There's something in that—not much, though, because there are lots of ways for the nation to fight decay besides the Tariff way. There are the Land Laws, the Game Laws, Education, Temperance: it stands to reason there's a far harder fight to be had out of any of those, because no statesman will touch 'em without gloves on."

"But surely," I interrupted him here, "you're arguing against Chamberlain all the time!"

"Am I?" he said drily.

My curiosity was roused to boiling heat.

"Following the flag—is that what you have in your mind? Your side believes in that."

"Very possibly," he said, "but now you mention it, what is the precise meaning of following the flag?"

"Well," I said, nonplussed, "I hardly know—I've certainly heard the expression used."

"Yes?" he said; "it seems a good expression. We don't get at the cream of things down here in the country."

"If it isn't following the flag," I said rather rudely, "may I ask you what it is that makes you a supporter of Protection? You *did* say you were going to vote for it, I think?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm going to vote for it."

"Do please tell me—why?"

He sat for some time, slowly, and, as I could not help thinking, sadly shaking his head: "Well," he said at last, "I don't usually, but, as you make a point of it, I *will* tell you why: *This prosperity is killing us, slowly killing us. The country wants hurting—for its own good, wants it dam bad.* That's why," he added with dogged bluntness, "I'm going to vote for Protection!"

Can it be possible, Sir, that this reason for the adherence of patriots to the side of Tariff Reform has hitherto been overlooked?—Your obedient servant,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Constance Garnett]

Dec. 23, '06.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR CONSTANCE,—I made an arbitrary statement about the recoil of economic changes in my letter to you the other day. I was thinking mainly of this, which seems to me a gruesome and irrefutable fact (but perhaps you can refute it): That in proportion to the lowness of an individual's status and income so he feels the effect of any juggling with or displacement of capital. I mean that ultimately it is by the weakest (those with no surplus) that any change—*prima facie* beneficent—of economics is felt.

To take one example: A living wage is guaranteed; a vast number of articles are thereby rendered unproducible in competition with foreign goods; to remedy this, either there is an instant diminution of employment, or a protective tariff is necessary; thence a general heightening of the rate of living, thence a deduction throughout of the capital available for enterprise, thence a general diminution of the demand for labour, besides incidentally bringing the living wage back to where it was below the living wage level. And so in each province of economics. This is what I mean by saying the

whole thing is dead unless there can be inculcated some public spirit and general regard for your neighbour all round. Edward seems to think the thing can be worked on the lines of "It'll pay."—So it would pay, of course, to be decent to your neighbour, but I don't think you'll get people to see that it will pay before it has paid. I believe the true reform lies through a new national religious wave (with the present d——d sectarian rot buried).

I should like to see the Fabians devoted to this branch of the business, and not to this plus the political.

On the whole I had better expand, otherwise you may mistake me. Socialism I take to be a religion, a moving back of the human horizon. There are only two primary instincts, those of self-preservation and reproduction (perhaps they are one really—no matter). Pure economics are these two instincts materially crystallized, they are *the body*. For the betterment of the weakest there is no help to be had from them, necessarily no help. To fight against the body of these instincts, we have practically only what for the sake of condensation I will call religion, or the recognition in individuals that to attain these ends, preserve the State in a healthy state, there must be far-sighted individual action, or, in other words, sacrifice of the individual. This religion is the spirit.

But religion without fervour, without a glow, does not exist—it is a glow, it *is* fervour.

I do not believe that the teachers, the advance guard of a new national religious wave, which is bound to come, I think, can advisedly concern themselves in fixing the immediate forms which the new religious glow shall take for the preservation of the body. No great religious movement was started in that way. Let the Politicians take care of themselves, and let everyone work at inspiring and fanning the glow—then the politicians of the future will find their work easy. There is a terrible danger that economic changes, economically or, let us say, materially conceived in a body politic dead to the spirit of them, careless of the horizon, will by failure make worse the present state of things.

Considering that however you may mould things the great economic law will insist that the weakest shall go to the wall, I say it is no good moulding till in the nation there is the spirit, the glow, the feeling that the weakest shall not go to the wall. It is *a fight against* economy that must be waged. This is the new economic law that has yet to be recognized, and will never be recognized until it is felt.

[*To the Secretary of the London Female Guardian Society*]<sup>1</sup>

Decr. 7, '06.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your circular. I would willingly become a subscriber to any such object were the law on this subject altered, and the treatment of these unfortunate women brought into correspondence with humanity and common sense. They are, with few exceptions, compelled to the life of vice by the appetites of men, they are kept in a life of vice by the appetites of men, and for men to apply to them the present rough, unnecessary and inadequate police court treatment is repugnant to instincts of fair play and reason.

Until therefore the law devises some special machinery more suitable, more effectual, and more merciful for dealing with these women, I do not feel that I can subscribe to any movements that will bring the rigours of the law as it stands into greater force against them.

[*To Lord Kinnaird*]

Dec. 20th, '06.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY LORD,—Some time ago I received from The London Female Guardian Society, of which your Lordship is President, a circular and appeal for a subscription. A short time ago I received an appeal from the Council for the Promotion of Public Morality, on the committee of which your name appears. In answer to the latter appeal I wrote a letter to the secretary, Mr. Fox Butlin, and asked him to be so kind as to lay that letter before the Council. I did not receive any answer, so I do not know whether this was done. In sum it amounted to suggesting the possibility of your Council inducing Parliament to take up the question of the street evil by establishing Reformatory Homes for Prostitutes in connection with each police district, and thereby to substitute for the present utterly futile police court treatment of these unfortunate women some rational and determined method of reform. A paragraph from the Report of your London Female Guardian Society is sufficient to show that private philanthropy is quite unable to cope with the evil: summarizing: A hundred years ago, the population being ten millions, forty cases were annually dealt with on an annual beneficial income of £3400. To-day, the population being forty millions, some eighty cases are now dealt with on an average beneficial income of £2537.

<sup>1</sup> On this and the two following letters are notes that the suggestions therein were "coldly received."

There is a spirit in the present Parliament that might give a chance, not hitherto perhaps possible, of getting the State to do something. It seems to me and to many that the law on the subject is both absurd and brutal; and that work such as The Female Guardian Society (heroic and admirable as it may be) is pathetically hopeless.

I am, my Lord, your obedient servant,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I venture to think that your Council might endeavour to obtain an alteration in the law, in accordance, more or less, with the following suggestions:—

1. That, on being arrested, women of this class should be taken not to police stations but to “homes,” of which there should be one in every police district.

2. That their cases should be heard by the magistrate the first thing on his arrival at the Court, in the presence of the Press, and anyone personally interested, but with the general public excluded.

3. That if the charge is made out, instead of being fined (which is futile) or imprisoned (which is barbarous) they be sent to the Homes, attached to the District in which the charge is heard, for a period of not less than three weeks nor more than three months; well treated, well fed, and given every opportunity of learning some honest work.

4. That on their discharge from the Home every care be taken to prevent any stigma resting on them.

I submit that it is the brutality of the present treatment that deters policemen from putting the law into force, for every manly mind must be haunted by the unfairness and hypocrisy of punishing in the other sex that which their own sex has brought about. I venture to think that a large silent body of the public holds this view; and I should be glad if you will kindly draw your Council's attention to this letter.

DEAR LORD KINNAIRD,—Thank you for your kind and full answer to my letter. And first please (however different our views) accept my warm admiration for the work you have done. It is interesting to hear that you think there is no chance of any change in the law in the direction I indicated. In connection with that I would like to draw your attention to the probability of a drastic change in the law dealing with vagrants, which a few years ago would have been considered equally unlikely. Both these classes of person are a danger to the community; both are the product of a

certain force of instinct in mankind which can never be suppressed, which is calculable as one can calculate an element in a chemical analysis, and which can only be guided, diffused, diverted. It is my belief that the street evil will be unknown in England fifty to a hundred years hence, and this through the agency neither of our present system nor the continental. I believe that it will cease through the better social and economic position of women, and through the substantial alteration of the relation of marriage, if not the recognition of another self-respecting form of relationship between men and women. This is anathema to many people, perhaps to yourself; but that it is coming I think is as certain as that I am writing these words. To be perfectly frank, I desire to see an effort made to alter the law, and institute State Homes for fallen women, as the thin edge of an attempt to guide the sexual force of which I have spoken into the channels above indicated.

However much you may differ from this point of view, you will, I know, give me credit for being actuated by the same desire to diminish the terrible sum of unnecessary suffering that actuates yourself.

With many thanks for your courtesy,—I am, yours truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To R. H. Mottram]

Feb. 9, '08.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR RALPH,—The interruption policy of the “Suffragettes” is foolish and enough to make anybody wobble. I wrote and told them so. I object to it because it’s “foolish”—for no other reason. For the gratification of annoying Ministers they are alienating the sympathies not only of the Ministers but of the *audiences* of the Ministers, and the plea that they must *coûte que coûte* keep their cause in the public eye would be just as well served in half a dozen other ways that would not alienate the common and the garden man. As a matter of blunt fact, this measure of justice would be easiest obtained by getting at the intellectuals and the leaders generally, and keeping the common or garden man just pleasantly blind to the true nature of the change; just letting him think he’s doing a jolly generous thing, out of his magnanimity. There’s such a deal of brute possessive animality in the mass of men that wants very little rousing in such a matter as this. . . .

MY DEAR CHAPMAN,—You didn’t see, I suppose, a letter of mine in *The Daily News* about a week ago; or you would know that, greatly

as I have the cause of the emancipation of Women at heart, I am not a believer in, or supporter of, the militant tactics. I go further, I profoundly regret their continuance—for this is just the moment when a sudden change to peace and reason would have a tremendously beneficial effect. This is talking to the wind, I know. But Women have proved their courage and self-sacrifice; they want now to prove their magnanimity and restraint. It is perfectly natural, all this ebullition—but if one really wants to help them one must keep one's head cool, and put in the sort of blows that will tell, and not this flinging oneself at a wall that must grow harder with every blow struck at its face.

The Women's movement is a movement for the removal of the last gross sign of the domination of brute force, and it is by reason, and not by force, that the battle will be won.

It is not wise, when you consider the enormous amount of prejudice amongst average people to any great change, to alienate by the score, by the hundred, those people (rather above the average, when all is said and done) who have shown themselves at all events susceptible to the idea.

The militants have placed the whole movement in a position of stalemate, and there I'm afraid it will remain. They affect to despise Churchill's speech; Mr. Churchill's speech, to any one sufficiently impartial to see coolly, exactly sums up the psychology of the situation. You are not going to convert this nation of rude, sober-minded men of property—for they all, potentially, own women—into Don Quixotes, or even into fair-minded men, by throwing bits of iron at their leaders. It will be worse when the Conservatives come in. Imagine Long (who is the type of the Tory) budging to that kind of method! To attempt to convert brute force by a display of brute force infinitely less forcible is—stultification. Force is only of use when it is real force, when it gives the impression that behind it there is a latent incalculable driving power that will, if it be not assuaged, suddenly come into being and carry everything away. The latent incalculable driving force in this Women's question is the great haunting idea of Justice unfulfilled—slow and sure. It is emphatically not the driving power of latent brute force.

The militant tactics have been of use as advertisement simply. It is a matter of opinion, but I am convinced that the movement is and has been for some time sufficiently advertised for a resumption of reasoning methods, if only the energy and spirit and generalship that pre-eminently exist among the militant suffragists were now applied to those reasoning methods. They were driven to militancy



because the Press would not report them; the Press is to be captured by the movement apart from militancy, now. It will never be captured so long as militancy—I mean the more violent militancy—goes on. I admit that it is an ironical situation that a Press, which would only open to the knife of militancy, now requires the shutting of that knife to open wider; but then things are like that.

Organized opposition to all candidates who do not support Women's Suffrage—well and good; speeches, meetings, journals (fair), processions, placards, above all steady, systematic canvassing. All tried, you will say; I say, not enough—Rome was not built in a day. The violent tactics give the impression that women have no real faith in their cause—which is the cause of Justice. But Justice has always won its cause, when the eyes of leading men and women have been sufficiently open to take in what that cause is.

However, as I say, I speak to the wind.—Always yours sincerely,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From and to Conal O'Riordan*]

218, PITTSHANGER LANE,  
EALING, W.

20th October, 1909.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Many thanks for yours of the 18th which reached me last night. I look forward with great pleasure to reading the revised *Villa Ruben* and *The Man of Devon*, the latter of which is, I think, the only book of yours I have not read.

I am sorry if you feel that I have wronged you in calling you a socialistic writer. It was far from my intention to do so, and you may judge from the turn of the phrase that I had weighed before setting it down. It was not my intention to suggest that you were a conscious socialist politician, but merely that your train of thought was socialistic as opposed to individualistic. I venture to suggest that if you examine your conscience you will find it a socialistic conscience, though you be not moved to bawl that finding from the housetop.

I am, as you may have suspected, not (in the common sense) an optimist, but I believe that the people thrust into the Black Hole of Calcutta would have suffered less had they behaved as socialists than apparently they did behaving as individualists. Now to me this world of ours, even to-day, is so very like the Black Hole of Calcutta (whitewashed round the top) that I should be sorry to thrust a child into it, but since I have endeavoured to follow what I understand to be the main socialistic principle my conscience is free from

## THE LETTERS

the feeling that I personally add to the abomination of it. To pursue the argument, I feel that writers such as yourself (assuming that you are one of a class) cheer me on my socialistic way. Hence I infer that as I understand the term "socialistic" you must be in some degree a socialistic writer.

By this time I trust that I have established the point that I meant you no injustice.

Will you remember me very kindly to Mrs. Galsworthy and believe me,—Yours, CONAL O'RIORDAN (NORREYS CONNELL).

Oct. 21, 1909.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR O'RIORDAN,—Thank you for your letter. I was far from thinking that you wanted to be anything but nice to me; and it was only the unsatisfactory nature of that word "Socialistic"—which is a bit of a red rag to me, with its different meaning to every reader, and its essential ambiguity—that made me allude to your phrase.

As to consulting my conscience, I generally find it so nearly at the balancing point of two conflicting principles as to make me fight shy of calling myself anything.

Socialism, as a principle, has the bottom knocked out of it by the fact that no codes of rules will make a society any better than the bulk of the individuals that compose it; just as individualism, as a principle, has the bottom knocked out of it by the fact that the life of each individual is hopelessly entwined with the lives of all other individuals, and must be guided by consideration not only of self but of those other lives.

What a nuisance *words* are!

Looking forward to seeing you and having a talk at "The Square Club" in November,—I am, Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From a Draft, January 14th, 1910. Sent to the Local Paper.]

[*To the Liberal Agent, Moretonhampstead*]

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that owing to what I cannot but think is an error I shall have no vote to record in mid-Devon at the approaching election. I do not belong to any political Party, am neither Tory, Liberal, nor Socialist, and prefer to hold my judgment free, but I should in this election have recorded my vote for

Mr. Buxton and against the House of Lords. I should have done so because I like fair-play, and because it is my deliberate opinion that the House of Lords, *as at present constituted, and with its present powers*, is an Institution which continually and inevitably violates the laws of fair-play. The following are the facts on which I base this opinion :

1. There are at present two great Parties in this country, Conservative and Liberal. The House of Lords consists of about 570 members. Of these it is estimated that only 75 are Liberals.

2. In the last forty years, the Conservatives have held office twenty, and the Liberals twenty, years. During these forty years the House of Lords has rejected or squashed no Conservative Bills, and mutilated one (in the interests of the Church); the House of Lords has rejected or squashed eighteen Liberal Bills, and mutilated sixteen.

3. The House of Lords has never rejected or attempted to reject the Budget of a Conservative government.

In the face of these facts I find it impossible to look on the House of Lords as other than the partisan of the Conservative Party. It is to my mind grossly unfair to the electors of this country that a second Chamber should hold this partisan position. It is grossly unfair, and it is very dangerous.

I ask myself what on earth the country is thinking about to allow such a condition of things to continue. . . . So it is with the House of Lords, as at present constituted with its present powers. Being in bulk Conservatives, they cannot help voting Conservative. They don't want to be unfair; *they can't help it*. But it is nothing short of a national disgrace that a Second Chamber, which ought to be as near as possible impartial between the two great Parties, should be absolutely and permanently in favour of one of these Parties. This is so plain that a child could see it. Whatever other issues and questions may be at stake, this next election is being fought, before all, on this point. It is not in human nature to expect the Conservatives, against their own interests and convictions, to so reform the House of Lords as to make it a fair and impartial body. The only hope of putting an end to a state of things which is humiliating and disgracing to everyone who loves fair play lies in returning to power the Party which will, and indeed *must*, get to work to remedy this evil.

Fair play is a jewel. For this reason, if for no other, I should have voted for Mr. Buxton, and against the House of Lords.—I am,  
dear Sir, Yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To a local Clergyman*]

DEAR SIR,—By what process of reasoning or right you call me a Socialist I do not know. As a matter of fact I am not one. I like to live on neighbourly terms with all men, and I have been accustomed to believe that God is everywhere, and to look for the life of Christ in men's daily conduct; nor do I ever desire to think worse of a man because his creed differs from my own.

As to the House of Lords, I have no feeling against them for rejecting the Budget. I merely think that it is bad for the country that there should be a Second Chamber which is composed, for the very great majority, of men who are bound by their interests, upbringing and convictions always to be on the side of the Conservative Party. I do not blame them for following their convictions; I merely state what I regard as an unfair and harmful state of things. If you will consult records you will see that this is true.

I fear that our ideas on such subjects will never tally, and so, with all good feeling, I will ask you to be so kind as not to continue this correspondence, which will only vex us both.—I am, dear Sir,  
Truly yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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[*From the President of the Board of Trade*]

*Private*

14 May, 1909.

BOARD OF TRADE,  
WHITEHALL GARDENS, S.W.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I have read your articles in the *Nation* with great interest and sympathy, and I will talk to Mr. Gladstone on the subject as soon as he returns to business. Will you let me take this opportunity of saying how much I enjoyed and admired your play *Strife*. It is a fine piece of work which will long survive the silly chatter of the day.—Yours very truly,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

[*From Lord Crewe*]

*Private*

21 May, '09.

COLONIAL OFFICE.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I have delayed answering your letter of the 6 May until I could see Gladstone, who has been away unwell. He takes particular interest in the question with which your two articles deal so fully and sympathetically, and I am sure he is dis-

posed to give all consideration to the arguments which you urge. I believe that as a matter of fact the prison authorities have for some time been disposed to modify the separate system, but that other relaxations of an experimental kind have been put in practice, and it was considered advisable (as we officials do) to go slowly. What an intensely difficult business it all is! Apart from ethical enquiries as to the extent to which men are justified in coercing other men—enquiries to which the official world must be deaf if it is to get on at all—you have a form of coercion by imprisonment which to No. 100 is merely a rather tedious and arbitrary rest-cure ordained as a pause in his life's exciting occupation, while to No. 101 it represents more of hell than he has ever been able to imagine. And yet, if you try to discriminate, and to soften the punishment to the man who feels it most, you not only are accused of favouritism, and create general discontent, but your knowledge is so imperfect that your treatment of any given individual is as likely as not to be wrong. But I hope we are making some way, and that a humanity which is not mawkish but strictly sensible is gaining ground.

I must tell you what pleasure I received both from *Fraternity* and *Strife*. I hope we shall see the latter again before long?—Yours very sincerely,

CREWE.

[*To and from the Home Secretary*]

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I write to offer you my best wishes in your new post, and to tell you how glad I am that you have been appointed to that department of Government which most requires a man, not only of judgment and decision, but of sympathy and imagination.

I am loth to ask you, while you are picking up the reins of office, to devote some little of your attention to a special point, but I feel that I must do so, and trust to your understanding and forgiveness of my unbecoming haste. I want you to spare the time somehow, some when, to read the enclosed writings on the "closed cell" confinement of convicts. They are short, and contain the pith of the matter.

The upshot of them, acting on the predisposition of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise towards a change, has been a new order which comes into force on April 1st to the effect that convicts of all classes shall serve three months' separate confinement instead of nine, six, and three according to the class—recidivist, intermediate, or star—as they do at present.

This change is a great step in the right direction. But I want especially to draw your attention to the late Home Secretary's deliberate opinion, stated in the minute confirming this new order and repeated to myself, that separate confinement must be held to have broken down as a deterrent (deterrence being admittedly the only reason for its continuance, besides that of convenience and expense); and to the fact that he would have done away with it altogether (except for the purposes of classification) but for *administrative* difficulties.

I feel certain that you will come to the same conclusion. And I would urge you to consider (1) whether difficulty or expense (it cannot be very great) should be allowed by the most civilized State in the world to be responsible for what is seen to be a really appalling amount of unnecessary suffering, when the hours are added together in the lives of a thousand men and women, every year, each undergoing three months of almost complete solitude; and (2) whether it would not be possible to make such arrangements or to raise such money as would obviate this unnecessary suffering.

Superfluous suffering deliberately inflicted on a free man or woman rouses Society at once to the greatest indignation, and rarely goes unremedied; but in the case of prisoners it is unfortunately not so—they are too far out of the line of the Public's sight, and there is no hope, but in men at the helm who can see and feel.

Though personally convinced that separate confinement as a system is against common humanity and commonsense and should be abolished, except in rare cases, one would not have such a load on one's conscience if the three months were served, not in closed cells, but in the cubicles of what is called the "shed system." Unfortunately, though Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise told me that he much preferred the shed system, there are not at present sheds enough available, and—failing initiative and money—are not likely to be.

I need not say to you that, in prison as in life, men can only be reformed by kindness, by calling out the best that's in them; nor need I say that torture is not confined to the body. The whole tendency nowadays is to paint the outside of the house, and leave the inside to rot. Closed cell confinement is an illustration of that lamentable fact. I beg you to strike a crushing blow at a custom which continues to darken our humanity and good sense.

Once more, forgive me for my haste, and believe me, Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*Private*

24th February 1910.

HOME OFFICE,  
WHITEHALL, S.W.

MY DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I thank you for your letter, and I greatly admire the keen and vigorous way in which you are driving forward a good cause. I am in entire sympathy with your general mood. I have not yet had time to examine the question, but I have given instructions for it to be brought before me with the least possible delay; and as soon as I have acquainted myself with the facts, I shall welcome an opportunity of discussing the subject with you. My time may be short, so that if action is practically possible, it is essential that it should be prompt.—Yours very truly,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

March 8, 1910.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I proceed almost at once to abuse the privilege of writing to you.

Your point about not leaving on the mind of the victim of crime a sense of aggrievement was extremely sound; and as to that my only point really was that in removing this sense of aggrievement the *Law* must do it not in the spirit of revenge, but in the spirit of protection, and the revenge which may be a justifiable individual emotion is not a justifiable official or State emotion. So far as I can see one must have fixed sentences of detention. I was not advocating rosewater prisons, I was advocating strict disciplinary schools, which would at once be infinitely irksome to the usual run of criminal, by reason of hard and steady work, celibacy, absence of drink and tobacco, monotony of diet, *loss of liberty*; but which should be so contrived as to give, in your own words, "some kind of natural life" to the person thus restrained. I pitch on solitary confinement and the *perpetual* silence as the two features most hostile to that end. And I cannot see why education, mental, moral, and physical, should be confined to Borstal establishments; anything that stimulates competition and self-respect must surely be to the good. I feel certain that the habitual criminal, too, besides being improved, would be more deterred under a system that required him to make mental and moral effort than he is under the present regime. It was apropos of mental effort and self-expression that I suggested a copybook, with numbered pages, in the cells. They have it in Berlin, and the Governor said it was not abused.

Two other points: (1) If reformation is aimed at prisoners ought

surely to be allowed to see the sky. I know they're trying to replace the thick glass, but very slowly (for lack of money, I suppose), and they're only putting in, as far as I have seen, quite small panes of clear glass. (2) Should prisoners not be allowed more chance of keeping in touch with their wives, husbands, mothers, and children? One letter in three months! With discretion, surely they might be allowed one a month. This, of course, would be an unpopular change, because, for one reason, it would entail thrice the amount of reading through of letters on the part of prison staffs. For all that, it seems to me an essential point, if there's to be any attempt to keep prisoners human.

If any period of separate confinement is to be retained for any class of prisoner, convicts or no, which, as you know, I personally trust will not be the case, will it not be found possible to split their time of exercise into two portions, morning and afternoon? Here again you are met with the difficulty of extra labour to the staff; but it surely might be got over.

You spoke of the importance of help to the prisoner when he gets out. Could not prisoners' aid societies be linked up into a sort of prisoners' labour exchange, and aided by the Home or Colonial Governments providing certain classes of work (on the ground that it is more economical to employ the discharged prisoner than to have him coming back to gaol for want of employment)?

I have been very sorry to hear that the Home Office generally thinks my Prison Act<sup>1</sup> unfair. I strove to be scrupulously fair. If each particular act is regarded in the light of the whole play, as it is meant to be, and should be in a work of art, I don't think this charge can be brought. In my limited experience I certainly saw convicts under separate confinement looking every bit as bad as Falder. I also saw men undergoing penal servitude whose record boards showed no previous offence. And it must be remembered that the appearance of an actor depends on the position of the seat from which you see him. Solitary confinement is a dumb thing; it cannot speak for itself; it is a long slow dragging misery, whose worst moments are necessarily and utterly hidden from all eyes. I have given it a tongue *for once*—surely that is not unfair. For it is my conviction that it is only because this thing is dumb that it has been kept on as part of our penal system.

Forgive my telling you a tale.

A man (who had served a term of imprisonment) was employed out of charity at the theatre, and after the first night of *Justice* the

<sup>1</sup> In *Justice*.



manager, going his round, came across him sweeping out the theatre. The man stopped sweeping and said: "Thank you, Sir, for putting on that play."

The manager looked at him hard—knowing of his past, but never having heard him say a word about it—and asked:

"Well, is it true?"

"Every word."

This play was not written by me in any wanton spirit. It has been nothing but pain from beginning to end. It has cost me much peace of mind. I have written it, believing that what I have seen and thought and felt ought to be made known, and that I should not be true to myself or my art, and cowardly into the bargain, if I had turned my back on the task. I believe with every bit of me in the *essential* truth of my presentation. I've never dreamed of doubting the good faith and conscience with which justice is administered, and solitary confinement as a feature of justice persisted in; nor have I dreamed of doubting the humanity of the administration. As a whole my play was designed to show the immense and, if you like, natural disproportion that exists between criminality and punishment in a great number of cases, so that all might be spurred to devise, so far as is humanly possible, machinery of justice that will minimize to the utmost this disproportion. What I have written has been written under the spur of conscience and conviction, and with profound regret if I am causing pain to those who have been kind and courteous to myself. It would be in the nature of a relief to my mind if you would convey these words or the sense of them to Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, and to those of his colleagues who feel that I have been unfair.—I am, dear Mr. Churchill, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

11th March, 1910.

HOME OFFICE.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I am sure I shall be able, with the aid of your courteous letter, to remove any feeling of vexation which may rest in the minds of my Officers. The whole process of punishment is an ugly business at the best. The prisoners are unhappy, and are meant to be much less happy than others outside in this not too happy world. The conditions in jail must necessarily be squalid, the cost of maintenance narrowly scrutinized, since it is raised from the taxation drawn, in part, from the poorest of the poor; and the process of meting out measure for measure according to human standards must be crude, imperfect, and full of harsh discordances. But in Sir E. Ruggles-Brise we have a man who for 10 or 12 years

has stood forward at the head of the movement for Prison Reform. It is to his personal exertions, and largely through his own contributions in money and subscriptions raised by him from his personal friends, that the noble institution of the Borstal System has been erected, is being expanded, and must ultimately cover practically the whole ground. I well remember how, at a time when a current of reaction seemed to be threatened, and when the "No Pampering for Convicts" cry made itself heard, he cheerfully faced the prospect of abruptly terminating an official career full of achievement and high promise. I think he quite realizes the value to all the movement with which he has been associated of the external driving-power which your thought and actions provide. At the same time the man who is laboriously dealing with untractable facts and small resources may be pardoned a temporary feeling of irritation when he is overtaken and surrounded on all sides by the airy and tenuous clouds of sentiment and opinion.

No one would ever question your perfect sincerity and good faith.

Amid the many cross currents of the present situation I am trying to use what lights I have to explore the whole subject of prison administration, and if I have the time I daresay I shall get to one or two conclusions of my own. We must not expect much regeneration from a system largely devoid of sympathy; but it seems to me that effort, spontaneous, constant, increasing, and increasingly rewarded, is perhaps one of the most hopeful themes for reflection.

By all means write to me when you will.—Yours very sincerely,  
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

*March 17, 1910.*

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—Warm thanks for your letter.

I have a great admiration for Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise and the work he has done, and am particularly sorry that my writings should, incidentally, harass and vex him. I hope he will mingle with the inevitable feeling that I am a pestilential nuisance a recognition of the fact that I try to advance his own line of reform.

With regard to separate confinement, may I just draw your attention to two points apropos of the feeling in the Home Office that I have exaggerated.

First: This system is being administered and defended by men who are, quite obviously, just that type of man the least likely to appreciate the essence and extent of its torture—that is to say, they

are men of good nerve, strong will power, probably with larger resources in themselves; conscious that they would themselves be able to support it with a certain equanimity; and temperamentally incapable of understanding what it must mean to the neurotic or vacuous beings that form the half at least of our prisoners. Secondly: that while the evidence in favour of separate confinement is easily accessible to you and to them, the evidence against it is desperately difficult to come by, and easily discounted on the ground of being interested, tinged with animus, sentiment, *et hoc omne*. And further, that in the nature of things men cannot administer a system without becoming, in unconscious defence of their own consciences, soaked with the idea that it is right and advisable.

In the ordinary affairs of life *ex parte* evidence is ruled out of court; but owing to the fact that Prisons are almost closed to the public eye there is hardly any but *ex parte* evidence to be had.

I heard last night that a Prison Commissioner came away from *Justice* saying: "If this were true I would resign to-morrow!" Exactly. They cannot afford (I mean the word in no mean sense) to believe it true. *But it is*.

In a Berlin prison I saw the most terrible sight I've ever seen. A cell in which every bit of furniture and clothing had been torn to shreds, every scrap of glass smashed, and the door battered in, in the frenzy of a prisoner who, after two or three months' separate confinement, had received a piece of bad news. That's a rare occurrence (though Jabez Balfour describes it in his book), but for once that it happens there are a thousand days when a man is as near as may be to it, just as there are a thousand days when a man who [*sic*] feels suicidal to one on which he commits suicide.

There is just one other thing. The feeling in the Country and the Press runs very strongly against the continuance of the separate. I judge from the fact that I have seen no single review (not even in those that were unfavourable to my play) and no single letter, or article, and there have been many, which attempted to support it.

It was instituted to do away with the dangers of indiscriminate mingling and contamination; but the Country knows well enough that at present it serves no such purpose; since not only has classification to a great extent obviated this danger, but convicts go into association for the great bulk of their sentences as it is, and three months' separate at the beginning of a sentence can hardly prevent contamination during three years' subsequent association.

If it be said that the Country and the Press take a sentimental view, I would answer that that is not to the point, since all

## THE LETTERS

must admit that public opinion in the end rules the form of our customs.

Forgive me this screed, but I am in that state of "deadly earnestness uninformed by humour" which Sir Herbert Tree says is "the great enemy of seriousness."—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

May 15, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—*Justice* is about to be published in America; I would so much like to add an Author's note qualifying the Prison Act in regard to the matter of separate confinement, if you have modified or are going to modify the period of three months. Can you find time to tell me whether any decision has been come to? I heard rather vaguely from Masterman that you were making a change, but the terms of it I did not quite grasp. In some countries, of course (though not in America, I believe), this form of punishment is carried to the form of excruciating torture, and I hope my play may reach them; but I shouldn't like it to do so without (from my point of view) being just to my own country.—With kindest regards, I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

June 18, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—Will there be any chance of my being able to see you when I return to London, about July 5th?

I must record, *à propos* of your proposed Miners Bill, my great admiration of your efforts in so many directions. You have given a real example of what can be done by a Minister who is truly stirred to a sense of national needs.

I was glad, too, to see your name backing the Shackleton Suffrage Bill. For at this time of peace I do hope something will be done. I have always deplored the militant suffragism which seems to me to negate the very essence of this movement, which is one towards Gentleness and Justice, and away from Force. And now there seems a chance, if only people would take it. I contemplate with something approaching to horror what I seem to see this country drifting into—men and women definitely set against each other, and all the havoc that means to the secret nerves and sinews of chivalry, in the best sense of that word, and to all mutual confidence between the sexes, and to the lowering that will mean to our love of freedom and humanity.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

I may be imagining things here, but I don't think so. The use of the writer's temperament, if it's any use at all—which, I suppose, is open to doubt—lies in his being the feelers, nerves, and eyes of a people—the first part of the animal, so to speak, that receives the shock of impressions. You have much of that temperament yourself, and will understand.

If you can spare me a few minutes on Prisons when I come up, it will be good of you.

With best regards, yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

*June 21st, 10.*

HOME OFFICE.

MY DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—Very many thanks for your letter, which I have read with great pleasure. If you will let Marsh know when you are back in London I shall be delighted to make an appointment to see you.—Yours sincerely,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

*Private.*

*30th July, 1910.*

HOME OFFICE.

MY DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and for the excellent valuable support you have given me in the public Press. There can be no question that your admirable play bore a most important part in creating that atmosphere of sympathy and interest which is so noticeable upon this subject at the present time. So far from feeling the slightest irritation at newspaper comments assigning to you the credit of prison reform, I have always felt uncomfortable at receiving the easily-won applauses which come to the heads of great departments whenever they have ploughed with borrowed oxen and reaped where they have not sown. In this case I can only claim a personal interest which has led me to seek the knowledge of others.

I am not quite sure whether I shall be able to carry all my plans through in the autumn. A good many of the administrative changes, however, require no legislation. All the machinery of prisoners' aid can be called into being at once, and I am hoping to make it operative from the 1st January. I expect to pass a little Bill securing time to pay fines, in the autumn session. The legislative treatment of the youthful offender will, however, probably stand over till next year; but of course the Bill will be completed, and will require nothing but Parliamentary time and support.

I am now looking somewhat further afield and bringing the whole subject of imprisonment for debt under review. I shall welcome

## THE LETTERS

from you any suggestions you may care to make on any branch of prison and criminal reform. "Pit Ponies" are being examined by the Royal Commission.—Yours very truly,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

22nd July, 1910.

HOME OFFICE.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—Mr. Churchill asks me to thank you very much for your letter, and to say how sincerely glad he is that you are so much pleased with his Prison speech. He will look forward to the letter, which he hopes will appear in *The Times* to-morrow, and for anything else which you may publish on the subject.—Yours sincerely,

E. MARSH.

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[To R. H. Sauter]

May 9, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST OLD MAN RUDO,—Wingstone sends you the greetings due to your mature age. We have lain on no floors, tied no knots in ourselves, broken no knees, and blown out no candles since you were here.<sup>1</sup> This morning it snowed. How's cricket? Two cuckoos flew over me this afternoon about fifty yards up; a very swift light flight. They were calling; it was ever so pretty. It was in the long meadow<sup>2</sup> with the little stream running through it and a good deal of gorse and many stones, that lies at the bottom of the farm lane on the right as you go down (between the orchard and the moors). Chris and I had gone to gather milkmaids, which are a whitish pink flower, and the ponies were all coming up round us, and the stream running ever so fast; and the sun out; and the sky very blue and with large white clouds, when those two cuckoos flew over us—So that we felt quite young.

We have discovered the holes of several grass mice in the shrubbery above the flower beds, and regret that you are not here to place your camera with the portrait attachment so as to get photographs of these interesting little animals.

The first leaves are showing on the lime tree to-day. Your white Aunt sends you her best love. Chree sends you a snore, and the top of his affection is sent you by your

CURIOUS UNC.

The enclosed to buy buns.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to an evening at Wingstone when Professor Gilbert Murray, J. G., A. G., and R. H. S. did parlour tricks, at which Professor Murray is surprisingly expert.

<sup>2</sup> "Long meadow" figures in *The Patrician* and *The Skin Game*.

[To Sir Hall Caine]

*Private*

Aug. 15, 1910.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was most kind of you to direct that *The Daily Telegraph* should forward me an advance proof of your article on the Divorce Commission.

You make the point that marriage is a most tremendous and thoroughly successful institution which depends for its sanctity not on law but on the high and imperative needs of human nature—I am in hearty accord.

It is, however, my deep conviction that an institution so secured by the most fundamental virtues and qualities of our common nature can well afford to be generous and merciful towards that ten per cent. of cases which are hopelessly miserable and unhappy.

It can afford this without real risk. And it is because marriage is so sane, so strong, and popular a custom that I have no patience with the niggling attempts of a foolish divorce law to bolster it up—a divorce law which, as you say, or imply, debases all the spiritual significance of marriage.

There will assuredly be no end to tribulation on this subject nor any decency in the law until that law recognises the dissolution (under proper safeguards of time) of marriages which are for one reason or another unhappy, without requiring guilt on the part of either man or woman.

We cannot have things both ways: If human nature is decent enough to be the true support and safeguard of marriage (and not law or dogma), as you and I believe, it is decent enough not to be treated as swine-nature, which is precisely how the present law does treat it. In the eye of the law marriage at present is nothing whatever but concubinage.—I am, my dear Sir, Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Edward Garnett]

Nov. 27, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Many thanks, dear boy, for your *Hogarth*,<sup>1</sup> which astonished me by its resource and diligence. Its acumen did not astonish me; I mean that I expected it. We enjoyed it thoroughly.

Aren't politics deliciously ironical just now? I don't know

<sup>1</sup> *Hogarth*, by Edward Garnett. Duckworth, 1910.

which is funnier, the death-bed repentance of the Lords, or the Radical jibbing at referendum. I often think the real aristocrats (I speak spiritually) of this country are the intellectual Rads, and the real humbugs too, when they are not the finer types such as Buxton down here. I dislike both proposals; I certainly don't believe in Single Chamber government. What's wanted is a Second Chamber of 150, not hereditary, appointed in Conference by both Parties, kept by some automatic machinery (the Prime Minister of the day) as nearly as may be level between the Parties. Against a third rejection by the Chamber there should be appeal by referendum, which in practice would never be resorted to, for such a body would voice the country with great exactitude. What's wanted is something which will seriously diminish the friction and acrimony of Party, not accentuate it like these veto proposals.

Awful wet Sou'-Easter blowing, and Ada playing Beethoven's 14th Sonata.

Our love to you all.

J. G.

[To Frank Lucas]

Nov. 27, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR LUCAS,—I've awaited Sunday and a ferociously wet South-Easter to thank you warmly for your letter, and Butler's *God*<sup>1</sup>—to reverse Miss Ponsonby's description of —. I'm in the thick of him and reserve comment. He appears to be a hero rather than what, I think, has been worshipped by men (unconsciously) since they first made their appearance with the human faculty of consciousness: and which, in one word, is simply Mystery, or rather, perhaps, the Mysteriousness of finding that their consciousness is not equal to the task of explaining everything. Their conceit has induced them to wrap this *non possumus* up in many guises of *possumus*, but there it has been at the back of all reverence, the worship not of what they can but of what they can't understand. It is so in life generally. Therefore Butler's *God* of "all life as we can conceive of it" appears at present to me a false ingenious hare.

Yes, some day I'll be tempted by that motto, perhaps, but I doubt my capacity. Moreover, wouldn't he, when he had risen *pulchrior*, rather "savour of a statement"? I must talk to you some day on that question (the most worrying of all to the artist) of how far it is possible to force goodness on the consciousness of the reader or spectator except by the negative methods. I'm always conscious of

<sup>1</sup> *God the Known and God the Unknown*, by Samuel Butler.



being a pelican in the wilderness, and a dangerous one. For instance, *The Man of Property*, being a picture of the *soul*-destroying effects of property, is taken by nearly all readers as an indication that I would like to forcibly and *politically* remove from people their wives and property. This is crudely put, but you know what I mean—the political mind (nine-tenths of our minds) cannot abide a spiritual idea without translating it at once into facts. Whereas the very essence of a spiritual idea is that you mustn't force it by machinery from without, but must let it germinate, until it forces the fulfilment from within.

This leads me on to politics. I find myself dead up against the Veto proposals—you know why, remembering our argument round Hound Tor. . . .—Always yours,  
J. G.

Going on with Butler I perceive that (1) he is really only concerned with overturning the theologian's God—as I would have expected from the splendid old badger he was; and (2) that his God is purely ethical, and very sound in that sense.

The answer, of course, is that hitherto God, if it means anything, has been accepted as the highest, remotest, most infinite, and final—not idea or conception *but*—emotional speculation of which man is capable; and to reduce God to Nature is merely to shift words about. Our minds do and always will emotionally speculate on the Unknowable, on what lies behind Nature, the Mysterious and Miraculous Adjustment conditioning all things. We shall never know, never find out, and this it is which constitutes the "glory and poetry of God," just as the poetry and glory of our lives is that we do not know from moment to moment what is coming.

Butler goes into this question with a mind saturated for generations with theology, sick of it, and desiring to free himself. Hence his limitation. He was always a tusky rebel and a fighter; but had no serenity or balance, at all events of the highest order. J. G.

As for his way of treating God the Unknown—it simply goes for another larger person, and leaves out Mystery again.

Don't think from this letter that I don't admire Butler. His *Way of All Flesh* is the best modern English novel. Moreover, the little book is very interesting and well written. You see, he had to abandon *cells* half-way. That's an illustration of the narrowness of the theory. *Ethically* I am quite with him, and in his belief, or rather *exposition*, of the real nature of our *Future* life.—J. G.

## THE LETTERS

[*To Gilbert Cannan*]

Dec. 4, 1910.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR GILBERT,—Well—perhaps. At all events you state a case. The other side to that case is that every ardent youth in every decade believes that he is in for a breaking-up of the waters. And every decade sees its own ardent movement; which seems so little ardent to the next decade. I believe much more in the slow (sometimes invisible) continuous ferment, than I believe in definite sudden renaissances. The slow continuous ferment, the impalpable change of thought and manners, throws up and feeds certain conscious creatures all the time, and these conscious creatures in the course of shaping their impressions form what we call movements by the power of the expressed consciousness. What we are inclined to forget is that though our fathers were nearer damnation and further from salvation as *we* conceive of them, they were closer to salvation and further from damnation than we are as *they* conceived of those two states. We fight for our own hands, of course; but the conscious of 2050 looking back will be just as hard on us as you are on the 19th century. And the only things that he will not be hard on are those expressions of individuality (fed, if you like, on varying food) which are shaped and chiselled to the point of resisting time.

Well, good luck to you.

J. G.

You mustn't compare the unconscious of our generation with the conscious of the next. The unconscious of this generation are as hopeless from your point of view as ever our fathers were. J. G.

[*To Charles Roden Buxton, M.P.*]

MY DEAR BUXTON,—The failure of the Conference has landed me in a serious quandary, and I think it better to be quite frank with you. The Veto proposals stick in my gizzard. I even prefer the Lansdowne scheme of reform. I'm not enthusiastic enough about that, as you may imagine, to actively support it; but neither can I make up my mind to support the Veto proposals.

The effect of these proposals will be to accentuate Party, and to cause great danger of violent swings of the pendulum. But not only have they these inherent vices, but they make the Constitution ridiculous by loading us with that most undignified thing, an utterly superfluous Second Chamber, an impotent Second Chamber. Now I believe in a Second Chamber whose sole function should be to

afford the country time to get its second wind. If the Veto proposals contained *the referendum* it would be different. The sound thing is that in event of more than one rejection by the Second Chamber of a vital measure there should be referendum. To secure this is to my mind the only and proper function of a Second Chamber. The Lansdowne proposals, whatever their defects, do provide for that.

If I thought the Party of General Progress would be *seriously* set back by a narrow defeat at this election I might swallow my very grave doubts and scruples on this most grave point; but on the contrary the best thing that could happen to the country, in my judgment, would be a narrow Unionist victory; and a year or so of office, which would bring about the materialization of the Lansdowne proposals of reform, and then end in defeat, a show-up of their hopeless condition, and a fresh return of the Progressives on a flood-tide. As you know, I'm not a Party man; I must, by temperament, judge each situation as it arises. Whatever Party wins this election, however, I consider that you—by inherent virtue—ought to be a Member of the House, and if I have a vote, of which I'm not sure, I shall give it to you; but I cannot publicly endorse the Veto policy, which disturbs me profoundly.

I value your friendship, therefore I'm quite frank. Needless to say, my judgment will not disturb the local mind, for in the first place (following my rule down here) it will not be voiced publicly or privately; and in the second place it would not be understood if it were voiced.

To leave the hereditary Lords as they stand now and take away their power is too much for my sense of humour. It seems to me a purely comic idea. It is homoeopathy with a vengeance—curing amateurism by a double dose of it.—Yours always sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To and from Professor Murray*]

*January, 1911.*

MY DEAR G. M.,— . . . The Parliament Bill: Four Premises—

- (a) I examine the situation from an entirely detached point, outside Party.
- (b) This is a change in the Constitution affecting not only the immediate, but the far, the very far future.
- (c) No Party solution of a change in the Constitution can *prima facie* be satisfactory. (And in saying this I know the

answer—what other solution is possible? But this, I believe, begs the question.)

- (d) I assume that the Liberals intend to carry through this Bill, and not use it simply as tactics (in which case it might be all right—but of which case I see no signs).

Now then: It means if it goes through, and is not reversed—which is quite probable and would be in itself a shattering sort of incident—it means Single Chamber government. You say, probably: "Yes, I want that." Well, I don't. Take this crude example. A Radical government comes in in 1920 with a thumping majority. First measures—say: Disestablishment of the English Church. Becomes law in 1924. Radicals out in 1925 at end of Parliament (session). Tories in with good majority. Absolutely certain reversal of law; not of policy, but of actual Parliament-made Law. And so on with measure regarded as vital by either Party. Now this is not only an exacerbitant of Party, in its extreme always the evil factor of our politics; but also a paralyzer of real steady progress. Putting aside the two possibilities:

- (1) That our Party system might crumble, under Single Chamber government, into group politics; or that [it]
- (2) might give way altogether to Bottomley's business-Government idea—putting those aside, I should not worry much if I wasn't pretty sure that thirty or forty years will see politics in this country a sheer fight of "haves" versus "have nots"—"intellectual idealists." When this condition is present in all its cynical nakedness, such a Constitution as this Bill would give us will be in the last degree undesirable. It would bring about really dangerous crises.

My other reason for disliking the Bill is that it cynically retains a Body which it has condemned to utter idiocy—a Body already idiotic which we all dislike, and would like to see rather removed or reformed out of recognition.

No, I think it a Bill without a sense of proportion or humour. I think it forgets, too, that "politics" are the battle of the two sides of human nature; and that neither of those sides ought to be placed in a position to hustle the whole to meals which it is not yet stomachically fit for. There is a limit to the rate at which the advancing idea can fertilize general opinion. This Bill seems to me to set no limit.

I am told that three years' Press discussion and bye-elections are sufficient safeguards. I don't believe it. Press discussion is Party

discussion now, and under these new conditions would be more so—Party discussion which never budges an inch; bye-elections when there is a big majority count for very little to that majority, and far less than little to the more determined political spirits, whose hearts and souls are in the measures which they have fathered, and staked their credit on getting passed into Law.

There are certain more or less academic political questions such as Disestablishment in Wales; Education; which fog the near horizon. I'm not thinking of those sort of measures, I'm thinking of the future—I'm thinking of the intense bitterness of Vested Interests attacked, and the counter-bitterness of the attackers when there is no machinery attached to the Constitution which will give a definite chance to the country to pass measures a second time under its review, before crowning them with decision. It is idle to say: Oh! yes, we shan't have another Budget like the last for twenty years—no such luck! What's twenty years to the *Constitution* of a country?

Whatever the defects—the great defects—of the past, the system has enabled this country to move more or less homogeneously. It has fostered, on the whole, a steadier and *more genial* political sense than is elsewhere to be found. I profoundly distrust a measure which I believe will destroy homogeneity, and that sort of collective balance which is characteristic of this country; and fan that bitterness which must accompany all public affairs when one half of human nature, or one half of human interests finds itself hopelessly at the mercy of the other half within the short span of the life of a single Parliament.

No, I want a Second Chamber of 150 or so, equally divided between the Parties (elected or nominated, with obligation on the P.M. for the time being to adjust the balance). I want it as a splendid revising Chamber (for you could have really first-rate ability—badly needed for revision of measures often unworkable); I want it without powers of initiation, or control of finance. Against its rejections in Parliament of five years it would not be necessary to provide a referendum, because against two or more rejections by such a Body no government would dare to appeal. But I want to see Referendum introduced as a principle for the ascertaining of the public will on such questions as Women's Suffrage, National Service—on the initiative of either Party whether in power or opposition; if an agreement can be come to in Committee of both Houses.

You answer: Such a Second Chamber would be too strong. I

have not that overwhelming admiration for the H. of C. which would make me feel that. It's a windy place, where often the real wishes of the country are lost sight of in Party storm.

I ask: Why can't the Liberals make such a Second Chamber their objective; why didn't they; why don't they? To this I feel the answer to be that they believe their half of human nature wholly right, and the other half wholly damnable. This is where I fall foul of them. But I admit that it's a sufficient answer by such as hold that view.

It comes to this with me: that however much I may be personally willing to sacrifice, however far to go, I do not believe in forcing others to the same point. And *nationally*, I say that the principle that should obtain is, that the spirit must precede action; and not action the spirit. It is this principle which I think is threatened by this Bill—a principle which I have always hitherto believed to be the essence of Liberalism, the essence I care about anyway.

May all good things happen to you and all of you in the New Year.—Always yours,  
J. G.

*P.S.*—To the argument that Tories are now in the position of always being able to force their will on the country, therefore why not Liberals, I say that argument forgets that only the Radicals really attempt to force the country to swallow meals for which its stomach is not yet fit: reactionary measures don't really count in that consideration.—J. G.

MY DEAR J. G.,—I am just back home and dealing with heaps of things, so I cannot answer your letter on the House of Lords with the fullness and fervour which it merits. (We crossed in the gale on the Channel, by the way. Beastly!)

It is hard to answer you, because your point of view is so different from mine. You say you are "aloof from Party." I have always been keenly interested in a lot of measures and in a whole great movement (for progress and the bettering of life *plus* helping the poor and oppressed plus a belief in gentleness, not force. That is Liberalism). At every turn I have found each movement checked and injured by a set of people—generally the same people—who stood for the rights of the rich, for vested interests, for opposition to new things, and for certain ideals such as imperialism, social hierarchy, the accepted religion, etc. I have had, in most of the things I care for, the same allies and the same opponents.

Consequently I am a keen Party man, and think that it matters

enormously whether Liberals or Conservatives are in office—whether S. Africa was settled by Milner or C. B., etc.

This is in answer to your P.S. where you suggest that it doesn't much matter if all Liberal Bills are destroyed by the House of Lords and all Tory Bills let through. To me it means more than I can express. You say that the Tories do not pass active measures against the will of half the country. I consider that they do. The Tory Education Bill was passed in that way, and crowds of Non-con Ministers are still going to jail for it because the Lords will not allow a Liberal Bill to pass. (If you retort that you don't care what happens to Non-con Ministers, you put yourself in the same class as the people who massacre Jews in Russia.) Again, the Tory Licensing Bill deliberately created a vested interest, against the law, for the owners of licenses, and, to my mind, handed over some hundreds of millions from the poor to the rich. It was carried on the principle that no temperance legislation was to be allowed except what the brewers and distillers approved: (very much your plan, in fact, only that the Temperance people were not consulted and objected strongly). At present a Tory Government might pass Tariff Reform, Universal Service, a gigantic Navy and aggressive policy which would lead straight to war. Indeed the Liberals are at present the more Conservative Party. It is the Tories who are likely to do violent things, and have lately done the most violent things.

What, therefore, we want is to be put on an equality (or nearly so, not quite) with the other Party. A century ago the Whig lords were fairly strong, and there was a chance for Liberal legislation. Now there is none, except by very exceptional means. Remember also that our opponents have all the money. They can buy seats, they can afford to give themselves up to politics, they have all the immense indescribable power that wealth gives. They have also plural votes. What we want is that when, after perhaps fifty years of education, generally much more, we have at last got a majority of the country to be in favour of a reform, we should then be able to pass it into law. That is not "forcing"; that is allowing a majority to govern. Of course a majority, especially a bare majority, must be reasonable and not oppressive. When you have 16 million people in favour of a thing, you always have a few million more who don't mind it. That is a cardinal principle of Liberalism and of English politics in general before the Milner period. And I do not see any sign of that principle being abandoned—unless, indeed, the Tory Party should fall into the hands of financial speculators and war-mongers.

Can you mention any single Act of Parliament that was passed before the country was ripe for it? I don't believe such a thing can happen—with a progressive Act. (It can with a reactionary, in a certain sense.) Suppose you have a new plan in your head which you think good. Before you get it passed you have to convert some sixteen millions of people, mostly conservative by instinct, mostly prejudiced, mostly uninterested. Before a Bill ever gets *into* Parliament it is generally stale and behind the times.

However, this is all about the P.S. As to your letter, the official policy is to reconstitute the Second Chamber on a better basis. This cannot be done by consent of the present Chamber, because, as we have seen, the present Chamber objects to anything which will prevent a Committee of the richest class vetoing all legislation which affects its interest. We must abolish the veto of the present Chamber in order to make a good one. I dread the power of delay for two years in the hands of a Chamber like the present. It is the dreadful power of appealing from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and they can choose their moment.

Whether you can ever invent a wise and impartial Senate is a doubtful question. But we seem to be committed officially to attempting it. If we can, then it ought certainly to have the power of initiative, probably the power of veto. If we cannot, then it ought only to have the power of criticism and delay.

But whatever the ultimate line of reconstruction, it seems to me clear that we cannot advance at all without first removing the Lords' veto.

About converting the country: on the Liberal side it takes a generation or two. On the other side, I quite admit that a knot of capitalists who own newspapers might start a new idea, and by ingenious intrigue run it through in a short time. They can do that now; the H. of L. would never stop them, if it was a capitalist idea.

My . . . belief is that we can never really get representative Govt. in its full sense. The rich can always beat the poor, in strength, in organization, in opportunity, in knowledge, without having the Constitution further twisted in their favour by plural votes and Houses of Lords. . . .

MY DEAR G. M.,—Awfully good of you to write so fully out of your labours, which must run mountains high. Of course, if indeed the Veto Bill be pure tactics, and the official intention be living and firm to create a new Second Chamber equal between the Parties, my objections all fall to the ground. But I haven't gathered from the



speeches in the Lords and the country that there is any intention of doing this; and neither Morley nor Churchill, with whom I have talked, seem to entertain the idea at heart.

Then a word as to my own position towards the matter. I don't honestly think I would be likely personally to lag behind you in any movement towards what we should both describe perhaps as light. But there is a part of me which cannot help looking at the political or rather national life in this or any other country as if it were a plant subject to the fundamental conditions not only of day but of night; and that night must have its merits as well as day, being part of the Universal process. This plant has only a certain capacity for daylight, and to overshorten the nights would injure it. As you would probably agree with this, we come back to the issue, would a Single Chamber tend to overshorten the nights? I don't say it would in the long run, but I do say it would waste steady progressive power by causing greater swings than there are at present—cause the machine to run only the same distance in the same time, but at a more uncomfortable gait. That's really the whole of my point, but I think it's a very grave one.

Even if I allow your arguments in regard to Tory legislation being active (which I do *to an extent*), I am all the more inclined to counter with this. It is bad for the country that either Party should provide it with meals that in a soberer mood it is not prepared to digest, and that an equally divided Second Chamber would operate as much against hasty or unwise Tory legislation as against the same coming from the Radicals. It is eminently desirable to provide such a check against some of the Tory proposals—this by the way. For the hereditary House of Lords I have less than a word to say.

It seems to come to this: that while personally I want gentleness and proportion as much as you, I have more—what shall I say?—interest in, appreciation of, *the necessity* of the reverse. This, of course, makes me unfitted to be more in politics than that dubious creature—a critic. One cannot have two diametrically opposite *métiers*. If I were (which God will take care I am not) in Parliament I should have to espouse those measures which seemed the shortest cuts to proportion and justice; but on meeting my opponent in the Lobby I should never be able to refrain from seeing that he represented the *realities* of existence every bit as much as I did—though his face were the reverse of the medal.

I do see in this juncture—this *Constitutional* crisis—that the active men of—if I may still call it so—our side, are animated, more than is good for the long future, by the most natural sentiments of

resentment at their tedious and oppressed past, and of rejoicing at having at last a free hand. Don't write and say: Trust Asquith, though I admit that it's the best practical answer that can be made. But we know—don't we?—how the political utterance repeated and repeated in the end comes to wag the Party dog. It's human nature not to go back on your uttered words. Some day I'll come down and talk, if you won't come up.—Always yours, J. G.

[To H. W. Massingham]

MY DEAR MASSINGHAM,—I have failed lamentably to sustain my sketches. In fact, I've been labouring at plays and quite disinclined for short work.

I send you some verses in case you care to print them.

The last time I saw you we had some scattered talk of the Parliament Bill, and I probably misrepresented myself to you, in defending a Second Chamber. An *hereditary* Second Chamber of any kind I would remove, lock, stock, and barrel, but I would have a very small elected (revising, not initiating) Second Chamber, automatically adjusted between the Parties. That is: A Second Chamber with the two main Parties balanced deliberately; appeal from whose continued objection of H[ouse] of C[ommons] should be to the country in one form or another.

I only say this, not to persuade you—which is obviously hopeless from me to you—but because I dislike you to think me (if you do) a House of Lords man. Radical measures are always right, but they are not always right at the moment; the Radical mouth eats too fast sometimes for the country's belly. In other words, if you wish to avoid violent swings of the pendulum (which perhaps you don't) you must not force men out of their natural line of least resistance, at an over and above pace.

Enough of this teaching of my grandfather! I like Bennett's *Town Life Sketches* very much.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Professor Murray]

May 24, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—It has been gorgeous here since we came a fortnight ago—and I have been as *désœuvré* as man can be. Do you find that in the Spring?

Anything definite decided concerning the *Œdipus*? And how are you all?

I wrote a letter to *The Times* and one to *The Manchester Guardian* not long ago on Aeroplanes in War. Now I receive a letter from the Secretary of the International Arbitration League asking if I think a Memorial would be any good. I reply that I *do* think an International Memorial signed by big names of Science, Religion, Arts, and Public Life *other than* politics, and published in all countries in the Press, more or less simultaneously, would do good—What do you think? He is prepared to do the work. Would you yourself sign such a plea for closing the air against armed airships? I am in touch with the German Society. The thing is no good unless it's wide and international. It appears to me that at all events (before vested interests and idiocy sweep us into this development) the Age should put on record a protest, so that those of 2500 should not say with reason that we were all quite cracked in 1911.

Our affectionate greetings to you all.

J. G.

May 27, 1911.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Thank you. If the protest goes forward I will put you in touch with it. At present there is a hitch because the International Arbitration League wants to include politicians. Perhaps half a dozen carefully mixed in would not hurt.

Yes! H. G.-B[arker] would do that jolly well. But I, alas, should be a dismal object, because I should at once agree with all the criticisms until the day after, when I should be angry with them, and able to reply very effectively with my pen. With my tongue never. It has no quality of ready reckoning.

. . . I am going with Ada to Ilkley on Tuesday, to try and get the better of her rheumatism.

Our affectionate greetings.—Yours always,

J. G.

July 14, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—Here's the final form of the "Air" protest. Would you sign and send to F. Madison, etc., in the envelope enclosed. We have got Alfred Russell Wallace; Lodge; Thomas Hardy; Elgar; Dr. Clifford; Dr. Hutin; Colvin (?); Walter Crane; Sir Thomas Barclay; and one or two others I think, to make a start with.

How and where are you? It is almost too hot and glorious here. We go up to London next week, and I hope to Tyrol shortly after for three weeks, thence to the Masfields in Ireland, and then back here.

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When does Rosalind's novel come out?

I do wish we could see you.

Affectionate greetings from us both to you all.—Always yours,  
J. G.

[From and to Thomas Hardy]

June 26, 1911.

MAX GATE.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I have been away in the north for eight days, no letters being forwarded; and yours came just after I had started.

I write a hasty line now to say that I will consider the draft protest you send about flying and war. Of course I quite agree that these machines, if they are ever effectively constructed (which they are not at present), will make war worse than ever. But does not the appeal tacitly admit that war in other ways will have to go on? Now I am one of the extremists about this, and think it an insanity that people in the 20th century should suppose force to be a moral argument.

Perhaps the addition after the first sentence of some words about "adding a new hideousness to the present hideousness of war," might remove that objection.

However, of late years I have almost despaired of civilization making any big step forward. Possibly in the year 4000 we shall be nearly as barbarous as we are now in belligerency, marriage, treatment of animals, etc.

I suppose I never told you how highly I thought of your novel *The Man of Property*. It seems to have been the parent of many that have appeared since and made more noise.—Sincerely yours,  
THOMAS HARDY.

P.S.—I hope you live in Devon, and are not merely visiting there.—T. H.

June 28, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. HARDY,—Most hearty thanks for your kind letter. I am, personally, absolutely of your mind about the idiocy of using war as a moral argument; but I have wished if possible to steer the Protest clear of wording that will absolutely deprive it of the support of those who don't go so far. All the same, the words you suggested, I think, ought to be added.

At the Inter-Parliamentary Conference at Rome in October, a resolution barring the air from war is to be moved, I am told;

and I do think Thought should bestir itself to add its quota. Even if we get nothing done our protest will be evidence to the Future that we were not all quite insane in 1911, when this new departure was taken.

Underneath the evidence of our barbarism I do cherish the thought that there is an undermining spirit of reason at work. There *has* been an advance even in my experience.

Anyway I do hope you will sign.

It was most cheering to hear that you liked *The Man of Property*.

Let me tell you of the enthusiasm roused in me by your last volume of poems, and specially by the *Trampwoman's Tragedy*—a wonderful thing.

I do live here in Devon, or rather have a habitat, which we use for about six months in the year.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From G. K. Chesterton]

OVERROADS,  
AYLESBURY END,  
BEACONSFIELD.

[1911]

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—In clearing up some old papers, it distresses me very much to find that (as far as I can make out) I have neglected to acknowledge an appeal from you—in connection with Aeroplanes in war. I am horribly sorry; but I was born unbusinesslike, and my wild orders to an efficient secretary seem to make things worse. Please forgive me if you can. Frankly, I will not pretend that the delay has lost you a signature; for I doubt if I could have signed the paper. I am against all these attempts to attack war on its material outskirts. If you suddenly forbid some special weapon, the club or crossbow or culverin or whatnot, you enter the business so abruptly and at so irrational an angle that you are very likely to be helping the person who is in the wrong against the person who is in the right. In this case, for instance, to stop aeroplanes would simply be to help the Prussians against the French, who have the best aeroplanes; and who surely require the sympathies of all who care for freedom and civilization as against a solemn barbarism.

But this does not lessen my annoyance at having neglected you, whom I have to thank for so many splendid strokes against the deceit and cruelty of our society.—Yours, in some haste,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

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[*From Arnold Bennett*]

22 July, 1911.

VILLA DES NÉFLIERS,  
AVON-FONTAINEBLEAU.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—My first instinct was to sign the thing on the strength of your recommendation. But on reflection I thought you would not like me to do this. My objection to signing it is that it is absolutely unpractical—in my opinion. All the European armies are busy in the air, and there is not the slightest chance of any of them abandoning the air. Why should they? On the contrary, a really first-class horror caused by the use of air vessels might do more than anything to bring home to the public the extreme criminal stupidity of war. For me a war means the abandonment of all rules, as in any real fight when the blood is up. I would sign any protest against war in general, but to try to limit the field of war seems to me to be both impossible and against nature. Do not be angry with me. We left London on June 16th. I expect to be in London during most of September for rehearsals, and my wife will join me towards the end of September. Perhaps you will have returned then.

Our kindest regards to you both.—Yours sincerely,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

[*From G. B. Shaw*]

I can't sign that absurdity: I might as well revive Fielding's suggestion that armies should fight with their fists. All this about "the burden of armaments" is rubbish: the cost of the biggest armies at present is not worth counting beside the cost of idle property holding. We know perfectly well that aerial warfare will *not* be ruled out, any more than (virtually) explosive bullets have been ruled out, no matter what pious wishes we express. It may be horrible; but horror is the whole point of war; the newspapers will be really jolly when showers of shells alternate with showers of mangled aeronauts on crowded cities.

The really interesting question is how far the new development will make an international combination against war irresistible. Nations will not stop fighting until the police makes them: the difficulty is to organize and effectively arm your European-North American police if you get it.

Meanwhile, "burdens of armaments," etc., etc., is all pious piffle.

I heard that you were going to Cortina for your holiday; and I

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hoped to meet you there, as I shall pass through the day after tomorrow; but Masfield says you are going to Ireland instead.

We shall not be back in England until October. I am motor-mountaineering here, but shall try to get some rest and sea-bathing in Brittany before I return to harness. G. B. S.

[*To the Chairman of the Council of the Romilly Society*]

Oct. 27, 1911.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—I regret very much that I shall be unable to be present on November 1st.

I am personally by no means convinced that it is desirable to abolish capital punishment throughout the civilized world, until the abomination of solitary confinement has been done away with.

Many deaths are died by those who undergo this monstrous punishment in the rigorous form in which it is still inflicted in some countries. I have myself seen a German murderer after twenty-four years of this torture. He was no longer a man. And I invite your meeting to well consider the fate of the poor wretch who assassinated the Empress of Austria before they come to a glib conclusion that it is safe to abolish the death penalty in certain countries.

In fine, I think civilization not yet ripe for so sweeping a change. There is some semblance of dignity in taking life for life by a swift act. There is none in slowly squeezing the life of the murderer away.

But with all my heart I do advocate the abolition of hanging and the guillotine. Let the murderer have the chance of putting a cup of laudanum to his own lips; if he will not, let him be sent from amongst us without an act of butchery degrading to our best instincts.—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To William Archer*]

8, SOUTH TERRACE,  
LITTLEHAMPTON.

Dec. 28.

MY DEAR ARCHER,—I was so glad to get your note and article. I had seen that amazing pronouncement of ——'s, and feel comforted that you pulverized it. It was just an instance of those irresponsible kinds of personal views, crudely put forward to the Public, and thoroughly undigested by the putters, which are so rife in these days. On the other hand, —— really did the decent

thing, and may he do it again before long—but I fear it was a white blackbird.

I am more and more struck by the greenness (nice sense) and vigour of your pen in these days—it seems to get more and more pointed, or should I say broader and broader. I wish so much you had been on the Divorce Law Commission. Ha! you say—the deuce you do! But it would have been a great pull to have had one spirit sitting there who could see that the orthodox sacramental view of marriage is based on nothing whatever but insistence on your pound of flesh, and is the apotheosis of unspirituality. That question will never be settled until divorce by consent—or by application of one party—*before* the unfortunates have been forced to act indecently (with proper safeguards of time) has been recognized as the sane remedy. The whole present law is based on exaltation and defence of the party who makes the marriage intolerable to the other party. It is based on cynicism, and the lowest views of human natures. It is, in fine, a barbarous law, which puts a premium on materialism and brutality. I held these views when I could first put two and two together—twenty years ago; the more I have seen and felt, the stronger I have held them. I liked Hewlett's evidence.

We wish we could see you. We shall be up in Town Tuesdays to Fridays through the winter.

Best of wishes from us both for the New Year.—Always yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From and to the Headmaster of Harrow*]

THE HEAD MASTER'S,  
HARROW.

May 28th, 1912.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—The literary Editor of *The Daily Mail* has sent me a copy of your first article on Public School Training, asking me to express my views on it for publication. I am unwilling, for many reasons, to appear in print just now; what I want, and what I think Harrow wants, is to be allowed to go on with our work quietly, and with as little controversy and advertisement as possible: so I do not propose to accept.

But may I write to you *privately* about your article? It says so much that is lamentably true, and coming from you it carries so much weight, that I hate to seem to cavil at it; especially as what I say will possibly seem to be due to personal pique or desire for self-justification, though I hope the reality is not that.

But I do feel that your article, with all its truth, ignores a good



deal that it might fairly have taken into account. However far the public schools *fall short* of fully reaching fellowship and brotherhood with the unfortunate, is it fair to say nowadays of them, as you say, "I would go so far as to say—not at all"? Have you forgotten the younger generation of headmasters, people like William Temple, Cyril Alington, David of Rugby, and many others, who are between them running the Workers' Educational movement, lecturing for Socialism, teaching Civics, and preaching Brotherhood, to the best of their ability? Have you forgotten the various school missionaries, who have boys drawn from Eton, Harrow, and various big schools, to stay week-ends with them in the heart of the poorer districts of London, and let them come to grips with poverty at close quarters? With so many of these good clergy trying their best, is your bitter little sentence about "the teaching of manners, *mainly under clerical supervision*, effectually barring us from any contaminating influence" *fair*?

And then, poor Harrow! I read lately with my form Alec Paterson's *Across the Bridges* (no doubt you know it well), and found them thrilled by it, some of them lending the book to their friends. I got Paterson down one Sunday to talk to the whole school on "the struggles of a London poor boy," and Sydney Holland similarly on "Hospitals." Both men simply enthralled the boys. Besides this, if sermons count for anything, we have been having pulpit addresses (3 or 4 a term) on such subjects as the Missions to Prisoners, the Seamen's Mission, Temperance, not to say Foreign Missionary work; and honestly, I think some of us here try to preach brotherhood for all we are worth, in the pulpit and out of it. Must this count as *nothing*?

No doubt you will say that, when all is said and done, it doesn't come to much. And there I should not venture to dissent. But I think you might have given those of us *who are trying* the credit of trying our best. And as to your own school itself—which you do love—may I venture to say that I wish your love of your old school had led you somehow not to pillory her in particular just now? Poor Harrow is the cock-shy of so many sensation-mongers among the newspapers already; she is doing so well in many ways, while meeting with such faint recognition of anything except her faults, which are always blazoned and exaggerated in the press; that I do wish, if you were going to mention her, that you had given *some* indication that we were trying to do better.—Perhaps I ought not to include the personal element; but a sentence like this, "They" (the public schools) "are not (conscious of what they are doing), and their

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very unconsciousness is half the danger," or "There is a general absence of active and sustained effort to produce . . . this 'good will' state of mind," fills me with something like despair. For I know that I personally am conscious of, and care about, these things more than almost anything else in the world; and it is sadly discouraging to me, while hardly yet seated firmly in the Headmaster's saddle, that an Old Harrovian like yourself, whose opinion carries such just weight, should already assume the opposite.

Forgive this long tirade, please. You will know that I should not write in this style except privately and confidentially, and (if I may use the word without presumption) as a friend.—Believe me,  
yours sincerely,  
LIONEL FORD.

May 31, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR FORD,—Your letter has made me feel a brute; but do anyway believe that I have never had you in my mind as anything but an exception. In meeting you I have felt that you had things at heart. I *had* to say that I myself had been at a Public School, but I did not mention Harrow, or think that the public would know which school I was at. I had not forgotten yourself, Temple, and the others; and assuredly I didn't want to say these things: it was no pleasure to me, but I have felt for a long time that somebody had got to say them, and in a way that would, at the cost of pain and resentment, make them stick just a little. And my experience tells me that to achieve this you must state and re-state the broad issue, the sum of the matter, and cannot afford to dwell on the exceptions and palliations. In the light of your letter I feel that I pushed this theory of hitting clean and hard too far. Try and forgive me. If I get a chance I will try and make some amends. I feel very deeply your goodness in writing me a letter so generous in temper. You'll see that my little sentence about "clerical supervision" was entirely aimed at *private* schools, where the harm is really more done than in the later stages, and I don't think it was really unfair if read in that connection. I don't think that, as a rule, the private school headmaster (generally clerical) dreams of his responsibility on that point. He would say the boys are too young. I don't agree. No boy is too young to be infected with generosity.

Once more forgive me for my injustice to individuals in trying to state what I believe is a broad truth.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To a Clergyman]

July 30, 1912.

14, ADDISON ROAD, W.

MY DEAR SIR,—It was a pleasure to receive your letter, and I thank you for writing so fully, though you do not, and I don't see how you could, remove our differences. I am tempted to explain a little why. You see, it is fixed in my temperament that man must and does find what is called salvation (the fullest expression of the best of himself) for himself. Religious symbols (common forms of thought and belief) are so many smooth paths, so many deadeners of effort, too much assistance to man's natural desire for the line of least resistance. And what I feel about them for myself I cannot bring myself not to feel for others—for the ordinary man. It is this superiority which dogs religious forms, this placing before the ordinary man forms which we ourselves do not at heart believe in, that revolts me. And, further, I am sure that the ordinary man does not really want these forms, these symbols. It is a profound and very wide mistake to think he does. He wants the gingerbread without the gilt. He wants his own most decent and fine instincts to be glorified, made glamorous, and he will only get this from watching and being infected by the ideals of chivalry and humanity *practically* exemplified in the lives around him. Even if there be only one such life within his horizon, it will be worth to him all the symbols (catholic or what not) that you can put before him. That is what I mean when I talk of "religion being too individual a thing to have the same significance to any two persons when you come to elementals." No two men are quite alike, and each man's religion is the fullest expression of himself; and that he has got to find for himself.

Let me take your "symbol" of the kiss. To me the kiss is but the real yearning of one creature for the closest of all unions with another, a physical, mental, moral yearning, a real act of approach, not a symbol at all. It is when it has become dead-wood, the outworn form of feeling no longer present in the creature, that it can be called a "symbol," and when it has once become that I would get rid of it. No kissing, in fact, between people who do not yearn for something more, who do not kiss because they must or starve.

The elementals that we want now, that the ordinary man wants now, are those attributes of unity—justice, love, and courage. We want them glorified—not by forms such as that Christ died for us, that Christ was the Son of God, that Mary his mother is in the Company of Heaven, that we may eat of the body and blood of our

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Redeemer, and so forth; but by proclamation by word and deed throughout the land that justice, love, and courage are our high aims; that we have the germs of them in all of us; and that the chivalry and humanity we may attain to is a great thing in itself and for itself. This men can understand, do understand; the other, in these days, they do not. This can and does emotionalize men and stir in them the real religious feeling—the other, if it ever did, no longer does. Look at our modern heroisms—in mine accidents, at sea, in strikes—what are they but flowers of a high ethic passion; the sudden instinctive growth of man's best nature? No symbols there needed.

You say, the time is not yet. I say, the time is not only now, but it is overdue, and what is keeping it back is this survival of dead forms.

You see we are very far apart. What is to be done? You see, also, that the time will come when men will do without these symbols; that means that you do not believe they are in themselves true or absolute. But you would put these things that to you are not true or absolute before the ordinary man. I could never put what I did not believe in with all my heart and feeling before anybody.

Anyway, I hope you will send me a copy of your *Review* when it comes out, and forgive me in the meantime.—Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To a Correspondent*]

Sept. 12, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

X . . . Y . . . Esq.

You say in your letter that you are a seeker after truth. I therefore make no apology for simple frankness. First of all, then: since time is precious in this world, especially to one who is not a publicist or philosopher but definitely tries to follow certain arts, I point out that whereas you from my writing have formed some (probably erroneous) opinion that you wish to communicate with me in correspondence, I have no means of deciding whether I wish to communicate with you. I point this out because in my experience exchange of idea is only fruitful when there is a certain fundamental kinship between temperaments. Mere exchange of abstractions is of little account, and can be more swiftly indulged in by reading books, and clashing against their conclusions your own. Secondly, I point out that the real search for truth (at all events to those who follow the arts) consists in the searching of one's own spirit in contact with actual experience and feeling, and phenomena

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observed; that there is no such thing as absolute truth, and that arguments or syllogisms are mainly futile for the discovery of that relative harmony, or proportion of things, in which such truth as we may discern consists.

If it be your desire to write after this, by all means write, and I will decide if I want to answer.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*Extract from a letter of September 17 to a friend :*

Y. . . has written me twenty pages; I am about to close the correspondence.]

Sep. 17, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your long and in many ways interesting letter. It has had the effect, at all events, of making me reflect, and the result of reflection has been that I find in myself an invincible repugnance to attempt to express what I really think and feel in this sort of way. It is not my medium.

I am truly sorry to disappoint you, but so it is, and therefore I must enter your gallery of failures.—With regret I am, Yours truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

Dec. 11, 1912.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MADAM,—Many thanks for your card, and the syllabus of your Club. You ask me two questions:

As to women of the underworld—a convenient word, no doubt, but one with which I don't agree. There are for me no watertight compartments in human life; and no solid bulkheads between the Levite and the man or woman who falls by the way, but who is often the superior of the successful and respectable. Any glib assumption of superiority is detestable, and I suppose I am always consciously or unconsciously up against it.

The remark: "But since it is always the man who has the nicer sense of honour" is of course purely ironical.

My purpose in writing? I haven't any conscious purpose except to express myself, my feelings, my temperament, my vision of what life is. I don't address any particular audience—and I don't care what lessons or morals people get out of my writings. Those who have sufficient similarity to myself in their composition will be moved to a sort of general sympathy—those who have not will

THE LETTERS

reject me. If I have a philosophic or religious motto it is contained in Adam Lindsay Gordon's words (quoted in *The Country House*):

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone;  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own."

There is no such thing to my mind as beauty of life and conduct based on hope of reward. Beauty only lies in worship of Perfection for Perfection's sake. Perhaps *The Inn of Tranquillity* will help you to get at the core of my too unsatisfactory self (Scribners).—Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Professor Murray]

Jan. 5, 1913.

HOTEL DU MOULLEAU,  
près ARCACHON, FRANCE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—We are quite distressed to hear of your pains and penalties. Grievous! But why did you kick that football? That Overstra(i)ned air must be too bracing.

Denis and Rosalind are delightful.

This place suits us well. It's all pinewood, sand and water, and good riding. Very friendly French hotel people and servants, on whom we crack French words. Well away from the town and very quiet.

When I say politics are deepening, I think I mean that they're getting less sentimental, less a matter of shibboleth, and more real and savage; but I admit that it's going on underneath at present. In the old days—which on the surface are lingering on anaemically—politics were (and are still) a gentlemanly scuffle between the idealists and materialists of one class. I am not like the gentleman in the "Chemise"—in terror of revolutions and such-like; but I await always the day—not far off—when Labour and Capital will stand pretty squarely face to face. The old order dies hard, and I don't say that the new order will bring very much practical change; but it will be founded on corner-stones of social reform, and worked by Parties still more definitely out to get things for themselves than they are now. There is a slump just now; but there'll be a big turn-up of Labour one of these fine days.

Get well soon and have a good and not too crowded year, and come to India with us in the autumn—if we go. My wife's love to Lady Mary, and my best wishes to you all.—Always yours,

J. G.

[To Hugh Walpole]

Feb. 27, 1913.

ARCACHON.

MY DEAR WALPOLE,—You must be thinking me a pig. On truth I've had your book out here perhaps a fortnight and only to-night have finished it. Well, thank you for sending it to me—thank you heartily, and for the inscription.

The water grows in volume under you, and the wind waxes in your sails—you are stretching the wings of ambition fast. There's great vigour, fertility, and aspiration in the book; too much sentiment, perhaps, and not enough austerity. But of that last I am a poor judge, demanding it as I do so incorrigibly, and to the point of thinness, in my own work. I can imagine that this book of yours must be pleasing *toute une masse* (as a young Pole here is always saying) of people. I hope it's a great success. There are lots of weird things in it, a lot of good true scenes; and it has the merit of carrying its implicit moral idea throughout.

It's full romantic—don't let yourself be swept away by the conviction, so common to the rising generation, that the last or, shall we say, the present generation, drinking too little port at its literary feast, must be avenged. Don't join the new two-bottle men. Keep your head and your balance, and you will write ever cleaner and stronger stuff.

I suppose you are whanging away already at your assault on London. I wish you all good luck.

We'll be back in Town perhaps March 22nd, and will want to see you.

Poor Kathleen Scott!

Saiandra.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[From and to Sir George Alexander]

April 12, 1913.

PONT STREET, S.W.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I hope you do not look upon me as a commercial manager, who is against the new dramatic movement, or as an actor manager who looks for a constant succession of big parts.

If you do, please convert me by telling me of a play, or plays, which you consider worthy of production, so that I may read them immediately. I have, as you know, asked you to write for my theatre already.—Yours truly,

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

April 14, 1913.

14 ADDISON ROAD, W.

DEAR SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER,—Thank you for your letter. I imagine that in the rather too bald statement of what I daresay you will agree are two unpalatable truths I shall have given very considerable offence; and that the cap will be put on here and there where it does not fit, and carefully left to lie in corners where it should be put on.

Since I have not myself suffered from refusals—and am not—God be thanked—dependent on the writing of plays for a living—I thought I was rather the person to speak out the feeling that, I believe, underlies the minds of many.

I'm afraid there's no way out of it—West End theatres cannot apparently be kept open except by *not* providing such plays as Synge's or Yeats', as *Nan*, *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*, *The Marriage of Ann Leete*, Hankin's comedies, Murray's re-creation of Greek plays, or the promising and sincere work of Rutherford Mayne, Lennox Robinson, George Calderon, Gilbert Cannan, etc. Hardly any of this work provides the sort of part in which the great Public likes to see our actor managers or most of them. And still further, many actor managers would not agree with me that these plays were worth producing; but if they're not ideal plays, they all have something in them, which is not the case with at least half the plays that are considered worthy of production.

I do not see in the least why the "new drama" should complain of all this, for it ought not to subsist on charity; but I think it has a right to state the bald facts of the matter.

You were, as you say, so very kind as to ask me to write for your theatre. I have received such requests from other leading actor managers; but I cannot honestly believe that any play I have written would have been accepted on the condition that I might cast it as I thought it should be cast (without extravagance) to get out the essence of the play. Actor managers, I take it, nearly all in management as lovers of the theatre, and believers in themselves—some of them are only magnetic and striking personalities rather than interpreters. Why should they put on plays in which the leading parts are cast as the author feels they should be cast? If I may take two instances, the plays *Strife* and *Justice* . . . . I should not have the indelicacy to ask even you to put up these plays, taking an inferior role, or not playing at all. You are, of course, the attraction to half your public; and half the commercial value of the play. Whatever you may wish to do, you have always that fact



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before you. What I have always before me is the essence of my play. How to reconcile these two factors I have not yet discovered.

I have spoken freely because I take it you are a man to whom one can speak without risk of offence.—Believe me, Yours very truly,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Eden Phillpotts*]

July 21, 1913.

I ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
ROBERT ST., ADELPHI, W.C.

(New address that we're just moving into, so forgive this hasty letter.)

MY DEAR PHILLPOTTS,—Many thanks for your friendly and incisive letter, which, however, cuts too deeply into the hand which penned it, or rather into the hands of those on whom it depends.

I have no hostility to science—none. On the contrary. There comes, however, a balancing point where the spirit must be considered, and it is quite obvious, I think, that those investigators who are wedded to the vivisection of dogs have either not sufficient belief in the value of their discoveries or not sufficient love of mankind to undergo any personal sacrifice for the sake of their convictions. And if they have not, I deny their right to sacrifice our comrade the dog. Considering that one experiment on the living human body would be worth five hundred on the bodies of dogs, we may fairly assume no extravagant faith, or no extravagant love on vivisectors' part.

Yes, my dog was—he is dead now—a prime factor in my life.

In talking of "good faith" I notice that you merely deny my contention that when faith exists (as it exists in the dog) faith ought to be kept on the part of man, who had deliberately implanted that faith in his partner.

Yes, I would consider that the lemur should be subjected to vivisection sooner than the dog—between lemur and man *there is no faith, no love*. There is no faith, no love, between any other animal and man, save possibly the horse—to some extent; and the elephant, both of which are fortunately too expensive.

We were sorry to hear you were seedy in the spring. Much good health and fortune to you, and special wishes for your plays. My wife joins me in very kind regards to you both.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## THE LETTERS

[To a Gentleman on his caging a hawk who pursued a sparrow into his house at Tiverton, Devon.]

August 10, 1913.

RIFFEL ALP HOTEL,  
sur ZERMATT.

DEAR SIR,—I read in yesterday's *Standard* that a hawk had flown into your house at Tiverton in pursuit of a sparrow, and been captured. Unless you are truly charitable you will certainly set me down as a meddler, and probably a crank, for venturing to write to you on the subject. In all probability you have already freed the hawk, and this letter is a waste of your time, but if you have not and should by any chance have the intention of trying to tame the creature, I beg you most earnestly to reflect on what captivity means to a hawk or any of the large soaring birds. To keep such a bird caged is to keep on one's premises a piece of solid permanent suffering. Travelling in California last spring, I had occasion to stay at an hotel where they always had a caged hawk for the edification of the guests. It was, they said, a new one practically every year, for the birds soon moped themselves to death. Watching the eagles and hawks in our Zoo, where, of course, they have a maximum of freedom and company as compared with private caging, I have often thought what living tragedies they looked. One thinks of a hawk as a cruel bird, not as a creature that deserves compassionate treatment. He is not, however, cruel, no more so than a sparrow or a robin that darts on a worm as he darts on little birds. He is merely getting his living instinctively in the only way open to him.

When one reflects on the nature of his existence, the huge spaces that he covers, the way his eye is only fitted, as it were, for seeing at vast distances, the more one is forced to the conception of the utter misery he must suffer in a cage. It is as if some demon for no reason that we can fathom had seized one of us and shut us away from all the elements of our natural existence, pinned one of us down to perpetual suffering without rhyme or sense—this is what captivity must seem to a hawk. There is so much misery in the world, and that misery may at any moment fall on any one of us. To deliberately create misery seems to me the most dreadful thing that can happen to a man. I expect all this is a platitude to you, and once more I beg you to forgive me for having written.—I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*Reply to a letter from a German student about to write a dissertation on Ibsen's influence on the English drama.*]

FLAT A, 1 ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE,  
ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—Your question resolves itself into two parts: (a) my view as to Ibsen generally; (b) his influence on myself.

I answer (b) first.

It is, I think, quite certain that he had no influence on me at all. When, in 1906, after a severe training as *novelist*, I began to write for the stage, I had never seen an Ibsen play, and only read four or five (some years before) without either understanding or appreciating them—he suffers very much from translation, and both his types and his symbolism appeared to me, then, crude, provincial, and far-fetched.

My own method was the outcome of the trained habit (which I was already employing in my novels) of naturalistic dialogue guided, informed, and selected by a controlling idea, together with an intense visualisation of types and scenes. I just wrote down the result of these two, having always in my mind's eye not the stage, but the room or space where in real life the action would pass. This is the method I have always adopted and continue to adopt.

I think I may say (without exaggeration) that I came into theatre-land quite free from the influence of any dramatist or any kind of stage writing.

I turn now to (a) What (apart from my own writing) is my view of Ibsen's influence.

Well, my view is that he—like any other great artist, for he was a great artist—exercised a power of destruction on all that went before him, rather than a power of moulding what came after him. In other words, he made people disgusted with the theatricality to which they were accustomed, and broke up conventions in the public mind. He has, of course, had many imitators, but they, equally of course, have not counted—they have only dulled the edge of his sword. This is what always happens when a strong personality appears in the world of art—a school forms round him, which serves but to crystallize and devitalize what was originally a new and vital thing. Therefore, I say, his real influence was confined to his destructive work. Anything that has been vital in dramatic art since his time has come in from outside with new personality and fresh eyes.

Destructive influence, of course, never ceases, for it is a clearing of

the ground—just as when a farmer owning a field full of rocks (as they do in my part of the world) decides to blast them out of that field, and does so, and for ever after owns a field free of encumbrance, from which he can grow more corn.

To the Great Public, however, in England to this day Ibsen is practically unknown; and though the Little Public grows, it does not grow, in comparison with the Great Public, at much more than the rate of the increase of population.

Please do not take me as typical of the modern school of dramatist. If you write to Granville-Barker or Masefield, you will receive totally different answers.

I am, with good wishes, yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From and to a Correspondent*]

Sept. 19th, 1913.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—. . . There is a question I want to ask you if it is one, as I think, to which you must have given a good deal of thought.

In several of your novels and plays, notably in *The Man of Property* and *The Fugitive*, I get the impression that to the higher and more refined natures amongst men and women sensuality is something which is, or tends to become, abhorrent. Thus in the case of Bianca and Hilary in *Fraternity*. In the case of Irene in *The Man of Property* and Clare in *The Fugitive*, the abhorrence is no doubt developed by the mutual antipathy between husband and wife, yet it seems to be also an abhorrence to the trait in general.

I confess that I am considerably mystified by this. I have thought that in the refined nature, especially in the nature which is artistic, the senses are very lively, and the body is, just as mind is, a thing whose functions are beautiful and to be enjoyed. I cannot associate asceticism with the true artist. The latter seems to be a being who understands nature best because he lives nearest to her. Divorce of mind from body means enmity and suspicion one for the other, whereby the mind despises the body and invents filth in which to cover its functions. It also, I believe, tends to pervert those functions.

Cannot the most refined man be also most sensual? Provided, of course, that sense never becomes an end in itself, but remains a lower but inseparable part of a man's existence?

It does seem to me that mere abhorrence of sensuality does not get rid of it, but drives it into evil courses, while a proper culture of sense helps a man to rightly understand it, use it, and control it, and, by its means, to understand and enjoy the world of nature outside his own being.

With woman perhaps the question is different? Sense seems to be so much more dangerous a gift in her case.

When Hilary and Bianca think "Yes, but we are not quite animals," do not they both assert that they are ashamed, as of something dirty? And by their very attitude of mind do not they *make* that something dirty? Goethe says that everything is clean until thought makes it dirty, and though I fear to face such a tremendous generality, because in practice it would seem to demand a limit, yet I cannot see where a limit could be set.

And in the case of Irene, Soames' insistence on his "rights" as a husband, though they must have been horrible, yet could they have been comparable in their horror to the enforced imprisonment of her personality and denial of her need for sympathy? I *can* understand that for a woman to give her body (or a man his) where she cannot give love or feel sympathy must be loathsome, but I think that the closing of her outlet for the latter must be even more terrible.

Perhaps this is your view also, yet if that is so I cannot understand why, as in Irene's case, it is the physical loathing that brings on the crisis, as it is perhaps also in Clare's. Is it that in Irene's heart she has given herself to Bosinney and *is* married to *him* in truth, and consciousness of this sets her legal husband's acts in a new and coarser light?

But this does not explain Clare's action, as she loves no one at that time.

I have wandered rather from the point on which I am really questioning you, viz.: whether sensuality does not rather grow more lively with refinement than become coarser and less beautiful?

An interpretative artist is probably nearer to the animal than a creative artist, but it seems to me that in both refinement and a high degree of sensuality may, and almost certainly will be co-existent.

Certainly this seems to be true of the great composers and musicians, which is the branch of art with which I am most familiar, and which seems to me to be the purest.

I must apologize for troubling you with such a long letter, which is even then, I fear, not very clearly intelligible.

With kind regards,—Yours sincerely,

Sept. 20, 1913.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. —,—Honestly—I'm very much surprised at your letter, and I think with reason; for I put the point you raise as to Irene and Clare to those sitting with me at the breakfast-table, and their answer was that they would rather have expected criticism complaining that there was too much sympathy with sensuality (or sense rather) in my writings. Indeed, if you read again and carefully, I think you will yourself endorse this comment.

You instance Hilary and Bianca—but the whole point of *Fraternity*—apart from the Shadows part—is the satire on people whose epidermises are so fastidious and thin that even the greatest of all physical pleasures can barely be indulged in.

When you touch on Soames and Irene, and George and Clare, you are—forgive me saying so—talking by reason rather than by life and truth.

Irene and Clare are both women with plenty of capacity for love and sense. It is, I am beginning to understand, desperately difficult for men to realize that in women a general capacity for love and sensual pleasure may go hand in hand with a violent repulsion to the touch of a particular man. There is a tendency apparently in all men to take such aversions on the part of women almost to heart—almost personally—it is the thick-skinned conceit of the male animal, I suppose, that accounts for this.

*Artistically*—I would maintain with my last breath that the physical act selected for breaking point both in *The Man of Property* and *The Fugitive* is the right point of departure; the right *concretion* of the whole physical and spiritual agony of the unhappy marriage; the culmination beyond which man cannot go in the assertion of the rights of property.

I am by no means deficient in appreciation of sense—*tout au contraire*, as the Frenchman said when asked if he had lunched on the Channel boat. But appreciation of sense and toleration of sense satisfied on one side at the expense of another are not quite the same thing; and when you have lived longer and passed through certain fires, you will know that most women made for love are often those who can least endure that last and most violent degradation of the spirit—for by the very strength and capacity of the love that they can give where they give it they are denied the faculty of putting up with what is nightly evidence of their own starvation, nightly denial of their own birthright to give themselves only where they love.

I have never, so far as I know, written one line which truly

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suggests that artists, or any other men, to be high must be ascetic. If you think so, you are running an entirely false hare.

Forgive the haste of this answer.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY

[*To John Drinkwater*]

Oct. 22, 1913.

WIESBADEN.

MY DEAR DRINKWATER,—I've read the play. It's very good in its way—lots of poetic feeling, lots of earnest thought and endeavour and fine phrasing; and yet to my humble spirit it's not quite turtle. It's very good mock. That is the little trouble with this neo-classicism. A shadow looms over it all—a shadow that with all your earnest brooms you will never sweep off that path—the shadow of the Greeks and the man Shakespeare. They have spoiled that form for you—spoiled it—spoiled it. For, try you never so bravely, you can but remind us that you are trying. There is a self-consciousness, a literary emanation from all this blank verse business in these days, which is, I think, my chief objection to it. Moreover it wants the genius of a Shakespeare to override the chilliness of this form sufficiently to make one feel blood, not ink, in the veins of the characters. Your very excellent attempt is a case in point. With all your thought and good-will, you have only succeeded in stating your characters; and the proof of this is that I do not even begin to enquire whether they would or would not have acted as they did. Well, you see, the result is perhaps a good study in declamation and some fine lighting and stage effects; but no illumination of human life, as we live and have got to live it; no real quickening of our pulses. To quicken the pulses in one way or another is to me the only purpose, or, to be accurate, by far the chief purpose of dramatic art. I will get more quickening out of two stanzas of a beautiful lyric, that will sing to me and sing on in me, than out of two hours of a blank verse play. I won't say it can never come off, but I have only one little instance in my mind where I think it did come off, and that by a sort of accidental heat in the author over his particular theme.

I think it will be effective in a cold way on the stage, and I'm sure I wish it the best of fortune, and you too. Forgive this douche, which you needn't take too seriously—I being highly idiosyncratic and idiotic, you will say—and not knowing at all what the Public wants, anyway.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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[*To Frank Lucas*]

Dec. 17, 1913.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR FRANK,—A thousand thanks for the letters of introduction, and the Cecil brochure.

I would have answered boldly that I rejected all the Christianity doctrine save the spirit of it—love. That love was the code of morality on which marriage should be based, and that, where that was gone, the sooner the marriage went the better. Then I would have said that's the new code of morality you demand—now, having set it up, we must, in order to make it work, put it into the leading strings of certain formal rules, as with all human institutions. In other words, we must insist on people giving so many months' or years' notice of love having evaporated.

In fact, stand the present business on its head—make it dissoluble at will, but safeguard it by giving time for reflection, and then trust to that prime instinct in Western man and woman which does make for definite selection of a single life partner.

Such a change would probably almost cover the need for temporary unions between the young to wipe out prostitution. Of course there's quite an answer on Conan Doyle's lines of compromise. Cecil's only real argument is: I'm an extremist—I'm a Hell or Heaven boy—I'm an ass!

Our love to you all—a good Xmas—and a fine New Year.

We've both got colds, but are off to-morrow.—Yours always,  
J. G.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

Jan. 22, 1914.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you and your literary circle for the compliment you propose to pay me. It is a great pleasure to find that the interest in my writings is sufficient to warrant your giving time and trouble to their discussion. I am rather in a difficulty as to the particular statement you would like me to make; in fact, I have a superstitious feeling that one must not talk about one's motives—I do not even believe that a man can select, from out of, as it were, his temperament, the particular forces driving him to write. He writes with his whole nature, made up of a thousand currents and cross-currents of feeling, philosophy, and aspiration. He writes to express, to body forth a kind of mirrored reflection of this very complex thing, himself. I do not know that I have ever even analysed myself in this respect, and I think it would be bad for me



to begin now. There is something destructive in a cut-and-dried examination of the creative process; that bird is shy enough at all times, and might cease suddenly to lay any eggs if it were subjected to too much scrutiny.

Then again you ask me: "Does the modern novelist exercise any appreciable influence on national evolution?" I have no doubt that he exercises a vast influence, but I have a doubt whether that influence is appreciable. I mean that nothing perhaps is more intricate and subtle, and less capturable for the purpose of weighing in the scales, than the shafts of thought and feeling which go out into the minds of the readers of fiction. It is as if a man, passing down a street, were to try and gather in his hands all the reflections and feelings he gained from what he has seen, felt, heard, and smelt, during that passage. The reader of fiction passes down the streets of imaginary life—who knows what he gathers, and what he lets go by? The novel is the most pliant and far-reaching medium of communication between minds—that is, it *can* be—just because it does not preach, but supplies pictures and evidence from which each reader may take that food which best suits his growth. It is the great fertiliser, the quiet fertiliser of people's imagination. You cannot appreciate and weigh the influence it has, except in the case of novels frankly propagandist, which, paradoxical as it may seem, have (in my opinion) the least real influence. To alter a line of action is nothing like so important as to alter or enlarge a point of view over life, a mood of living. Such enlargement is only attained by those temperamental expressions which we know as works of art and not as treatises in fiction-form. The purposes of all art is revelation and delight, and that particular form of art, the novel, supplies revelation in, I think, the most secret, thorough, and subtle form—revelation browsed upon, brooded over, soaked up into the fibre of the mind and conscience. I believe the novel to be a more powerful dissolvent and re-former than even the play, because it is so much more slowly, secretly, and thoroughly digested; it has changed the currents of judgment in a man's mind before he even suspects there is any change going on; the more unaware he is, the more surely he is undermined, for he has no means of mobilizing his defences.

But if you ask me to appreciate and tell you definitely how much influence any particular novelist has on the evolution of his country, I confess that I could not.

I hope that I may be forgiven the lameness of these remarks, and am, my dear Sir, with renewed acknowledgement of your courtesy,—Very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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[To R. H. Mottram]

March 11, 1914.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR RALPH,—. . . As to the book on me. I've read the last new chapter. I'll tell you what I think: It's very good as far as it goes; but you call it "Message." Well, now, you stop just where you've established your jumping-off place. You don't jump off. What you say is, in effect: "This Man is a believer in Harmony." You would be answered: "So are we all—in different ways." So that that in itself is no message. Where and how it becomes a message I propose to indicate. Each man's idea of what is harmony, each man's vision of harmony, is different. What is the particular vision in this case? What does the work point to? It appears to me, of course, that the work as a whole is an indictment of harshness, intolerance, and brutality. I believe it'll all pass that test and practically no other. In a word, and there's no getting out of it, the message is a plea for humanity, for more sympathy and love; conveyed *almost* absolutely negatively by attack on the opposites of those things. The vision of what is harmonious is distinctly that of a softener of things, as they at present are. By one who feels that the scales are still weighed down on the side of harshness. You may condemn this message and this view of harmony, but you ought to state it as the upshot of this particular work. At least so it seems to me.

We'll be very glad to see you. Ada'll write about that.

Great haste.—Always yours,

J. G.

*The Mob* is produced in Manchester on March 30th.

[To the Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills, P.C., M.P.]

Telephone No.

(Our new address)

Gerrard 1874.

1A, ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

Note this, for it's not in the Book.

March 12th, 1914.

John Waller Hills, Esq., M.P.

MY DEAR JACK,—I see your name on the back of the most salutary new "Children's Bill." I hope it will pass as a first instalment of a vigorous national policy for dealing with the young up to eighteen.

There is one point, however, I want to say a word on: Stage children. The Act transfers the power of granting licences from

the Local Authority to the Local Education Authority. The old law was bad, but the new law will be, if anything, worse. What is wanted is an amendment giving this power of granting licences in this particular instance of Stage children to the Local Education Authority of the locality *where the child is receiving his or her stage education*. That is to say, the Local Education Authority of London, *e.g.*, should have the sole right of licensing—for appearance not only in London but *in Manchester or anywhere else*—the children who *are being trained for the stage in London*. And vice versa: The Local Education Authority for Manchester, *e.g.*, should have the same sole right of licensing—for appearance in Manchester, *London, or anywhere else*—the children who are receiving their *stage education in Manchester*. This is the only way of securing that licences should be granted only in cases where the children are really being trained beneficially to themselves.

Stage children are like gipsies and swallows, here to-day and gone to-morrow. What means can the Local Education Authority of a place where children are to appear for a week or a fortnight have of knowing whether they are being trained to their own real benefit?

To put the licensing under the Local Education Authority where the continuous training is going on would enable the Authority to keep a steady eye on the process; would foster the genuine training schools; and practically squash the exploitation of children on the stage by the unscrupulous; for it would soon become known that it was impossible to obtain licences for children unless they were sent to be trained at certain recognized schools.

The present spasmodic licensing by local magistrates is also very bad from the point of view of the trainer and the profession; and spasmodic licensing by Local Education Authorities would not only be just as haphazard, but even more unfair to the children and their trainers, considering how much puritanical objection still exists all over the country to the appearance at all on the stage of children, however beneficially trained and well looked after. It might indeed in practice have the effect of ruling the child off the stage altogether. And personally, out of my own feeling and some little experience, I think that would be a grievous thing. The pleasure given by children on the stage, when they are properly trained—and the tendency is increasingly that way—is tremendous. It is a peculiar delight, making altogether for good, which a child dancing or singing naturally always brings. There's not so much on our stage that makes altogether for good, that we can afford to lose this particular

source of benefit. I have seen a good deal of children both in training and performance, and I say unhesitatingly that under good trainers they are absolutely happy, and awfully good. Moreover they have the best possible kind of effect on the personnel of the theatre where they are performing.

Under an amendment such as I suggest it would be up to the trainer to convince the Local Education Authority that the conditions and influences of the training school were really beneficial to the children. This conviction can obviously only be attained by personal inspection, and personal inspection of a training school can only be made at the training school itself. It would standardize and elevate the whole thing out of its present hit-or-miss condition.

The only objection I can conceive being raised is, that the Local Education Authority better represents the *local* feeling as to child performances. I think this is a purely academic objection. No Local Education Authority represents general local feeling at all in regard to such a matter. It just represents a particular man or men in office, who for their own sakes will not take any risk whatever. Having at their disposal no means of knowing the real nature of the training and treatment of the particular children who come to their town for a week, they will naturally refuse to license, good or bad, for fear of the usual local puritans' protest.

The question of improper performances, besides being one that in the case of children you may leave with perfect safety to public opinion, is, of course, not only subject to the Censor, but always within the power of the local police to deal with.

You see, the stage employment of children is probably the only wandering employment that comes within the scope of the Bill, and it does want special dealing with. For instance, take your Clause 5. How on earth is the Local Education Authority of Hull, *e.g.*, where some children arrive on Saturday to dance or play in a pantomime or whatnot on Monday, to tell whether that employment is "beneficial to the children, having regard to its prospect of affording the child a useful training for permanent employment, and to its compatibility with any continued education which in the opinion of the Authority is available and suitable to the child"! All this, of course, can only be settled by the Local Education Authority of the place where the child is being continuously trained. Though the numbers are comparatively small, it is really a very important point; and moreover one that can be easily dealt with by a short amendment.

I hope you will be able to take the matter up. If not, would you see if Trevelyan or Morrell would? I am given to understand that

my suggestion will have the support of the Profession. If I can get formal support before Tuesday I will send it down to you at the House. I see the Committee sits that day.

When on earth are we to see you again? Can you dine with us at Dieudonné's, 8 o'clock, Wednesday, April 2nd?—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Will you send me the wording of any amendment on the subject that you or anyone puts down?

[To Edward Garnett]

April 13, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I've finished *Sons and Lovers*. I've nothing but praise for all the part that deals with the Mother, the Father and the sons; but I've a lot besides praise for the love part. Neither of the women, Miriam nor Clara, convince me a bit; they are only material out of which to run wild on the thesis that this kind of man does not want *the* woman, only *a* woman. And that kind of reveling in the shades of sex emotions seems to me anaemic. Contrasted with Maupassant's—a frank sensualist's—dealing with such emotions, it has a queer indecency; it doesn't see the essentials, it revels in the unessentials. It's not good enough to spend time and ink in describing the penultimate sensations and physical movements of people getting into a state of rut; we all know them too well. There's genius in the book, but not in that part of the book. The body's never worth while, and the sooner Lawrence recognizes that, the better—the men we swear by—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Tchekov, Maupassant, Flaubert, France—knew that great truth, they only use the body, and that sparingly, to reveal the soul. In Lawrence's book the part that irritates me most is the early part with Miriam, whence the body is rigidly excluded, but in which you smell the prepossession which afterwards takes possession. But *most* of the Mother's death is magnificent.

Shall hope to see you again soon.—Yours affectionately, J. G.

Confound all these young fellows, how they have gloated over Dostoevsky.—J. G.

[To Alfred Knopf]

June 9, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR KNOPF,—Very glad to have your letter, and the news of Hudson's book. It's queer to me if there isn't a large inner public

for his work. Many thanks, too, for *New Men for Old*, which I've read. Well, what I say is for your ears, or eyes rather, alone. It's a frank and very successful exposition of the old idea that men should work for the joy of working, and will have its effect and its value with the business public. But it is only an exposition, and very quaintly a clean refutation of its own theory that a man must do his job to the utmost pitch and polish for the love of it.

I mean—take the idea away and there's little or nothing left—no deep conception of treatment of life or character—no blood and thickness of emotional texture, which is what the author with that particular thesis should have demanded of his own job—namely, the painting of life. In a word, he is exhorting others to do what he has not attempted to do himself.

The artist theory of life is, of course, the right one; and to my mind it's wrong to confine it merely to work. It wants to be applied to everything—play, sleep, love, and eating. In other words, so to live that you do everything with all your heart, and have no time or inclination left for megrims or nerves. "No excess" is inherent in this theory of life, for excess either dulls the appetite or gives you fever. So to live that you're practically unconscious that you've got to die. This is a translation into practice of the formula: Be true to your best self, if one takes a wide and sane view of what is one's best self.

Enough! Good luck to you.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

"Beauty." The author uses the word freely in his thesis. But the word is of little use, it's too relative altogether, and wants too much definition. He confuses meanings. Beauty in a rose, and in a ketchup-label!

Well, there's beauty in "Che Faro," and in "Tommy make room for your Uncle" for the ears that find beauty therein—that is to say, get pleasure therefrom. This sort of use of the word beauty gets one no further. If he'd said there's fitness in a rose and in a ketchup-label, and therefore satisfaction to be had from their contemplation, we should understand him better.

Let your enthusiastic youths beware of falling into the error of the mighty Tolstoi—that of twisting the world down to the level and requirements of the living Russian peasant—for Living Russian peasant read living American Business man, and you have the parallel.

J. G.

[To Frank Lucas]

July 24, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Do you know whether the following plan of dealing with the position in Ireland has ever been suggested or discussed:

1. Exclusion *sine die* of the four counties.
2. Inclusion in National Ireland of Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan.
3. County option (after the Home Rule has passed) for Tyrone and Fermanagh. Vote to be taken per constituency as at a General Election—the candidates being Inclusion and Exclusion. *Provided that*—after the fate of the county had been decided one way or the other—the constituencies who form the minority shall have the right, by a second vote, taken in the same way, of adhering, *en bloc*, to the decided fate of seceding from the county to Orange Ireland, or National Ireland as the case may be; and in so doing, either forming a new county (as West Tyrone or East Fermanagh) or being joined geographically and administratively to the nearest Nationalist or Orange county.

Contemplation of *The Times* political map of Ireland led me to this notion, the Nationalist and Orange parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh seeming homogeneous.

If it were accepted, trouble might be limited to those two counties, and it would be possible for the Government to keep that trouble in hand.

It's the provision of Secession from the minority constituencies that strikes me as novel. Anyway, I've never seen it suggested. But I'm so out of it politically that it may be as stale as all the others.

However, if it strikes you as not altogether devoid of freshness and sanity, will you mention it to Lord Crewe and ask him what he thinks?

Every ass is writing to the papers and suggesting every kind of only way; I shall not follow their example, but I shall be curious to hear whether the idea has already been discussed.—Yours always,  
J. G.

(Note by J. G.: "Submitted to Lord Crewe. Something of the sort had been considered, and could not be agreed on.—J. G.")

## THE LETTERS

Aug. 24, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Glad to have your letter. The first days of this incredible devilry were so miserable that I have by sheer process of exhaustion emerged into a sort of callousness; and realize that other creatures besides eels get used to skinning. You are lucky in a way to be hard-worked. I'm just going to make a big effort to finish my novel somehow; and get up to Town, by when the distress really sets in.

After all, it's no use brooding.

I started by pouring incoherent thoughts on the War into words. All futile. And I can't read — and Co. on the subject without sickening of the futility and arrogance of all speculation at this stage. I do hope you will get away. You ought to, if possible, for a bit, after your trials of the early summer. It seems long ago, doesn't it? Ada is much better, in fact fairly well.

Bless you both.—Always yours,

J. G.

[To R. H. Mottram]

Sep. 5, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR RALPH,—If and so be as you do go for a soldier, etc. (which so far as regards the etc. I will not entertain) we will of course do our best for your MSS.

There is no doubt the Kaisers will all have to be cleared out before the world can get going again; for all that the tide of democracy, in travelling from West to East, comes to Germany before it gets to Russia.

If I weren't married and old and blind and bald and game in the shoulder I believe these atrocities would make me go and forswear all my convictions, and commit some.

Peggy was lame, so they didn't take her; Skip too small. I was unpatriotic enough to rejoice over Peggy's escape. I'd have given them her value three times over to let her off.

Our love to you, dear boy.—Always yours,

J. G.

[To André Chevrillon]

Nov., 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I have long wanted to write to you, and hear of your doings and fortunes in these very dark and terrible times. But a sense that letters never get to their destination when



they leave these shores (which no doubt is not true) has always been preventing me. I don't know whether you are in Brittany still, but will hazard that address. Your country has risen to a great [height] in this struggle, but—so far as we can see and hear—remained absolutely faithful to its best self.

I was moved to try and express something of my personal emotion at the sight of this steadfast national mood in a little (very short—400 words) monograph entitled *France*. May I send it to you; and if you think it will afford the least pleasure to any of your compatriots, may I ask you to be so very good as to render it into French and send it to whatever French journal or periodical you think best?

There is a certain rhythm and measure in the little thing that wants preservation; and I know no one who would give it such just and luminous phrasing as yourself.

These days are like a long nightmare, aren't they?

Will you please give our warmest regards and good wishes to Madame, and take the same for yourself.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Sir Michael Sadler]

Nov. 29, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SADLER,—Many thanks for your sympathetic letter and its enclosures.

If one could imagine (which is obviously impossible) a time before eternity existed when a coin, marked on one side existence on the other non-existence, was spun in space and came down with existence face up; and if one could imagine that the Universe, having won the toss, before eternity began, has been living for ever in the past and will live for ever in the future, and by the Universe I mean not only the super myriad of even innumerable worlds, but some Will or Creative Purpose (or whatever you may call It), of which these endless worlds are the expression—if one can imagine this, one is as near I suppose as one can get to comprehension of what is entirely incomprehensible, even if one attains Nirvana or unity with the Universal Principle, as some contend is possible.

I personally look on the Universe or Creative Purpose as a colossal and immortal artist for ever trying to turn Itself out in works of art and failing nine times out of ten, as all artists must; but always moved by the unconquerable instinct towards Perfection, as all artists are.

## THE LETTERS

Each manifestation, each attempted work of art, is a little replica of the whole Principle, working itself out on the lines of ebb and flow, light and darkness, opposites in every field, under the urgency of a Supreme Impulse towards Harmony or Perfection that it can never attain, for that which is attained ceases to be desired.

I do not see in this War anything more than a kind of limelight exhibition, long brewing, of the collected failures; a sort of too violent coming together of imperfections, which has generated spontaneous combustion, and will perhaps clear the air.

Being personally of a humane and peaceful and more or less contemplative composition, I feel in it all that is antagonistic to myself, and consequently hateful to me. Which feeling does not, however, blind me to the recognition that certain guarantees laboriously secured (as they thought) by man for their common advance towards unattainable Perfection—such as Treaty Rights and Decency towards the Weak—have got to be fought for when they are wantonly assailed. And so to me the War is (for England) a hateful expedient to avoid an even more hateful end.

I have a lot to say on the point of bureaucratic responsibility. But I'll spare you.

All good wishes from us both to you both.—Yours always  
sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To André Chevrillon]

Dec. 14, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I am distressed that you should have had that labour for nothing. But most warm thanks all the same. And thank you too for sending her the *Matin* transcription. It seemed to me like the curate's egg, "excellent in parts." Some things are rather missed or rather flat. But, as you say, the main object is attained.

I have forced myself to write on and finish my novel *The Freelanders* because I could secure thereby a very considerable sum from America for the serial rights which will serve to swell Relief Funds; and I've finished a short-long story since with the same end in view. This looks like pot-boiling, but it isn't, though the difficulty, of course, has been to concentrate enough. So long as I can earn the money of another country to give, I feel I can do more service that way than by attempting to administer Relief, for which I have neither business training nor natural aptitude.

It is a very terrible thing that the chief victims of this war should

be Belgium and Poland, countries without primary interest, and so utterly defenceless.

I have just come from seeing some of our wounded in a hospital at Torquay. Our Tommies are really very wonderful—so cheerful, unassuming, and stoical. The greatest asset that we have is our queer humour, just as your greatest asset is your natural light-heartedness. There is a great deal too, isn't there, in being an old country—a sort of engrained decency only abides in such. What cursed *parvenus* the Germans are showing themselves, so heavy, so swollen-headed, so destitute of spiritual insight and tact. We came across two at Luxor last winter, who seemed to embody the whole of their present national display.

Yes, I did mean that France has, as it were, had the boastfulness and grossness of crude provincial patriotism sweated out of her. She stands for ideals, wide, fair, and grave. Yea, I believe we are coupled to you for good and all, and I rejoice to think it.

Though democracy, liberty, and justice—all that is sacred to true civilization—is absolutely at stake, and dependent on our victory, I'm afraid I cannot, like most glib people, see that the state of the world is going to be better at the end of the war than it was before it began. The reaction from so prolonged a bout of self-sacrifice and heroism is likely to be tremendous; and we may look for less brotherhood even than existed before, and that was little enough. The whole edge of sensibility is likely to be blunted for a long while; and I should prophesy great and bitter social conflicts within ten years from the Peace. I hope I may be wrong. It is possible that comradeship in the field may do something to blur class into class among the younger; but there will be a terrible lot of the elder badly hit in pocket and the more desperately tenacious of their remaining money-bags under the ever-increasing strain inevitable to the industrial crisis sure to come. Sufficient—however—is the evil thereof.

Our warmest greetings to you all for Xmas and the New Year. Do let us hear from you from time to time.—Always yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To the Marquise de la Houssaye*]

Dec. 28, 1914.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MADAME LA MARQUISE,—I received yesterday your very kind and interesting letter. I think I well understand all you say about the insouciance and tolerance of the French character. I

well understand, too, how the intrusion of anything Teutonic is unbearable in these days. But there are two main considerations that I would like to point out for your examination.

The first is this. In spite of thorough and unscrupulous organization, in spite of avowed intention to make Teutonic influence paramount, Germany has in the last generation and more made absolutely no way in influencing the manners, morals, forms of Government, music, painting and literature in either your country or in mine. It has been unable to influence us, you see, *in any way that matters*. Indeed, I should say that Germanic influence on our spirit was never at a lower ebb.

The second main consideration is this: Behind all surface and narrower issues, France and England are fighting *au fond* for the principle "Live and let live" among nations. If we are victorious—and we must and shall be victorious—that, before all, is the principle which will be enlarged and vindicated.

This struggle is so huge, so deep in its significance, that I feel that all undue interference by one nation with another will automatically be ended at its conclusion, at least for a long time to come; and so I do not honestly believe that a conscious league of opinion will be necessary to bar out Germanic influence, which I have not felt to be really dangerous in things that matter, and which will be hopelessly discredited (such as it is) by the war.

The life, the strength of France (of England too) lies in her spirit of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. I cannot believe that any League can help that to grow—it is the child of your blood, and of ours.

With renewed thanks and every good wish and sympathy for France,—I am, dear Madame la Marquise, your faithful servant,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To R. H. Sauter]

Feb. 27, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST RUDO,—Look you: Howeffier! I want those five drawings of stunts at Wingstone. I enclose a humble offering. You go puttee them in one time wrappee-uppee, sendee them all along of old man Uncle. You no go refusee me. I hangee them one time all along a piecee wall, in that feller hall. You no go refusee this feller.

Old man Uncle he rub nose with piecee Nephew. Old man Auntie she rub nose allee samee young feller piecee Nephew.—  
Stunts! J. G.

Later on one time I want other things.

March 3, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

O GENEROSEY PUER,—Rebus sic circumstuntibus I acceptambo. Pons mihi est acceptissimissimissima; quattuorque stuntes sunt trit-trot-treasures.

In blanco vestiti ad oculos omnes placebuntur. Smit-Smet smorum mox ad Londinium eventuaberit.

Omi-omii-omissit!

Avunculina tua venusta venerusta semper knittens amorem tibi mittit.

Puer delectissime cum canibus te saluto.

AVUNC.

March 31st, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR OLD MAN,—You have done me in, knocked me out, bowled me over, blown me tight with other inconveniences—I cannot understand Latin. Did you not know that I was educated at Harrow? And on the classical side.

The pictures jolly well came in beautiful shape, in charming frames, with only one glass gently cracked. I love 'em all, and not least your Easter-egg layer, or begetter, or whatever they do. We both delight in it, and send you our grateful thanks. The De Bruycker is a fine thing. Will you give the enclosed to your father to pass on. He hasn't let me know what the framing and postage come to, but perhaps the Pound will cover it.

Your Aunt and wellwisher, after two set backs, is getting on at last, and we hope to be up in town next week, and shall look forward to a stunt or two with you. She sends best love, and is much interested in your musical researches. She herself has been and gone and written two very nice things, one Spanish and one Irish, for piano and 'cello or violin. The Irish one has a really topping jig in it.

I hope your sad flu is quitting at last now that the little blighters are singing, and the daffodils a-blowing on the trees.

Our dear love to you all.—Your fattening Uncle,

J.

We have three pet lambs.

[To the daughter of an eminent Victorian Statesman who complained that his characters were not normal or healthy.]

June 11, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your letter was one which gives pause. Not so much about *The Little Man* book, which, touched with extravagance throughout, you take too much to heart, it seems. But about

life and writers generally. Has it ever struck you that light cannot be shown without darkness, that contrariety is the essence of sharp delineation, that to bring to fruition the idea of good one way, at all events, is to paint the bad? I admit freely that there are two kinds of natures in the world, one for whom the writer must do this, the other for whom he may simply state good and again good and the reader will be pleased and fortified. You belong, it seems, to the latter category, perhaps the happier, and undoubtedly the larger. But please mark this—a writer no more than other person fixes his own nature. Writers—not merely spinners of yarns to pocket pennies—require to be moved before they can write, some match must strike against the surface of their hearts or eyes. As a rule it is the unexpected, the peculiar, the—so to say—dramatic, that moves them; or it is something that violates their sense of proportion, or sets free the emotions of love, of admiration, of anger, or of pity. And when a writer is moved by the dark things of life, rather than by the bright or heroic, it means very likely that he lives secretly in a world where things that are lovely and admirable seem natural, and things that are cruel and dark seem abnormal and therefore catch his eye, so that he is powerfully moved to paint pictures of them, and express his feelings about them, and give the impression that only such exist.

The position, as you see, is a little ironical. But this is the point: a writer needs fuel for his fire, and is unable to dictate to his nature the kind of fuel that fire requires.

Just one other thing: The milk of human kindness flows in most people, but the sense of property flows too, and not too much imagination, or we shouldn't have our Bethnal Greens, hungry children, our solitary confinement, our docked horses, our caged skylarks and a thousand other insensate evils—not even this war.

So many thanks for sending me the monograph.

A very wonderful and beautiful being!—Believe me, yours gratefully,

J. G.

[To Professor Murray]

June 14, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—I was so glad to have your note and to feel that *The Little Man* book had pleased you a little.

Good will! Woe is me—I'm always going in head over ears. The day I got your note I wrote the enclosed doggerel. What

hellish mad-dog devils they are! Who can help a 'Ymn of 'Ate at times?

I hear that H—— and L—— sail for home by the *St. Louis* on the 19th.

Would you like to read my novel in proof (to be published in August)? it earned as a serial 9500 American dollars for Funds, which sustained me in the desperate finishing of it. I wrote an 18,000 word story too, which fetched another \$2250 out of that land, besides £180 from Nash's. Now, if America is going in, I suppose that source will dry up all round. But I somehow don't think they will. Do you think the Allies ought to formulate their minimum terms, and put them on record, so that the Germans may be unable to say later that they were willing to make peace? I cannot make up my mind whether a social revolution in Germany is more likely to follow if the Allies let up on securing: Evacuation of Belgium. Cession to France of Alsace Lorraine. An autonomous Poland under Russian suzerainty, Trentino to Italy. Independent Bosnia and Herzegovina. Or more likely to follow a war pursued to the bitterest ends. What do you think? I cannot help feeling that it would be better for Belgium if we were content with simple evacuation than to fight right through Belgium a second time for the sake of extracting an indemnity; and I believe the Belgians prefer this too—odd if they didn't—poor things!

Our best greetings to you all.

J. G.

If you wanted high air and could spare two or three days to walk and talk, it would be a joy to see you here.—J. G.

[To Mr. Palmer]

July 28, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. PALMER,—I have read with much interest your article called *The Drama and War*. Your statements seem to me (especially your historical statements) quite true; but you have not answered for us the great question *why* the pen and the sword are so divorced that the pen is now asleep while the sword swings.

And I would like to suggest to you a reason, which can be tested by observation of this or of any other Western country. "The thrilling realities of to-day" are not realities. That is to say, the people of this country, fighting magnificently, are not fighting because they love fighting, because it is natural to them to fight. They are fighting because—alas!—they must. The romance of War

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is past; and when romance is over there is no longer reality. In our consciousness to-day there is a violent divorce between our admiration of the fine deeds, the sacrifice and heroisms of this war, and our feeling about war itself—the shadow of a sense of awful waste hangs over it all, hangs over it in the mind of the simplest Tommy as in the mind of the subtlest penman. It is real enough that we fight for liberty, justice, and perhaps existence; but all the time we feel that we ought not to have to. That the whole thing is a kind of monstrous madness suddenly let loose on the world. Such a feeling as that was never there in the days of Elizabeth or Themistocles.

I don't know what your views of life in the largest sense of that word may be; but to me man is a creature slowly (and mainly by means of art) emerging from the animal into the human being, and in that desperately slow progression sloughing off the craving for physical combat and destruction. That this process does not imply the loss of stoicism or pluck the conduct of millions in this war, after generations of peace, is ample proof.

"The thrilling realities of to-day" are still the steps of that slow progression—the emergence of the animal into man; and it is not our fault if we are a few paces more human than in the days of Themistocles.

You are down on the "intellectual" drama, and I suppose would put all my plays into that damned category. But why? Though they all use the negative method, they are all founded in the emotions of love, pity, and hatred; and the "ideas" for them would hardly fill a teacup, unless by "ideas" are meant the main lines of feeling, that hold all work together. They may be bad plays, but are they really "intellectual"?

I don't feel that I quite understand what it is you demand of a play. Are any being written that will give concrete instance to one who is very conscious of his own shortcomings? "Nan" is a gem—otherwise I can't think of any except Synge's in his way.

Forgive this letter.—Yours truly, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Frank Lucas]

Sept. 17, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Your two letters were a feast for an author's eyes and mind. It is a great delight to know that you really liked *The Freelanders*. It has moved *The Saturday Review* to call me "a fanatic, with a very palpable axe to grind," also "a revolutionary"!



We're very sorry about your leg. You didn't ought to have the gilt knocked off the gingerbread like this. You seem to have had a real good time at Gorran Haven. Here we've had grand weather. About a fortnight ago my head collapsed pro tem—having been too severely and continuously cudgelled. It took ten days and "Sana-phos" to get it round; and I suppose I shall still have to go slow for a bit. I'd written nearly 70,000 words in 90 odd days on end—novel, and other things.

We may come up for a few days before long, and shall look forward to a sight of you both.

Our blessings on you all.—Always yours,

J. G.

Write when you have time and energy.—J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Oct. 14, 1915.

1A ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I have been long in answering your kind card. We had the great pleasure of seeing your niece in London just before she was going back.

You ask me what I think about Conscription here. It's vilely difficult to form any adequate opinion when you haven't any certain facts before you. And my attitude is perforce: If the Government thinks it must be it must; but it's still quite a question whether we shall not get enough men the other way. On principle, of course, who could wish for it—for once introduced it will be very difficult to go back. Mind you, I have always been very keen on the training of every boy between 16 and 18 in camps yearly, and perhaps for a six months' spell of real military service at the end. But this is a scheme for Peace, not War. The chief objections to conscription here, apart from principle, are: (1) the danger of swapping horses crossing a stream; (2) the danger of active opposition, or a sulky spirit from certain large elements of the population—a very real danger this, I'm sure. And if only for this reason I hope, if any sort of compulsion comes, that it will be wrapped up and localized, and made as palatable as possible, as, for example, by demanding from each district a certain quota of men to be raised somehow as seems to them best—thereby bringing in the spirit of local competition. (3) (intimately connected with the (2)). The fact that we have here (what you have not) class feeling still very strong; and there is a dread that compulsory service would bolster up our Junkers. (4) The question whether with Conscription we should not run riot; arm every man and kill the goose that still lays golden eggs. Some State

has got to remain solvent, and probably England by virtue of her sea position will be the most useful in that peculiar capacity.

One reads a good deal about the financing of the war and the cost thereof and all that; but how rarely one sees the matter stated as simply a question of how many able-bodied men are withdrawn from productive labour (munitions of all sorts being simply waste products). I reckon the cost of the war to Germany, if it should last three years—which God forbid—at about 5000 million pounds. To ourselves in the same time about 3000 millions. If we had conscription and 4,500,000 men under arms, it would cost us nearly as much as Germany, and I am not sure whether that would be a good thing for any of the allies.

I hold very strongly the view that economy of all kinds is the game for the allies, for I believe the war will only come to an end through the sheer exhaustion of Germany's man power; which will begin in real earnest about this time next year. I think by Xmas 1916 they will no longer be able to hold their lines anywhere, and after that the end may come fairly quickly. In the meantime, if we are not all careful to economize men and money, we may none of us have driving power enough left to push things really home.

Those who, like me, have always felt the war to be one of sheer exhaustion are very little affected by local fluctuations, and momentary defeats or successes here, there, or anywhere; ultimately the human flesh will give out, and necessarily first on the side that has half the amount of the other side. For this reason I believe it more vital to make munitions of all sorts than to arm extra numbers of men. Our great crime in this country was not recognizing that truth this time last year instead of last April only. I wrote to *The Times* military expert a year ago: "This is a war of guns, guns, guns—you may have as many men as you like, but you'll do no good if you cannot beat the Germans in numbers and quality of guns." The notion seems to have dawned on the authorities just six months later. If we—all of us—will only go on piling up guns and shells, and airplanes (*most important*) we shall win as soon as it will be safe to win—that is when Germany is thoroughly exhausted—without, I fancy, needing to resort to conscription in this country. But, as I say, if the Government says it must come, it must.

(I am disgusted with our Press, with a few exceptions. A mischievous lot of irresponsibles—and a vulgar.)

I daresay there are many of your countrymen who think we are still behind in our duty. We may be a little—we must in the nature of things be—behind in comparison with you, because we have not

the quickening of the invader actually in our land; but, of this I am quite sure, you may absolutely bet on us. What has never been fully realized, I think, in Europe, and certainly not even glimpsed in Germany, is the terrific spirit of competition that underlies all the slowness and seeming sloth of the British character. There are certain race-horses, of whom it can truly be said that they will make a race of it with a donkey, who are capable of very different form when extended. We are not quite extended yet; but we shall never be beaten for want of that extension if in the long run it proves necessary. I don't very much admire the British character, but I am sure that it is extremely formidable; very much more formidable at bottom than the German. We have no philosophy. The man who has no philosophy, who does not know what he wants, but only that he means to have it, does not know when to stop. We are told that we are fighting for Belgium, fighting for France, fighting against Autocracy, fighting for our existence. Some of us may be fighting for all or any of these reasons, but my instinct tells me that, once it began, we have been and shall go on fighting because the other fellows said they were better men than we; and we shall simply be unable to stop till we have proved to them that they are not.

I wonder if it would be true to say that this is our first national war—I almost think so. The more one hears of the French the more one admires.

Affectionate greetings to you all from us both.—Always sincerely yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Ellery Sedgwick]

Nov. 7, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. SEDGWICK,—I find that the writer of that article in *The Nation* was Sydney Brooks—as you know, probably, one of the best experts on American affairs that we have.

I missed that number of *The Nation*, unfortunately. I was very glad to think that America means to be prepared, though I sincerely trust that your preparation, which can with wisdom only be naval, will not at once begin to foster direct competition with Britain. That would be too tragically ironical. To prepare against a fresh Teutonic irruption, and find that it lands you in envy, hatred, and jealousy of the English Fleet—the only thing that is now standing between you (and indeed all the world) and the present Teutonic irruption. Phew! That would, of course, be impossible to you and me; but, alas, you have a number of very touchy fighting sort of people in

America, as we have here. Let us all pray the gods that the old Anglo-American jealousy does not put its disgusting head up again.

I think here we can honestly say that, as a people, we regarded this war when it was sprung on Europe, as just as monstrous and terrible as you still regard it in America; we were just as surprised, and just as aghast. And you may all thank your stars that you are 2500 miles from the German frontiers of Belgium, instead of like us about 200. That little accident alone has saved you from an inevitable part in this mad and monstrous game. There is something in geography, after all.

*Punch* has been stupid towards America, and I for one resent its stupidity. You are a shrewd people, and you have not failed to see that there is scarlet fever among nations just as among individuals. It is better known as aggressive imperialism, and it attacks first one nation, then another, when they are ripe for the attack. Its origin—like that of scarlet fever—is unknown. It is probably an emanation of the blood and temperament too heated by overfeeding, science, philosophy, and success. Once it was France, once England, once Spain—now it is Germany. Perhaps to-morrow it will be Russia's or America's. You have humour; it is a saving grace, when its eyes turn inward as well as outward.

You are doing a fine work in Belgium, but I think you were bound to do it; for as signatories of the Hague Convention you cannot see Belgium starve and keep your self-respect. We are spending God knows what on this war, about five millions a day, they say. It will be up to you to go on finding the few millions that will keep the Belgian people alive. If I were your Government I would frankly take that job over.

Our best regards to you, and all good wishes.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Dec. 3, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I am delighted with your papers on "England and the War." It's really extraordinary how you know this country. You have, however, a great natural gift for collective psychology, a great flair for all national atmospheres. I shall send the articles on to Clutton Brock (author of *The Times* article on France), I think they should move him to comment; unless you object.

I note that so far you don't allude to that veiled competitive spirit which I find at the bottom of the English character, and which accounts I think more than anything for our habit of minimizing everything. We simply won't admit, or let anybody suspect, that we think what we're up against is at all a big proposition. Individually and nationally—but even more individually than nationally—this holds; and results in a kind of patronizing of Fate because we don't mean to be beaten by any d——d Fate. "Pretty thick," "Rather awkward," is as far as we can allow the adversary (no matter what it is—Germany or the plague) to make the situation. The British disposition is in fact fearfully, but secretly combative.

The Forsytean—perhaps even more the Pendycean—commentary on the French painter's letters is a lovely example of that little section of my "Second Thought" on the division of this world into those with a sense of beauty and those without. That line of division is far more complete and lasting than any national boundary. Personally I feel far more the countryman of your young painter than of the Englishman who made that comment, he never having experienced, or even been able to imagine, how a man could experience the sensations of that painter.

I shall be most interested to see the conclusion of your papers on England; and your letters are always a joy.

Our affectionate greetings to you all.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To R. H. Mottram*]

Dec. 15, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR RALPH,—A great pleasure to see your fist; and so glad you are to be at Cimiez for a spell, at this particularly beastly weather time of year.

About the Germans: There can be no question that black cynicism—advancing from the Prussian war caste and professional nucleus, and finding favourable overfed, over-successful, national fibre—has made tragic advances among that people. After months of see-sawing between two opinions I have come pretty solidly to the feeling that only a real defeat is likely to even begin to cure the disease. It must be a defeat that really looks like a defeat in neutral eyes—otherwise the whole attitude of Germany and the supremacy of Force will have had at all events negative baptism. If anyone is still in doubt about the real cynicism in the German outlook—let

them consider the way in which they have stood by and seen the massacre of about a million Armenians. That put the finishing touch to me. Not a word of protest—not the lifting of a hand.

Reading Brandès' account of the revolution (attempted) in Berlin in 1848 makes me believe after all that a real defeat of State { Socialism will let loose the German people against the  
Kaiserism

military and bureaucratic caste. It is not as it would be in England after a defeat. The people more than the Government made us join in the war; but in Germany war is the teaching of the State. A defeat for this country would mean a stiffening for resurrection. A defeat in Germany will, I believe, mean an outraged outburst of demand for scapegoats and a changed system.

The Germany of the last two generations, swollen by these victories, has undoubtedly led the march of militarism; *they* say defensively—but they forget that it was the fear they themselves inspired against which they have to wage “defensive” war; it's merely a continuation of Prussian history from the beginning of that State.

Like all men with any sense of beauty and any ideas, you are extremist in thought. That is to say, you let your ideas carry you logically to an impasse—which your own letter shows. You say what future for a country where everyone does as they like? And in the next paragraph: There'd be no war if every child was taught not to obey (*i.e.* did what it likes). Which is saying there's a golden mean.

It's my belief that England is on the main road of the life tendency; Germany on a track that has turned round and is heading directly back into the forest. We pay in a thousand ways for our lack of centralization; but our fibre is left elastic, our individuality unsapped; and we can last longer than the goose-stepped fellows. But all these things require volumes, not pages, written on them; and Heaven knows whether I'm not a bloomin' idiot to write even a page.

Democracy, however—so far as my eyes can see—makes for the death of militarism; and I don't believe wars can cease in Europe till the Central Empires are really democratic; when they are, Russia will become so. The tide of democracy sets steadily from West to East. That's what this war is all about, really—underneath.

Bless you, my dear fellow, we think of you a lot. Ada joins in love.—Yours always,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Edward Garnett]

Jan. 6, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—Delighted to see your handwriting, and hear that you are back.

I hope to be in town for a day or two soon, and will wire you when I come up.

All the same I'm not delighted with your idea. What are you doing in that *galère*? I don't think it's your game at all—neither is it mine. The more I see of politics and politicians, and practical men of all sorts, the less I feel fit to meddle with them. I don't see this jug swimming out among those brass pots, nor do I see you.

But taking your idea—as if you were the man not to get intolerably disgusted with that job—there are some things to be said from a critical point of view. The country will be in a shocking mess when the war is over—a chance ought to be given, an attempt ought surely to be made, to keep some kind of union between Parties going to deal with the mess. You may say (and I may agree cynically) that such an attempt hasn't a dog's chance, and that since the severest Party strife is bound to spring up again, therefore one should do one's best to get the machinery ready for one's own Party. That means chucking over any attempt to join hands, which personally I don't think right; it means accelerating the return of the Party spirit in its most violent form, slightly regrouped. I don't see you having a hand in that. I think the conditions after the war ought to be given a chance to throw up new ways of dealing with them; and I don't think any measure, now, tending to crystallize the old elements of Party strife, is a good notion.

To return to you personally: Are you then amongst those who have given up Art as a bad job? If so, I'm very sorry, because never will a rally be more wanted. I should like to see you editing a paper that would revive criticism and encouragement.

Curiously enough, an idea came to me yesterday, I suppose about the time you were writing your letter. Could not a *critical* paper be started, written by writers (artist writers) who have proved that they know something about Art—instead of by hacks and critics who have proved nothing but their own imbecility? Could you not collect the adherence of men like James, Conrad, Murray, Masfield, Lawrence, Bennett, etc., etc., and keep a monthly going by them on vital aspects of Art, together with a little creative work?

Criticism is at its last gasp in this country, and it wants a tried

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warrior like yourself to raise the flag again for Art, when the war's over.

Would not Secker, or some young publisher, take the idea up?

*Au revoir*, my dear fellow, and bless you.

Ada joins me in love to you all.

J. G.

[*To Frank Lucas*]

Jan. 15, 1916.

WINGSTONE, MANATON.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I've been meaning to write, and your letter calling my attention to your "desprit Jew" stimulates me thereto. I've read the same with amusement and attention. My criticism would be that you credit your readers with a little too much quickness of apprehension. For instance, though you draw my attention to them I don't really catch your raps at Cuthcott *et hoc omne*.

I suppose—to be serious—the objection to the conscription of wealth is the fearful displacement of life that it entails. Neither do I go with Cuthcott in his last development! And I think the "thin end of the wedge" business is overdone. The common sense of the country will regulate the after-war conditions, and not a gang of "conspirators." I also think Simon and his lot thoroughly (if unconsciously) unreal in their opposition based on *principle*. Balfour was quite right in saying that principles of that sort are merely the luxuries of an island population. A certain class of Radical is really parochial—they will take this world as if it were made up entirely of Englands. I've just finished my novel (all but some revision) and am signing the agreement for it. The wealth thereby obtained from America will help to feed the Belgians, etc., etc. A year and seven days, 120,000 words—or rather, about double that number reduced to 120,000, and about 50,000 words of other sorts besides—in fact, about double my ordinary output. I hope it's not all tosh. A noble price.

Do you think America ought to weigh in? It must be fearfully tempting. Think of the confiscated shipping; and nothing else they need do except land a few troops—which aren't wanted, or rather, which wouldn't have to fight.

I see they've made Chelmsford Viceroy. He's a nice chap. I used to know him well at Oxford. Hardinge will be greatly regretted, I imagine.

Fearful weather here all December, better now. Ada is quite fairly well. We send you both our love. Are you all flourishing?—  
Ever yours,

J. G.



[To Professor Murray]

Jan. 15, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.—I'm back again, and send you a line to say how much I like the address to the "fancy Churches." Them's my sentiments almost to the dot of an "i," and put so that a child can understand—which is such a comfort to me.

I only think perhaps there is more reality in the claim that we fight for democracy against autocracy than you allow. *Au fond*—autocracy is the trouble—the storms of Europe all rise from the East now. The Central Empires, Russia, and the Balkans (all the autocratic countries) are the only countries now really serving the Force maxim.

And the chance of getting European civilization all on to one plane is the real chance for future peace. We know too that Russia will never be even decently democratic so long as Germany and Austria remain autocratic.

I'm very glad you feel—as I do—that the Bryce Dickinson notion of Arbitration and Peace can only get on its legs through the victory of the Allied Group—through the victorious Allies initiating the measure and inviting adherence—which, at first, very likely, our present opponents will withhold. I'm certain that human nature will not suffer the various cats and dogs to sit down at a Round Table, and in cool blood frame measures of such wisdom to follow the war, as if the fur had not been flying all this time.

I'll tell you what I think might soon become a sound thing to do: Get a definite feeling into the air that the moment the Allies have beaten Germany to its frontiers, including those of Alsace and French Lorraine, they will be ready to make Peace. I believe this, if genuinely meant, and conveyed to the mind of Germany, would very definitely weaken the German resistance and shorten the War. The impossibility of considering any Peace proposals now is the impossibility of allowing the semblance of a German military victory to go forth to the world and down the ages, as the victory of "Might is Right." Germany beaten back to her frontiers after such great successes is a final and definite German defeat in the eyes of the outer world and of history. If this fear could be removed from German minds (that the Allies will press on beyond the point I name) I feel that their evidently wholesale longing for peace would become a real military factor, and unconsciously perhaps weaken their resistance everywhere. This is a deep matter—a psychological matter—is

there any hope that our leaders, who seem to foresee so little—to have so little penetration into mental states—would give it consideration? If there is, and you agree, are you not the person to go and talk to Grey about it?

It's so important—*before* we've begun to be successful—to do two things: (1) Fix a maximum as well as a minimum to our advance, so that we shall not be forced by our own jingoes to go on losing hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money, after our real objective has already been attained; and (2) to mobilize to our own advantage the real if secret longings of the German people, and so set them against their leaders.

Now is the moment, it seems to me—before any really big offensive begins, before any success has stampeded our reason.

Only a very definite agreement on our terms of Peace, very definitely conveyed to our enemies, will do the trick—the double trick—I specify. Such terms as I speak of will seem now to all the Allies quite good. Once the offensive begins and has any success, God knows what lust won't sweep us to months of needless slaughter and expense. *Qu'en dis-tu?*

It was so jolly to see you all. Also you're a fizzer at that game.

Our love to you all.

J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Jan. 29, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I have been disgracefully long in thanking you for your second most admirable study of England and the war. You have said all there is to be said, and more than I think anyone else could—of what is significant.

I don't regret the measure of Conscription. The word principle is much misused in this country. Indeed, I am often tempted to think that the distinction between prejudice and principle is usually indistinguishable. Principles are commonly but prejudice, blindly enough held. The touchstone of things, whether in life or art—especially in art—is actuality. That's what makes Shakespeare so much greater than Milton and all our other poets. Life is always in flux, and those who are too fond of "principles" are usually in backwaters. Still, they serve their purpose, if only to cause smiles to come on the lips of other men. Of course, there is a real danger economically, and I guess it's an insidious one, the extent of which will not be visible till one fine day we are all pulled up sharp. I hope so much you will be coming over in the Spring. Do let us know

well beforehand if you do. Did you ever get my last novel, *The Freelanders*? When—if ever—the war is over I shall have three or four volumes to get bound for you uniform with the others. All our greetings and affectionate remembrances to you both.—Always yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To R. H. Mottram]

Feb. 16, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR OLD RALPH,—Your letter received some time back was quite a treat. I've waited to answer it till I could send you the enclosed—to show you what delightful stuff some of you fellows in the trenches can turn out.

Yes, it must be all pretty bracing. And anything we poor devils here can say seems so trivial. You ask me to send you something of my own. I'll see if I can find some snaps and snatches; but the year's mainly gone on a long novel (the longest yet and different to the others—nearest *The Dark Flower*). It's just finished, and will fetch £3200 of *American* money as a serial, for the little war over here. Ada has been freer of rheumatism this winter so far than for some years, in spite of our sticking down here in the quiet to work.

When you get any leave mind you spare us a day or two; I expect we shall be here till April, and back again pretty soon. The farm is down to its bones for labour, for all our youngsters have gone now. However, Endacott, and two other ineligible, will just about keep it going.

Good-bye old man, keep your pecker up, and write when you can.

Our love to you.—Always yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Edward Garnett]

March 17, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR EDWARD,—I'm having *The Cambridge Magazine*, an extract from the last number of which I enclose. Da Maeztu I know—a revolutionary, and a very intelligent and fine type. You may judge from his remarks how the struggle strikes neutrals who are champions of liberty.

My dear fellow: Is there a single man of any class in any country (except a sinister ten per cent.) who doesn't almost passionately

want the war to stop? But the same thing still confronts us as confronted us in the first awful fortnight (when one struggled in a sort of nightmare against being convinced by an appalling fact)—this same cynical trampling force is still in front of us, and has not been shamed—in the only way it can be shamed in the eyes of the world at large—by defeat. Stop the war now, and you have the spectacle of unscrupulous Force triumphant, of a colossal militarist success—the Future toadies success.

My instincts—no less than yours certainly—as a man are to get off this world where such things can happen. Unfortunately we can't do that. We have to stay on the world, and staying on it have to judge it as it is, full of blackguards, full of savagery, full of people ready and willing to worship the rule that the strongest nation (and the strongest individual) can do what it likes.

I agree that we are not fighting the German working-class, the German people—but that's nothing to the point, at present. Those who shut their eyes to the reality of the cynicism that possessed and still possesses the Germans ruling class are really too English for words.

I agree also, and strongly, that the phrase "till Prussian militarism is finally crushed" is too vague; and that enough is not done by the Government to dissociate the German people from its rulers, especially since there are great forces ready to fight for us in Germany if we could only mobilize them. But when I come to try and find some formula which we could use (and the other Allied Governments could use) to effect this purpose, I realize the difficulty in regard to a country whose Press is so rigidly censored as Germany's.

Just one thing, of course, applies to all the foregoing. If you and others really believe that France and England are as little attached to the principles of Liberty, Democracy, and Humanism as the Central Powers, and their Governments as completely cynical—there is no more to be said. One judges as best one can, and I, at all events, am convinced that France and England and America are the only hope and stronghold of these ideas; and that France and England had to fight for them tooth and nail—hence such misfortunes as our Conscription Act.

Have you read Muriel Stuart's *Christ at Carnival*—volume of verse? I think it is *jolly* good.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's novel *Sussex Gorse* has very good things in it—though it's marred all through by the romantic conception of the central figure—a great pity.—Yours affectionately, J. G.

[The following letter is linked by its subject to what follows:]

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

November 24th, 1915.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for sending me your sermon on Mr. Balfour's book, *Theism and Humanism*, which I have not read.

It may interest you to hear, crudely set forth, what a very different type of mind from that of the theologian and philosopher makes of what is at best an inscrutable mystery.

In the beginning there was the same as there is now, and at the end there will be no more, no less. Neither thought, nor faith, nor any human activity, being themselves existent, can grasp anything but an eternity of existence. And eternal existence is incompatible with belief in a finite "spiral" view of the universe. The circle moving in spirals (rising and falling—working through ebb and flow, light and dark, life and death—by the million opposites, the meeting-point of which is an unknowable secret)—the circle and this eternal rhythm or balance—those are the only symbols that can be accepted by human mentality and human emotions, without begging the whole question; that is to say, without going outside human apprehension, such as it is, and can be.

Remains, to find the God of such a universe. To me there is none, save the universe itself, that has been for ever and will be for ever, an endless Creative Instinct, a vast Artist expressing himself throughout eternity, on an endless band, in an infinity of new forms of greater or less perfection, each of which forms is in itself a part of the Artist, of the Instinct, of the God. In short, God is within us, within the trees, the birds, and intimate matter—within everything. And there is no God outside us.

To thinkers, or rather to those who feel on these lines, all arguments such as "nor could I be quite content with any form of Theism which did not sustain in every essential part the full circle of human interest" savour of the childish; and all belief in anthropomorphic Deities dangling the Universe savours of the ludicrous.

And further, all claim that there is some mysterious way of apprehending the Universe and God other than through the mentality and emotions of the human being (that is, through the senses and their higher products) is inadmissible—a man dumb, blind, deaf, without feeling, sense of taste and smell, would perceive nothing whatever either physically, mentally, or spiritually, not even that he was alive—which as a matter of fact he would not be. Let Mysticism, that professes not to require the senses to apprehend its

God, ponder this simple thought. For, merely to say that matter is not really matter, but spirit, is but to substitute one word for another, leaving the real question where it was.

So far as I can grasp what is meant by Theism—it would appear to require always an anthropomorphic Deity outside the world; a kind of glorified individual Being (necessarily anthropomorphic—because the highest form of individual we know is man), with human qualities, of course unimaginably intensified, and of whom this world, and presumably other worlds, are a kind of projection. This is a view of things that gets us no further, for we ask at once, with the terrible child, of whom or what in turn this Being or God was a projection; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

To me individuality is a means, not an end—the means by which the impersonal Creative Instinct works towards, but never more than momentarily attains, harmony and perfection, because it works endlessly through that rise and fall, that ebb and flow, which are the very conditions of endlessness. This impulse to create is itself the Good—the God. In short, to the sort of mind I seek to interpret to you, God is the joy of making things for ever, good, bad, or indifferent, but good for choice. Can another conception of God be so ideal, so in consonance with all that we daily apprehend of existence, and so unpleasing to the philosopher and theologian?—Believe me, with regard, yours very truly, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To and from Thomas Hardy]

March 27, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. HARDY,—Being down with the “flu,” I’ve just had a rare chance of doing what I’d never done—reading *The Dynasts straight through from cover to cover*—a volume a day.

Thus read, it gains its due fatefulness and sweep. Till now I’d only read without coherence. It’s a wonderful thing; and how curiously appropriate to these times! The balance you preserve is stupendous. And since, after all, we are human beings knowing pity and aspiration, and *The Dynasts* was written by a human being, you were amazingly right to give the last word to the Pities rather than to the Cosmic Spirits—though I think we probably agree that their final aspiration is never likely to be more fulfilled in the Universe than it is now or has been in the past.

I am miserably read in Philosophy, but always feel that the process of Art supplies the best key to our conjecturing of what the great riddle comes to. Why does an artist want to make a work of Art?—there is no sensible reason; he can’t tell you, he can’t explain.

So the Universe—why does it want eternally to move and make? there is no sensible reason; it can't tell you, it can't explain. And after all, why should It? In fact, could It?—without importing finality at once. But finality is excluded by the very word existence, which is the one thing of which we are quite sure.

And surely there never was any real antagonism between Free Will and Determinism. For, what is Free Will but just a way of saying that until you have decided you don't *know* in which way you were going to—were bound to—decide. And no matter how cosmically rhythmed, rounded, and determined all things are, no man can ever, in the nature of things, be deprived of his privileged ignorance of how he is going to act until he has acted, and so his will shall ever be perfectly free. And the will of a man who says he is a fatalist is no more fettered than that of the man who abuses him for being one; neither of them knows absolutely whether he will move right hand or left until he has moved.

It is not, in a way, very astonishing that we should all be so staggered by the seeming absence of an ultimate Reason for Existence. It seems to me that if there were or could be an ultimate Reason, there could not *be* any Existence; at least, no Infinite and Eternal Existence. And is not all human heart-searching on this little matter a kind of excrescence, a pearl as it were on the oyster of Life? Nature has no doubts and discomfitures, rushes and rallies about it, but just goes on—a stupendous Artist, turning out successes and failures, failures and successes—always has and always will.

Yes, when Man evolved Pity, he did a queer thing—deprived himself of the power of living life as it is without wishing it to become something different. That's not quite fair, I suppose, for pity is but one part of self-consciousness. However, without that particular part, we should not bother ourselves much about the Reason of an Existence that could not exist if it had one. The oyster became diseased, but the pearls thereof are the most beautiful things we know; and have become more precious than the oyster.

The most masterly individual portraits in *The Dynasts* are surely Napoleon himself, and Wellington; the buckrammed magnanimity of the latter, the pure prosiness of his personality, is so wonderfully got, and the way that pure prose of fibre becomes pure poetry in the realm of devilish hard facts:

“To hold out unto the last

As long as one man stands on one lame leg,  
With one ball in his pouch!—then end as I.”

Gorgeous! Thank God I didn't see the stage version!

## THE LETTERS

We do so hope that some time this summer you and Mrs. Hardy will be moved to sweep into the West and take us on your way. We can show you no mean corner of the land.

With our best remembrances to you both, and our homage to the creator of that great epic,—I am always yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

March 31, 1916.

MAX GATE.

DEAR MR. GALSWORTHY,—I am sorry about the influenza, though it has certainly done me an indirect service by bringing this letter from you. It has been flirting with us off and on for the last three months. The conclusion I have come to about it is that people who live away from crowds get extraordinarily susceptible to the complaint—to infection, I mean; which would explain the story that the inhabitants of St. Kilda catch cold on the landing of strangers, of which we are told somewhere in Boswell's *Johnson*. One day in London is enough to give it to me at this time of the year.

I much appreciate your tackling *The Dynasts*. Well, I suppose it would never have been finished if war had broken out when I was in the middle of it.

I am not a philosopher any more than you are, though from your letter I think I can hardly let you off the charge of at least having associated with Philosophy. The question you open up—of Free Will *versus* Determinism—is perennially absorbing, though less so when we find how much depends, in arguments on the subject, on the definition of the terms. Your own ingenious view of Free Will as a man's privileged ignorance of how he is going to act until he has acted would hardly suit the veterans who constitute the Old Guard of Free Will, but it suits me well enough.

If we could get outside the Universe and look back at it, Free Will as commonly understood would appear impossible; while by going inside one's individual self and looking at it, its difficulties appear less formidable, though I do not fancy they quite vanish.

That there seems no ultimate reason for existence, if not a staggering idea, does make most of us feel that, if there could be a reason, life would be far more interesting than it is. The mystery of consciousness having appeared in the world when apparently it would have done much better by keeping away is one of the many involved in the whole business.

Your likening Pity to the pearl in the oyster is a very beautiful idea, and, I think, a very close parallel.



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As to visiting the West, I don't know, though I was full of the notion some time ago. We would, of course, let you see us, somehow. Kindest regard to both from us.—Always sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

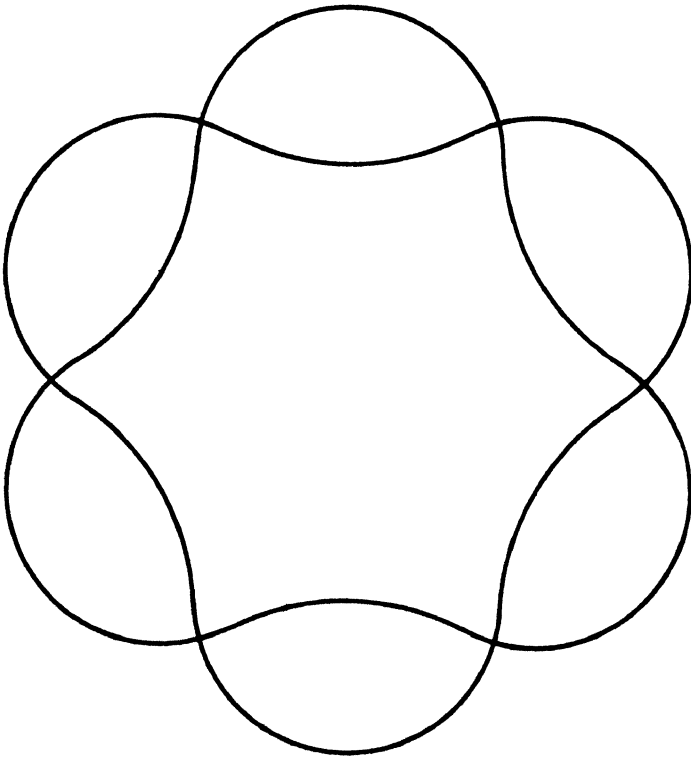
ST. IVES.

DEAR MR. HARDY,—Many thanks for your good letter.

I agree about the "flu." One day's adventure away from the moor suffices to give it us nowadays, it seems.

I guess I rather under-expressed my feeling about Existence, and the lack of reason therefor.

The enclosed figure expresses a little what I mean.



Existence is a limitless circle—swelling and shrinking, rising and falling, in an endless band of curves—the exact meeting-point of flow and ebb (and of all the other million opposites of life) never discoverable. And whether we are on the flood or on the ebb doesn't

really matter, because the ebb leads into another flood, and we know it. That's stimulus enough—although we know at the same time that this other flood leads again to another ebb, and so on *ad infinitum*. If this be not true, we are surely reduced to a conception that can only be symbolized by the pure spire, tapering out to the heavenly point of non-existence—and the reason for existence is but a gradual ceasing to exist. A state, and a reason, which I humbly content cannot *really* be conceived at all by the thinking powers of creatures conditioned by Existence.

In a word, you can't get outside the thought of Existence, in its widest sense, and I infer from this that Existence must be sufficient unto itself—its own endless (rising and falling) reason.

Our ignorance of whether we are on the flood or the ebb, together with that perennial love of Existence which is implicit in existing creatures—is all one needs to go on with.

Am I an ass?

Our best wishes to you both.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

This figure suffers from the defect of all figures—it is complete, whereas existence is never complete, *i.e.* the Circle is endless in size.

April 16, 1916.

MAX GATE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—I have been conning your diagram, and I see what you mean. I once made some such sketch to illustrate Will, Circumstance, etc., but I cannot find it.

Your view of existence "swelling and shrinking" is not altogether unlike Spencer's, in his *First Principles*, though I fancy not quite the same.

The only thing which puzzles me rather is your use of the word "reason" in the phrase "the reason of existence is but a gradual ceasing to exist." It seems to me that the word "good" instead of "reason" would be more accurate. But I am a miserable reasoner.

I hope you have entirely got rid of the "flu." We both want to go West still—mainly (did I tell you?) to see if a tablet to my first wife, who was also a great friend of my present wife's, has been put up properly in St. Juliot Church, near Boscastle. But we find a trouble in leaving the house, and, too, have to go to London for two or three days.—Always sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

(The following notes were suggested by a correspondence with the late T. W. Rolleston, and in view of their subject find their natural place here.)

## HARMONY—RELIGION

The most pathetic spectacle in the world—that of a man groping and moping for a Faith, a God, a Future Life, when all the time he has his own life to live, in accordance with the principle of Growth to Perfection, that has so manifestly caused him to be; and all around him has innumerable other lives that he can so readily help to grow and become perfect.

What sane man, what flower, what tree, what bird, what insect, denies the instinct for life, denies that it wants to live simply for the sake of living? Yet, instead of seeing in this great admission the purpose and sufficiency of all existence, Man, the one fool, makes of it a reason for denying the sufficiency of this life, and for insisting that, *because he wishes to live*, he must be going to have another life, when this is over.

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The philosopher has two things to feel: "I will never cease to face my fate, and strive to become perfect." "*But*, what is written, is written." In these feelings lie all Free Will and all Determinism, about which there is so much unnecessary palaver.

Hence, the only efficient, the only decent prayer, is *Action*. Supplications! They only waste the time of Effort.

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The Universe—a creative purpose—a great artist—creating himself. A globe of infinity inspired with perpetual rays of creative instinct, as it were, from its own core. This creative instinct, which is, and can be—if you think of it—nothing but craving for Perfection, for Harmony, is manifesting itself always in shaping (making hashes mostly) in its efforts to achieve masterpieces. Its manner of work—as in our own works of art—is so to relate part to part, and part to whole, as to make an individual thing to live. When such necessary coherence is not achieved, or is dislocated beyond a certain point, life is still-born, or ceases to exist. Adjustment, then, or harmony, or balance—call it what you will—is the very condition of existence, the breath of life—that is to say, of individuality, which is Life as we know it. What juts out too far from the point of Harmony, of Balance, ceases to exist.

If it is said that he who believes in this theory of the Universe has no religious motive for action, because willy-nilly he must become what this Circle of Creative Purpose, this great self-running Pottery designs, a spoiled pot or a perfect pot—the answer is that he has just as much religious motive for action as the narrowest superstitionist with his glorified Man-God. Religion for both is but an instinctive identification with his idea of the First Cause. In the one case, a perpetual striving for his own harmony, balance, and perfection; in the other a perpetual aping of the personal Man-God, a perpetual identification with what are imagined to be the nature and wishes of that Man-God.

The idea that the tail of the Universe is in its own mouth is not inconsistent with the idea of perpetual effort towards perfection within that circle. “Infinite” is the superstitionist’s word, too, but he never recognizes the fact that infinity demands no end and no beginning; demands perpetual motion in accordance with an instinct as bound to the law of harmony—the law of “I am” and “I am not” mysteriously joined—as the end of the Universe is to its beginning.

The fallacy of the old notion that Free Will and Determinism are antagonistic lies simply in the failure to perceive that—however certain it was from the beginning that a man shall act in such a way—it is never known by that man in what way he is going to act until *after* he has acted. There is absolutely no deadening to the springs of individual action in a philosophic Determinism, which perceives that simple truth—of individual free-will before the event—individual free-will in accordance with an implanted—often failing but ever-renewing—instinct for creative perfection.

[*To Professor Murray*]

June 5, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.,—My sister gave me your message. I am heartily glad you are hammering away for the C.O’s. Nobody better for the job, nor so good.

I received the enclosed yesterday. I have marked a sentence of 18 months’ solitary confinement. If you are in touch with the people who compile these lists, perhaps you know or can find out whether this particular report is correct, because if so it is purely monstrous, and wide attention should be called to it. No tribunal, military or civil, ought to have power to inflict such a punishment. I will join you in any protest against it, or make it myself if the facts

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are correct; but I have lost the address of the people who prepare these reports. . . .

Our love to you all.

J. G.

[*To a Correspondent in America*]

July 7, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you. I want to ask you a question. Suppose I wrote to you and said, "I have a tremendous psychological theme, which will make a great play or a great novel. It is this," and I then sketched the backbone of it, and added: "Would you mind kindly clothing this idea for me in terms of art, that is to say give it expression so that it convinces the world that I am the author of a great psychological discovery?" What would you write back?

A discovery, whether in art or science, is none unless it is expressed by the discoverer to the conviction of the world; unexpressed, it remains a mere speculation. I'm afraid that instead of writing to Publicists to make your discovery known, your job is to clothe it with conviction and make it known yourself. The essence of a scientific discovery, as of a psychological discovery, is the expression of it; the mustering and shaping of the evidence to the conviction of the reader. Express, therefore, and be great! If the world won't be convinced to-day it doesn't follow that it won't be convinced in plenty of time for you to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

There are no short cuts to greatness anyway; and I don't see how any man can express another man's idea. Even a scientific thought must be apparelled by the thinker.

As to the idea itself—it may be all you say—I am no scientist; but neither I nor anyone else can ever begin to express an opinion of any value until you have supplied us with the concrete body of it.

And, supposing the world be, as you say, an "animal," which I should think is more than probable, if by an "animal" is meant an organism "coherent from birth to death"—is not the only interesting part whether it has self-consciousness? I do not gather from your letter whether this is your discovery.

In any case you seem to underrate the receptive powers of Society—I fancy you have but to clothe your idea adequately for it to be welcomed by plenty of minds of twenty-nine and even of forty-nine and sixty-nine—always provided that it is, as you say, a real discovery, and not a mere speculation.

## THE LETTERS

With much appreciation of your over-estimate of myself, and every good wish that you will achieve the expression of your idea.—  
I am, yours very truly, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

But perhaps your letter is only an elaborate “pulling the leg” of one more swollen publicist. If so, I envy you your leisure.—J. G.

### [*Picture Postcard*]

[*July 7, 1916.*]

VICTORIA DOCKS. CUSTOM HOUSE.

Your letter in *East End News*.—us dockers are convinced that your letter is nothing else but a lot of swank on your part to get a good name you old hypocrite, come into the dock district and see Belgians ousting British workmen out of their jobs in the docks and factories, also their supposed wives drunken lot of sots. you ought to be ashamed of yourself but there I suppose you are getting a bit out of it and a man of your calibre will do anything for filthy lucre you old and cunning reptile.

[*In reply to a clergyman, who wrote: “I regard you, Sir, as an enemy of Society, and the reason is you have no religious basis.”*]

*July 12, 1916.*

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter, from which I note that you have read the letter of my article—certainly not its spirit—and consider me “an enemy of Society.” This is very mild. Last Saturday I was called “an old and cunning reptile” by a gentleman from the Victoria Docks who found another of my writings displeasing. If such ebullitions of fearless good will lighten your spirit in these dark days, I can but rejoice.—Yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

### [*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

*July 16, 1916.*

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—The Editor of *Nash's Magazine* has been kind enough to send me a letter written by yourself in which you take some rather violent exception to a phrase in a story of mine.

Let us preface my answering remarks by saying that there is no need for me to “betake myself to the country,” for I live there, and often “gaze over a sunny field of flowers,” or sit by some “rippling stream.” I am afraid that I used the expression “makes the world

go round" in a cosmic and not a moralising sense, as a statement of fact about life in general and not human life in particular; and your passion, I venture to think, is rather wasted.

The Creative Principle—moved by the implicit instincts for Harmony and Perfection—uses, so far as I can see, a certain force that we call the sexual instinct for the production of its failures and its occasional masterpieces, from the amoeba up to man; from the lowest plant to the highest—in a word, for all forms of life; and perhaps even for the formations of what we do not yet recognize as life, for it uses vibration and conjunction, which are the essence of the sexual act. I admit that it is perhaps foolish to use phrases which can be so misunderstood, and excite such agitation. But I deny emphatically that the morals of anybody in their senses can be injured by my story, or that it will induce anyone to yield to his or her "lower instincts." On the contrary [*the rest of the letter is missing*].

[To Mrs. Allhusen]

Sep. 12, 1916.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—I begin my course to-day—Swedish Massage. I forgot to ask you: Do the baths at your Hospital include electrical installation? I'm rather scared of mechanical appliances, which are not "in my character," and I'd like to know, that I may see (if they are there) whether I'm fit to deal with them.

As to my writing, don't worry—I'll either fit it in somehow, or let it go for a bit.

It was so nice to see you yesterday.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In writing to your head nurse, will you ask her to describe a little the nature of the ailments—joints, muscles, or what—most prevalent?—J. G.

Sep. 15, 1916.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—So many thanks. I return the photos. It seems a beautiful place. I'm relieved about the electricity. I think I shall be decently all right for the massage—in fact, mean to be.

Ada says: "Tell her that I can accompany any singer or violins or what not for entertainment purposes."

We could come about Nov. 10th, I think. Would that be soon enough?—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## THE LETTERS

On thinking it over we fancy that—if there is room for us to have a bedroom and sitting-room adjoining if possible in the house itself—we ought to be there; because I take it my bath work would begin quite early, and winter's winter, especially at 1500 feet.

Perhaps you'll let us know, however, what your nurse says in reply to your enquiry about rooms.—J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

Oct. 3, 1916.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—It is ages since we heard of you, though I believe, indeed, it is I who owe the letter.

My wife and I are hoping to come out to France some time in November, passing through Paris to go down to a hospital—Hôpital Benevole, Martouret, near Die, not far from Valence, run by a Mrs. Allhusen—a friend of ours—for your rheumatic and neurasthenic soldiers, where we expect to be some months—I giving baths and massage (for which I'm training) and Ada in charge of the linen, etc. It seems a little absurd, and I'm afraid I shan't be much good; but I badly want a rest from the head and pen, and one can only rest from that by working with the hands. It will be a joy, anyway, to see France, and your soldiers. Will you be in Paris in November? We should dearly like to see you both. By the way, can you tell me of an hotel where one can stay in these days—is the Regina still open?—we liked that.

We hope so much you are both well, and not too sad. Our best remembrances to Madame and yourself.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Edward Garnett*]

Nov. 24, 1916.

HÔPITAL BENEVOLE,  
MARTOURET.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—We got out here all right, and find it pleasant enough. Most jolly country—an old and picturesque town mile and a half away, set down amongst lowish mountains, some snow on a few heights. The *poilus* are awfully nice, and I enjoy my massage, of which about five hours a day is all I can manage at present. Ada seems to sew all day, when she is not doing other things; she looks very nice in a blue overall.

One feels the war much less out here—though some of the men are rather pathetic. I talked to Pinker discreetly and indirectly.



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Don't forget your promise to fall back on me for funds; and do write that book.

I've been reading Constance's *Tchegov* with great pleasure. Yours is a good foreword.

Our love to her and Nellie.—Always yours, J. G.

[To André Chevrillon]

Dec. 10, 1916.

HÔPITAL BENEVOLE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—So many thanks for your card. The typed copy had no errors, but a few words were left untyped; we, however, have deciphered and added them.

Snow here, and I suppose with you.

The change of Ministry in England will do good, but not as much as its supporters think. There are some unalterable things that no changes in our Ministries will touch—such as, item, the Russian temperament, and climatic and geographical difficulties. The Roumanian lack of foresight. The nature of the “wily” Greek. The position of the Central Empires. The advent of winter. The French losses. The essential—shall we say—egoism of the Italian nature.

We shall have *masse levées* now, or I am much mistaken. Our Government would be well advised to start building a fleet of submarine merchantmen; and, keeping it in their own hands, have done once for all with the food menace. I am waiting with breath somewhat baited to see whom they make Foreign Minister. That is the crux.

Our best wishes.—Always yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Yes, it's true that Germany is more influenced by theories, but if her blood had not been over-heated, they would not have carried her away.—J. G.

Nothing yet from Calmann; it looks greatly like his departure on service.—J. G.

[To Mrs. Allhusen]

Dec. 30, 1916.

MARTOURET.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—The enclosed came yesterday, and we decided not to risk Marseille, but to send it to you at Ceret. Will you send the receipt direct to the Inspecteur, and the money-order back here, signed, with directions what to do with it.

## THE LETTERS

I hope your breakdown wasn't alarming in any way; and that you are all right, and have got over the journey without fatigue.

All is well here, except that Y—— has disappeared. He went into Die after lunch yesterday (Friday) and was seen at the Café du Progrès ordering black coffee, and at a tobacconist's ordering cigarette papers at 2.30, since when, nothing at present. The gendarmerie has been given details of him. We shall probably have news soon, it being market day. I fear we oughtn't to have given him money.

Affectionate greetings from us both to you for the New Year.—  
Yours very sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Jan. 3, 1917.

MARTOURET.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—This—very late—wishes you a happier New Year. You will have had a wire from Miss Russell telling you of Y——'s safe return none the worse. He was arrested by gendarmes at Beaurières, beyond Luc, about 37 kilometres from here, on Sunday morning, and sent back to us by train, arriving that evening. He persists that he was lost, and that he had what he calls *a coup de tête*—but as a matter of fact the poor fellow took the expedition out of sheer ennui. He has suddenly produced a pocket-book with heaps of letters which he has had on him all this time, and which contain several addresses of relatives—one in Lyons and one in Paris. I have written to his father-in-law in Paris and his uncle in Lyons, to tell them that we have him here. All the letters from his wife and others are affectionate, so that he is not by any means a cast-off. We must find him something steady to do, and try and talk to him more. I was awfully sorry, and rather upset, I'm afraid, that Z—— was sent off (even though he was so outrageous). He is in hospital at Valence, and I shall hope to see him there when we go in to-morrow in the car to get some money. Mignot says he regrets the change. Mr. Challiner came back with the car restored on Monday.

It seems that towards the end of this month (unless fresh men arrive) we shall probably be reduced to five or six, and I suppose the question of closing will come up. Apart from this contingency, and from the possibility that you will have become "fed-up" with my very peculiar nature, and be glad for us to go, I ought to tell you now that I find March 5 (Monday) will be the very end of the time I can spare. While you are at Ceret you may be wanting to re-arrange things in some way, so that I want you to know exactly how

you stand with us. I'm very sorry that we can't manage the full four months, but there are things pressing at home. We much hope they are not worrying you much at Ceret, and that you will come back rested. All is well here. Ada sends her love—she has written too.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I reopen this to say that last night two new arrivals were telephoned to us. They, too, will come up for their prolongations, presumably at the beginning of February, or rather will end their month then. Everything seems to point to the first week in February as the psychological moment for closing. If you should be seriously considering this, would it not be as well to telegraph to Miss Russell not to accept any further men till you have taken your decision? You know, better than I, that there is always a moment in affairs when foresight can be exercised, and that if that moment is let pass, things are out of one's hands, and drift to anyhow conclusions.

As to ourselves, I'm beginning to feel I'm not pulling my weight. I expect the National Service Bill will pass early in February, and I'd like to be back before it gets into action, unless I am doing much more good than I am at present.

J. G.

*Jan. 5, 1917.*

MARTOURET.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—Since writing the day before yesterday we have had our motor journey into Valence. The car runs very well again. We took in De Ségura and Didier, neither of whom got prolongations. Not a single one of the last nine to go up have had one.

I have been into the dates with Trouslard, and it appears that the future situation is as follows:

La Roche (Chasseur d'Afrique) goes up for prolongation Jan. 8 and may get one. Raphanel, Fornay, and Nogue go up Jan. 11; the first two are sure not to get them and Nogue is doubtful. Favoreau goes up on Jan. 18, and is most unlikely to get one. Amour on Jan. 22 (very doubtful). Trouslard, Perrin, and Raoux go up on Feb. 1, and are pretty sure not to get them. La Roche, if he gets prolongation this time, will be due to go up again about Feb. 6.

So that after the first week in February (barring new arrivals, of which there are no signs—the wounded man has not been sent, and there is no news of him) you will have only Robert, who might just

as well—and better—be at home; Vian, the pale boy, who is picking up fast; and Y——. I talked to one or two people in Valence, and have been reading the French papers; and I'm bound to tell you that I think the Germans *will* probably make an attempt to strike into France through Switzerland, very likely in February, if not before. It seems to be freely spoken of in Berlin. If they do, this part of the world will become the last to which men will be sent, and moreover there will be such a blockage on the railway lines that the hospital will become unworkable. Under all these circumstances I give you the very strong advice (unasked) to close this hospital before you go back to England early in February. I really don't think you will be justified in hanging on to it. It will take some little breaking up, so your decision ought to be made quickly.

I write this now because it may affect your Ceret plans. . . .

I think the feeling that this Swiss blow is coming influences the authorities in keeping the men in hospitals just behind the lines. I enclose you two articles by a Swiss in the *Matin*.—J. G.

[To Mme. Chevrillon]

Jan. 20, 1917.

MARTOURET.

DEAR MADAME CHEVRILLON,—Some little time ago you kindly wrote to my wife saying that if one would give you details of any cases of wrong treatment of *poilus*, a friend of yours might get an inspector to "open an eye." There are two cases of men, who have been in this convalescent hospital, the details of which follow:

Y——, Infan: 2de Classe: Grenoble.

In Hôpital au Martouret Nov. 1 to Nov. 30, 1916.

Injury commenced 20 March 1916. *Eclat d'obus*: Commotion: Entered on hospital books as having cerebral disturbance: Conduct here very nervous, worried, and distressed, but no serious mental trouble. Read, and wrote normally; when on permission came back to time. Has a wife and two children whom he adored. Home address is: St. Symphorien D'Ozon (Isère). After leaving here he returned to his depot at Grenoble (having been refused prolongation, though improving here in the quiet and liberty of this place), Dec. 1st. Was then sent to Hôpital de la Tronche, Grenoble, and thence transferred about Christmas time to the Asile St. Robert, près Grenoble, which is apparently a lunatic asylum. Everybody here who knew him agrees that though highly nervous, his reason, if properly treated, was not in danger. If he is now mad he has almost certainly been driven so by the decision to place him in an

asylum. The cure for this man was to send him home for a good long time, without fear hanging over him, and the *probability is that he could still be saved by that course*. He was a man of fine physique and handsome; it seems that he took drugs, probably because of the fear hanging over him. A letter from his wife is enclosed, and another from himself, both to our Directrice, Mrs. Allhusen.

The other case is that of a Breton fisherman (deep sea cod fishery), called Z——, —th Régiment Colonial: 2nd Classe, who came here from Hôpital C 38, Lyon, on Nov. 25, and left here on Dec. 28th for the Hôpital Général, Valence. This man suffered thus: "Petit état de dépression mélancolique." He was, while here, silent, and utterly solitary, spent most of his time climbing the trees, and pretending, I think, that they were masts. He would reply intelligently to anything you asked, but never spoke to anyone, and could hardly be induced to stay still for his meals, and would get up at night and wander out two or three times. He broke out once and got rather badly drunk. In my view he suffered from the most acute form of nostalgia for his home *and the sea*; and from a sort of claustrophobia, or dread of being shut-up, which is just what is now happening to him in hospital at Valence. The cure for this man is also to send him home for a good long spell; and I should say the only cure. I asked a celebrated doctor of Lyon (who saw him here one day) whether it was not a case for "réforme" and he answered "Yes." He agreed that the man was suffering from acute nostalgia. He lives at Charenix, près Dol, Ille et Vilaine.

If an inspector could be asked to carefully examine these men it would be a great relief to several minds. Can it be done, however, without mentioning names?

I need not tell you that my position here (a mere masseur who had no dealings with either of the men in question) is too unofficial to count; and that great discretion is required in view of the special position of such a hospital as this. But it is really terrible to feel that these men are probably being wrecked by wrong treatment. Will you consult your husband and your friends and let us know what can be done without embroiling the hospital with the authorities.

I also enclose a letter to myself from the poor Breton's poorer mother—one has sent her some assistance. It seems to me much more awful to see men being destroyed behind the front than at the front itself. There are so many for whom the only cure is a good long spell of home again.

Our warmest wishes to you both.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## THE LETTERS

[To Mrs. Allhusen]

March 1917.

DEAR MRS. ALLHUSEN,—Now that I have seen with my own eyes, and worked with my own hands nearly four months at Le Martouret, and known it—a summer hospital—surmount all the difficulties of winter in these difficult days, I can give you an impression that has some value. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the French authorities look on it with a favouring eye, and appreciate this help, and that is perhaps the main thing from the general point of view. But what I can testify to more intimately is the appreciation and gratitude of the French soldier. It would warm the hearts of your subscribers to see that, as I have seen it. The human sympathy and individual care that your hospital gives them is beyond that which they expect, beyond that which they receive elsewhere. Le Martouret has an atmosphere of home. How many times have I not watched men coming there, strange and driven-looking, yield to that atmosphere and become different beings within three days! It has been a rare privilege to work among the *poilus*. They are salt of the earth! It's impossible not to like them with all one's heart—Bless them one and all!

There is another work that your hospital does. It teaches the French people something of England, and the goodwill and admiration approaching reverence that England now has for France. It is a little centre from which radiates, with every soldier that goes forth from its care, real knowledge and appreciation of the English, even now strange birds to the French—a star from which travels light to many French eyes, not only of the soldiers, but of their friends and families. It spreads far and wide the good seed of that comradeship between our two peoples, which ever more and more becomes essential to the future of the world.

A good rare work your hospital is doing. Thank you for letting us come to it and help. To leave it was a grief.—Very sincerely yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To André Chevrillon]

March 12, 1917.

CASSIS-SUR-MER.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Your letter reached us here yesterday. It's a pretty little place, and a very simple but quite nice little half-closed hotel. I've been writing, and we've both been a little invalidish. We hope to start for Lyon on Friday to see l'Ecole

Joffre and to come on to Paris, Hotel Louvois, Square Louvois, on Sunday, March 18. There I want to see the institution (I think at St. Maurice) for disabled soldiers. I've been marked down by the Red Cross and other Authorities for work in connection with the re-education of the disabled soldier, and I'm supposed to get back as soon as I can for a scheme that is just starting. I wonder if by any chance you could get me permission to see this Paris institution, and any other that's in the neighbourhood. I don't quite know to whom to apply, and I don't want to lose time.

As to the front, etc. (apart from the question of time) I'm not sure that I want to see it. I'm sure that I don't want to write about it, and from sheer curiosity I hardly feel entitled—especially at this moment when we're all holding our breath.

I think the German shock will fall on the Calais sector, with perhaps a heavy Austro-German shove on the Trentino at the same moment. I hope to goodness we shall be prepared at both points. The taking of Baghdad is good for British prestige in the East, and is at all events a sign that the old dog has not lost his teeth.

I'm badly wanting to talk to you on the question of the general after-effect of the war on the nature and mentality of the workman soldier, French and English.

It will be so good to see you both again. I have fixed up a general agreement with Levy-Calmann for publication of the novels; but I haven't heard again from Miss Marie Butts. Perhaps your niece has.

Our warmest good wishes to you all. *Au revoir, à bientôt.*—  
Always yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Ap. 10, 1917.

1A ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—So many thanks for your good letter. We are only just getting out again after our "Flu" and have hardly seen anybody.

I was certainly under the mark over tonnage, but the 800,000 was nett after what we can replace is counted. I suppose we shall lose at about the rate of 2,500,000 per year and replace about 1,000,000. The real pinch is the next three months; after that I feel pretty sure we shall be all right—now that America is in, the tonnage all round will probably be entirely replaced. They can build at a great rate if they give their minds to it, and they will. If we have to go short these next months, well we shall have to; it won't kill us, any more than the German shortage is killing them.

This morning's news is good—let us pray there be no cold douche

at the end of the bath. Hoover's tales make one's blood boil. He is to be trusted, I feel sure—a very steady man. How jolly of M. Kann! I've *not* yet had *Le Mensonge Allemand*—I will read with alacrity and write to M. Puaux when I get it. We wish we were back with you all in France. We loved it so much this time.

Affectionate greetings to you all from us both.—Yours always,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

July 18, 1917.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—Your letter reached me this morning; thank you very much for it. You will have received the revised impression of France before you get this, and amongst many small changes that sentence had already gone by the board. Together with your copy of the Old Jolyon story, two other copies have disappeared into space, and my agent and myself are staring each other in the face with amazement. I'll hope to get a copy later to send you. I am coming rather to the conclusion that the war will finish in the air, and I believe America would be well advised to send fifty thousand aeroplanes and flying men rather than a million infantrymen, by next Spring. The rest of the German kick will be made in the air, and we and you ought to begin to spend all our remaining powers in that direction. If we had taken the air more seriously from the start we might by now have made the German lines untenable—don't you think so?

*Outside* France I don't feel as if the making of Alsace-Lorraine into an internationally guaranteed buffer State would be looked on as anything but a mild victory for France. After all, it would be a forcing of Germany to relinquish her ill-gotten gains—even though they did not revert to you. I am a little surprised to hear that you put it as strongly as "We should all have a sense of defeat." Was it not a fact that *before the war* France had in bulk resigned the notion of recovery? I suppose, however, that the resolution to recover now hardens in the hope of recouping some of the material losses. But if this question is going to hang up the possibility of peace—say a year or two longer than it would otherwise befall—will not the extra material losses far outweigh the compensation of the recovery? It seems that you may run a grave risk of getting your political demand divorced from the popular. But I speak like a fool.

I shall send you some day some articles I wrote on our land policy. They are being reprinted as a pamphlet. I feel that on demobilisation, if it ever comes, we have our one possible chance of a real re-stocking of the land. If it's missed I look gloomily at our



physical future; I've been appalled since returning here by the low standard of our town looks and physique.

I read an encouraging article by Philippe Millet in *The Observer* on the recovery of morale in France recently. So far as I can see here we are in danger of getting so completely into the habit of war that we shall never get out again. One hears very little now even about economy of food or money. Europe will be a devilish poor place when it's all over, and no one will be so surprised as the Englishman. Ada has written to Madame Chevrillon about the governess question. I do hope you will find one that will be really *the* thing. Most of our best young women, I fancy, have gone into hospitals—that's the trouble.

Affectionate greetings to you all.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I am writing to Hodder and Stoughton (I think it is) for your book. So glad it's out at last.—J. G.

[To H. W. Nevinson]

July 19, 1917.

CLIFTON.

MY DEAR NEVINSON,—It was charming of you to write, feeling as you must still so reduced by your wretched illness. We were so sorry to hear of it from Miss Start, when she wrote the other day. I do hope you feel that you are picking up a little every day. Don't try and work too soon—always a temptation, and always a mistake in the long run. Get really well first, and you will make up lost ground all the faster.

I'm so glad you liked the play. It was much handicapped by being of betwixt and between lengths; but I simply can't pad a play, or indeed anything else. I've now had eleven plays produced in London, and for one reason or another not one has done better than just not lose money. The B.P. or rather the *London P.* simply won't have me; and I can't say I'm sorry, for one can't help having a contempt for its artistic taste. I wonder if any other dramatist has such a record. It's really rather wonderful that anyone can be found to risk producing a play by me. We shall now be in Devonshire for some time, or I would like so much to come and see you. I do hope you will get on fast, and that you won't overtax your strength. Do you know Ralph Hodgson's poems? They're nailing good; but of course you do. I'm just beginning the Hammonds' book. All and most hearty good wishes to you.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## THE LETTERS

[To R. H. Mottram]

Aug. 2, 1917.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR RALPH,—Thanks for your most interesting letter. You've had a splendid chance to see. But perhaps the conditions with you out there are a bit misleading. Those peasants are the inheritors of standards of drudgery. But the English soldier in a five or ten acre holding—he is not going to drudge; he is not going to look at it even unless a lot of things, such as co-operative use of machinery, marketing, etc. etc. [are guaranteed].

It's quite clear to me, I think, as it seems to be also to you, that for grain growing, and beast fattening, and sheep, and dairying the large farm—the *very large* farm—is best. But is there not a living from vegetables, fruit, pigs, poultry, bees, flowers, and a cow or two, for great numbers of men on five to ten acres holdings—given good instruction, not in classes, but practically, on the spot, and co-operative methods, and this without such drudgery as you speak of. In 1905 we imported over £34,000,000 worth of vegetables, fruit, bacon, and eggs, and flowers. Why should we? All those things grow equally well with us. Our trend should be, it seems to me, to concentrate growth of this produce in small holdings, and leave big farms only the big things—grain, dairy, meat, and wool. But certainly a very highly organized co-operation is of the essence of any success with small holdings. Garden allotments are probably the most hopeful developments of the age, so that the children of men may eat of both town and country life.

I do hope we may see you before the war is over, my dear Ralph. For though we almost hear the guns down here, I'm afraid they will not be heard loudly enough by September in the halls of the Almighty.

I expect we shall be in town again towards the end of September, and may possibly go out to hospital again in France for the winter—but there are other matters that may prevent. I've done a good lot of work all told that you haven't seen, about three volumes full of sorts.

Tell me what you find the state of feeling amongst our men about emigration to the Colonies after the war. I should imagine there will be a big exodus, and I'm sorry.

The Colonials are really splendid in physique, and real men.

Ada is well again after her severe bout of rheumatism and a cure at Clifton.

She sends her love and I mine.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To H. W. Massingham]

13, BROAD STREET,  
OXFORD.

Sep. 16, 1917.

MY DEAR MASSINGHAM,—If you like the enclosed little poems will you gratify a whim of mine and print them anonymously, *without disclosing my authorship of them to anyone*? And if I write any others that you happen to like will you do the same by them once in a way as you have space? If you don't care to print them without my name attached *please send them back*.

Your article this week "The Growth of Public Opinion," is fine in expression and feeling. My trouble throughout this war has been to make up my mind (I cannot even now make it up)—that is at once the curse and a little [the] salvation of a mind that can see and respect ideas and yet is based on realism. It is for reality I am seeking. A certain glib, very English (that is, rather provincial) idealism to which we were all very prone got a bad knock at the beginning of this war, and one knows how easy it is to slip back into holding beliefs one wants to hold—especially when all one's instincts cry increasingly: "Enough, enough of this vicarious butchery of Youth! Enough of misery, and enough of hatred!"

I cannot make up my mind whether, if we stop while the present German Military Machine is still advancing on the East and holding its own fairly easily on the West, and while they are still able to affirm that their submarines will "do us in," without being manifestly contradicted by the facts; whether if we stop on such conditions there can be any real chance for such an Internationalism, such an Honest World Peace as both you and I want. In other words: Will the reaction against Militarism in all countries, Germany included, after those years of war, be sufficient to guarantee an Honest World Peace no matter when we stop? Sometimes I think it will; sometimes I think it won't, and that the facts must be made to shape out a more definite defeat. In these doldrums of indecision I drift, not even waiting for a sign, because I don't believe in them, no more than I believe in . . . or the cheap theory that there is anything in the nature of Justice other than what has been hardly wrung out of the life of man by man himself, from arboreal ape times onwards. There is balance in Nature, but no more mercy or justice than the animal "man" has evolved for his own benefit or luxury. The ape in man is terribly alive still—the third Horatio and his following proves that—and so do the Jury in the Malcolm case; still more alive, I fear, than the angel. Does not the ape in

man still need to be shown by hard fact that the Brute-Force theory has not paid?

One perceives now, rather clearly, the lines on which after-war politics will shape. Internationalism, plus Free Trade, plus Conscription or rather levies on—Death, versus Nationalism and Tariffs. And one asks oneself will the forces of these two parties get a fair chance, unless the militarism of Germany has been at least somewhat discredited as the champion of Germany. But that is to hark back to my endless question which I cannot answer.

If we live, you will be a protagonist of the first of these two parties in the political future, and I shall be its humble well-wisher, with one doubt in my mind: I hold that for the peace and quiet of the world, and for our national physique and existence we must henceforth grow the great bulk of our own food; that we must not succumb any further to rampant industrialism, to Town Blight; and I would like to feel that the Internationalist Free Trade Forces had a due conception of the terrific importance of this question and meant somehow to find a satisfying solution to it.

We have no right any longer to present so tempting a target for Nationalism abroad as we do now, by drawing our food from overseas, now that flying and submarining have taken from us the character of an island. We cannot, as reasonable beings, let our warped and stunted stocks deteriorate further, and the little remains of our dignity and sense of beauty ooze away utterly underneath pressure of machinery and of herd-life.

All you who belong to the Free Trade tradition, I venture to think, ought to seriously re-examine your faiths, in the light of these two new factors (1) Air, and Under-sea menace; (2) Our deterioration through the hardship of industrialism.

I want Free Trade too; but I want it combined with the principle of self-supporting countries—self-supporting in the barest food-producing sense, and in the sense that a country must not go down-hill in physique.

You have time to think this over in the light of realities before the struggle begins afresh. The vital question for us English in the future is how not to yield to the line of least resistance, imperilling the peace of the world, and racing over the cliff to physical destruction like the swine.

We are here for some days longer, and shall not, I think, be much in London till after October 22.

Affectionate greetings to you from us both.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

[To Mrs. Pethick Lawrence]

Oct. 10, 1917.

BROAD WALK, BUXTON.

DEAR MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE,—Thank you for your fine letter. It's a most awfully intricate and difficult subject, and maddening to make clear by letter. Poetry is such a different medium that I think it does not serve for analogy, and Rolland I don't care for (unfashionable as that is).

Do you know of any figure in fiction stretched to full spiritual growth in any setting but that of tragedy? The nearest approach I know to the presentation of full spiritual union between man and woman in real art is Pierre and Natasha in Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; and how very flat the ending of that great book is! The same may be said of Levine and Kitty in *Anna Karenina*.

Henry James tried it in *A Portrait of a Lady*, but he left an ending which may be read either way; and, whichever way you read, it tells us nothing. Full spiritual development in happiness seems fated to be anti-climactic, I suppose because it means Nirvana of which nothing can be said.

Some day we'll talk about it perhaps.—Yours very sincerely,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Professor Murray]

Dec. 7, 1917.

ADELPHI TERRACE HOUSE.

MY DEAR G. M.—*Vae victis!*

And so the nimble corks are done!  
And on the victor's brow the crown  
Of great and glorious victory won,  
With motto earned: "He did 'em down!"

What oh! I return the book. Well, I don't think I will. In fact I won't. It has value; and yet I don't know—just now. Severely edited, it would have much more value. There's a certain strain of young-ladyish self-appraisal about much of it. And I can't stand the friend who was killed in the air-raid for the good of the realm. He was too unco' altogether. And the other friend with a German name—how awkward of him! Still, it was very interesting and informing in many ways, and I'm glad to have read it.

Our love to you all. It was good to see you last night.

J. G.

We shall look forward to seeing you a two-bottle man soon, for the sake of the joy of doing the corks.

## THE LETTERS

[To R. H. Sauter]

July 14, 1918.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAREST RUDO,—I have still to thank you for a beautiful letter to us both not long ago. Alack, all that I ought to do, I don't. And the running of this new Government Quarterly for the Disabled means such a lot of letter-writing, so that my fount dries up even more completely than it used to.

We have just got back here after a very busy ten days in town getting the first number into final shape; and now I'm already beginning to worry about the second—such is the life of an editor. Your Mother told me about you in a general sort of way; but I didn't gather that you'd begun Spanish yet. I do seriously advise that. I think there's nothing one regrets more in life than ignorance of languages, and you have a chance now which we hope will never come again. Sorry to harp on one string so. While we were up in town we went down for a night to Eastbourne, and I went over a large Convalescent Camp there, which is a sort of model, and then both of us went on to the Chailey Craft Schools, where they have crippled children, air-raid children and crippled soldiers all recovering and learning trades—a really beautiful place, and full of enthusiasm, and goodness, on a sunny and sweet day.

Rain has come at last, and just at the right moment—the hay was all in except Cross Park. I worked there yesterday, and missed you like anything. The corn and marigolds are growing like green bay trees and the potatoes in fine form. They've started a School paper at Harrow called *Beginnings*, to which in a rash moment they've asked me to contribute. I'm sending them an excerpt from an Article I wrote explaining to the American people where we get our manners from. I'm wondering how many teeth the drier type of Harrow master will have left when he's gnashed them.

Bless you, my dear man. All our love to you. Keep your spirits up. Afflictions pass in Fate's good time. Your mother was looking well considering her dentistry troubles.—Your loving Uncle,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Oct. 14, 1918.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST RUDO,—We were so glad to get news of you from your mother; thank you so much for the message.

Yesterday was our first fine day since we got back here on Oct. 3rd, and we went up on to Hambledon. Never saw it look so beautiful. You remember that Egyptian-looking bit—the Hey Tor, Rippon

Tor part as we saw it from the top one day, riding—it looked more wonderful than even that day; and over all the cultivated country away to the north and west the colour was absolutely opalescent. Everything was very clear, and yet soft; but too *near*, and we knew it would rain again to-day, as it has.

Awfully sorry to hear you've been so seedy with that horrid cold, and the old enemy "Solar Plexus," if that's how you spell him. It must be bad to have anything wrong with the tummy in the sort of conditions you are in, for I suppose you can't get a change of diet. Let us know if it gets worse.

My second copy of *Reveille* comes out at the beginning of November. I think it's better than the first. I got a poem by Thomas Hardy; and contributions from Chesterton, Masfield, W. H. Hudson, Brieux, Stacy Aumonier, John Drinkwater, Robert Nicholls, Maurice Baring; and drawings by Max Beerbohm, Brangwyn, Raven Hill, and De Smet, besides all the technical articles. I'll send you a copy. Did you see the first number? If not perhaps you'd like to—let your mother know. In the intervals I peg away at a new book. All well here. We can't come back to London till the end of the month. Then I shall try and get special leave to see you, so as not to interrupt your mother's weekly visit.

Best love from your Aunt and myself, dear old man.—Always  
your affectionate Uncle, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To *André Chevrillon*]

Nov. 8, 1918.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I have owed you a letter so long, in answer to your last most delightful screed.

What a wonderful relief we all feel, and how much we should love to be in France to feel the rejoicing of your country, and to share in it! It's a marvellous transformation, and one begins to have hopes of the future, if people keep cool heads; and if on peace we turn all energies to production of food, to building ships, and working coal mines. The social and industrial future of the world absolutely depends on getting the cost of the prime necessities of existence down quickly. Until that's done we're all in peril of great upheavals, because obviously until the worker's prime costs of existence are cheapened no reductions can be made in wages, and if no reductions are made in wages industry cannot run under peace conditions, and all sorts of strikes and lock-outs and social troubles (amounting to revolution of sorts) will take place. With an *over-*

supply of food transport and coal everything will readjust itself, but not until.

We have recently got into this very charming old-fashioned Hampstead house; and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to have you here as a guest. Aren't you paying England a visit soon? I hope you have good news of your niece in America, and that all of you are well in these days of epidemics. Foch must be a great man. It is a happiness to us to think that France, who has suffered most, should have provided the saviour in him. Do let us have news when you have time.

Our affectionate greetings to you all.—Always your friend,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*From and to G. B. Shaw*]

12th June 1919.

19 ADELPHI TERRACE.

MY DEAR GALSWORTHY,—Sir Thomas Barclay, the Friend of Man and of Ententes, has introduced to me Mr. Liang-Chi-Chao, former Minister of Finance and Justice to the Chinese Republic, and, I learn, regarded in China as a Man of Letters in the most Celestial sense. As he is staying at Claridge's, I fully accept this assurance of his importance.

To me Liang-Chi-Chao sends V. K. Ting, Director of the Geological Service of Pekin (probably a young necromancer); and Mr. Ting informs me that the Celestial purview of English Literature includes, in alphabetical order, only five illustrious names, Ah-Bennett, Ji-Kai-Chesteron, John Galsworthy, myself, and Aytch-Ji-Wells, I am held to be the patriarch of the group; and the rules of Chinese politeness oblige me to introduce Mr. Liang-Chi-Chao (only one letter between him and chaos) before he can present himself or entertain us all at Claridge's.

Accordingly I do now solemnly present the gentleman to you, and ask you as a man and a brother to back me up, and receive with distinguished consideration the approaches of Mr. Ting, a Celestial Knut of modest and affable manners, much better dressed than any of us. The next move is with him.

I am sending this letter in quadruplicate to the whole galaxy. Don't bother to answer me. I presume you will have to answer Mr. Ting when he approaches you.

Forgive me; but what can I do?—Ever,

G. BERNARD SHAW.



June 28, 1919.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR SHAW,—I ought to have acknowledged your letter a long time ago—though you told me not to.

I am to partake of the hospitality of Liang-Chi-Chao on July 4th. It seems to me that it ought to be the other way—but one is so doubtful of what one is to give him to eat. We come up on July 3rd. I hope we shall see you. So Peace is being presented to-day! Poor Peace—she looks fagged out already; there are no cream and roses in her complexion. The season is a bit too much for her.

I see *The Nation* praises Barbusse's *Clarté*, which traces the war and the [word missing] to the system under which we live, and cries: "Inevitable." Surely one must take inevitability a little further back than that. What made the system, if not human nature under the pressure of its inventions and discoveries?

Greed—avidity of sensation and of conquest—rules our roast, and who shall alter the human animal, save possibly the slow, the very slow ages?

All good wishes,—Yours,

J. G.

[In reply to an invitation to join an idealistic group of French writers.]

June 16, 1919.

WINGSTONE.

MESSIEURS,—I have received your letter of June 13, to which I trust you will forgive my replying at length and in English. That you may see that I am intensely in sympathy with the need for *Clarté* in the days we live in, I venture to enclose you an article written by me in February last. That I am intensely a believer in writers throwing themselves into the battle of ideas with their reason free from all prejudices, and with "all their pity" I trust that the whole of my work shows.

But there are certain wide considerations which make me doubtful of the wisdom of a deliberate banding together of writers, especially of creative writers, for deliberate propagandic purposes. I would draw your attention to the fact that the great influence which creative writers undoubtedly wield rests on two main factors: First, their untrammelled creative power, and the human attraction inherent in it; secondly, the faith which the Public—unconsciously if you will—has in their independence. The moment they band themselves and give themselves a label they lose all the more subtle and far-reaching part of their influence. And however much they

may declare themselves "free of all Party" and above all prejudices, they cannot escape being "classed" by the average mind, and one must at once encounter an opposition which did not formerly exist, to the influence of their imaginings. I will take an illustration from your list of names. The influence of Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Matilde Serao, H. G. Wells, and Israel Zangwill, if known by the public to have banded themselves together for a definite crusade, will be in sum less than the influence of those six writers each independently fighting the good fight in their creative work. At least, from my knowledge of human nature, this is my very decided conviction.

I would next draw your attention to the fact that, so far, "the thing of beauty" being useless in these days, it is things of beauty—real deep spiritual beauty—which must of necessity be born in the utmost freedom, without direct propagandic impulse—which alone can give new life and spring to a most machine-driven, press-ridden, and in many ways hateful age.

Next, I would say that the writer who has real creative power and real subtle influence (for the influence of the manifesto is really of little worth) is naturally lonely; he works more freely, and with greater force, in conditions of spiritual solitude than in an environment of joined hands. He flourishes, as it were, on a sense of being alone. Opposition, originality, arrogance if you will, are part of his make-up.

So much for creative writers, and the reasons which should give pause to such before they become definitely members of a body of free spirits.

I would say a word on the danger of focussing so much free spirit and good-will in a definite organ which, however wide in its views, is bound to be labelled: "Socialist" or "Bolshevist," or some stupid name, by the average mind, and therefore will be read only by an audience of the converted. The mere fact that its contributors have big literary names will not widen its circulation among those who really need to read it. I am afraid that experience shows that free spirit and generous feeling forced into a single public channel becomes combative, and ceases to be infective. But we cannot bludgeon the public into feeling with us, we can but inoculate them without their suspecting the process.

The last sentence of your memorandum shows, I think, quite clearly the danger that *Clarté* (and its adherents) will soon be labelled and become, as it were, a Party organ: "Il est indispensable que nous ayons avec nous toute l'élite intellectuelle du *gauche*."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY

Pray forgive all my frankness, and believe that in spite of this cold water I am heartily at one with the spirit which inspires you. And I humbly hope that, if not a definite member of your Society (for reasons I have given), I shall be able to give a helping hand to the ideals you strive for, and to write with pity and tolerance and freedom from prejudice, and even to paint things truthfully as I see them.

Believe me, Messieurs, with all sympathy and respect, very cordially yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Hubert Galsworthy, Junior]

Oct. 14, 1919.

WINGSTONE.

DEAREST HUBERT,—Yes, I got your letter written at the beginning of term, and my conscience has often been bad since, but it's always recovered too soon. We're back here now alone, but for the five dogs and one cat, all putting their paws in my eye while I write. Trywell, the hound puppy, is "looking up fine" (as they say). What would you do if you had just received a letter from a strange lady in Louisiana (United States of America, *vide* your superior knowledge) with red hair and five children, who says she wants to be your friend, because something about your mouth makes her think you don't like sleep? This comes of being infamous and having one's photo published in magazines.

Pause here to give Trywell three small biscuits and one large smack with a copy of *The New World*. I hope the weather at Christmas will be as nice for you here as it is now. You will find the robins come in friendlily if you encourage them. I used to have one perching on my writing-table and almost feeding out of my hand the two winters we spent here. Your Aunt joins me in best love. My nib is giving up the ghost.—Your always affectionate Uncle,  
JACK

Let's hear how you go on getting out of that form, which is always a most excellent thing to do. How do you like letters to be addressed to you? Esq. or Master, or simply plain like this one?  
J. G.

[To Mr. Jones]

June 5, 1920.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. JONES,—I have just received your letter of May 30. I think my first advice to you would be: Don't be in a hurry to get into print. Unless a man has lived and felt and experienced and

generally found out what life means, he has nothing to say that's worth hearing. Writers generally begin too young, and very few who begin very young come to anything.

Now, as to style: Style is simply the clear, short expression of things seen originally, and of strongly individual feelings. Practise setting down what you see and feel as shortly and clearly as you can. If you describe a tree or a haystack, try and make others see it as you personally see it; it's *your* vision of it and feeling about it which will make it of value. Live with animals, trees, birds, hills and the sea as much as you reasonably can. Talk to, and watch the lives of simple people. Distrust all arty groups, and, if you mix with them, do it with your tongue a little in your cheek.

It sounds trite, but read the Bible, Shakespeare, and *W. H. Hudson*, the Nature-writer. Learn French well and read Prosper Mérimée and Maupassant (say *three years hence*); their economy of words and clearness is wonderful. Read Anatole France, also three years hence. Read the Russian Turgenev (Constance Garnett's translation, Wm. Heinemann) not for his style, because it suffers in translation, but for the way he sees human life, and constructs his stories. Read Walter Pater and Stevenson, but beware of their tendency to preciosity. Read Dickens and Samuel Butler. Practise writing verse; it helps towards a good prose style. Take it as a rule that anything you write must be interesting sentence by sentence. Of modern poetry read Masfield and Sassoon. But if you really want to be a writer who counts, alongside all this live a normal life with some normal occupation for some years after you come to man's estate. See the workaday world as it is before you give others your vision of it, or anything else.

Good luck to you,—Yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Capt. Wedgwood Benn*]

June 9, 1920.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN,—Alas, even to listen only, I can't come up from here on June 17. I hope Shaw will tell you all that the only possible way of dealing with Ireland now is to make an agreement with America to stop our recruits going into Ireland for either side; and, having done that, and removed all the Army from North and South that we can conveniently lay hands on, to remove, also, our soldiers, sailors, and such police as will not take service under Irish authorities, and say to the Irish (North and South): Now, settle your affairs; we wish you well, and we're sorry we've made such a mess of it hitherto. Whatever they then did would

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not be so bad as what we shall otherwise be let in for, and the damage we shall do ourselves in the eyes of the world—especially the American world. The substance of the future lies in our hearty co-operation and friendship with America—the rest is shadow. But I suppose we shall grasp the shadow and miss the substance.—  
Believe me, very truly yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Frank Harris]

June 14, 1920.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR HARRIS,—I received your letter of May 29 this morning. About your story—I am always brutally frank when it comes to questions of Art, according to my lights, which may be indifferent dim. Now, I found it very interesting and gripping at first, and I think you are successful in all that earlier part, if, as you say, your problem and object was to make us believe in a great musician; but I didn't care for the love part; and two—to my mind—serious mechanical defects blotted the whole story. The musician first made his name in Vienna, a great name—a great splash. You resurrect him in Vienna. The musical world in Vienna would have spotted him at once—especially from his bird music gift. This made the whole thing seem unreal. Then you ruin his love on the merest chance accidental revelation of an untrue infidelity—a sheer mistake. I know Sophocles does—accidental tragedy—in the *Œdipus*, and if the moral of the story had been to make us shiver and shake at the awful haphazardness of life, well and good; but I don't think you meant that, at all events it wasn't the effect produced; and so one is simply left in the air. Moreover it doesn't seem to help at all your picture of a great musician—all the love part. The idea of presenting the musician, the painter, the man of letters in the way you speak of is very good and very interesting.

I saw Swinnerton's London notice of *The Skin Game*—he's an intelligent critic—but so far as I remember I wasn't much impressed by that critique—he didn't see the main things at all, and rode off on a side issue.

I much like your impression of Turgenev in the last *Pearson's*—the man of all others I should have liked to have known.

In the first article about black troops in Germany—what a terrible and shocking error! I thought you mixed up the babies towards the end. Why on earth inveigh against it as a first-fruit of the *League of Nations* when in the next paragraph you cite it as a breach of the Treaty? A breach cannot be a first-fruit. Besides, if

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we are all to vilify the League of Nations before it has even got on its legs, how is any such idea for improving the lot of mankind to get a chance to run? Human nature is d——d imperfect, and we must not expect it to do more than grope its way towards better things.

You know, I can't help feeling sure that if you were in Russia your pen would be as vehement against the régime there as it now is in its favour. Distance has lent you enchantment. Liberty has no more "earthly" there, than, according to you—I know not of my own knowledge with what truth—it has in America. As a matter of fact, Liberty is still "off" everywhere. What did you expect after five years of angry passions? Awful, but extremely natural. You seem to write with surprise.

By the way, this is not a letter to the "Editor," please, though you might think so.

Best wishes.—Yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

What an unpleasant letter! I'm so sorry.—J. G.

[To St. John Irvine]

July 11, 1920.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR ST. JOHN IRVINE,—In to-day's *Observer* you make an allusion to *The Fugitive* which puzzles me extremely, and (coupled with another allusion to the same play a little time ago which I happened to see in my other daily paper—I think it was "that I ought to have been ashamed to have written such a play") brings you this letter. The whole point and essence of *The Fugitive* was that the wife did not go back to the husband with whom she had discovered her incompatibility. Don't you think, as an author yourself, you would be a little annoyed to find your play cited in the contrary sense of its whole meaning? If there is a person in the world who hates such stage juggling with the aversion between husband and wife for the sake of a "moral" or "happy" ending more than myself I have yet to find him or her. The endings of Henry Arthur Jones' *Liars* and of *His House in Order* et hoc omne have always been anathema to me. You may think *The Fugitive* a play which I should have been ashamed to be the author of on other grounds, though I don't agree with you, but at all events you cannot on this particular ground.

With good wishes,—I am sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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July 28, 1920.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR ERVINE,—I find the enclosed in my pocket. I ought to have sent it you back. I've pencilled some remonstrances. You beat the dog hard; but honestly I think you've loaded the stick a bit. Still, I'm used to being beaten in these days, and I daresay it does one good.

Thank you for the nice little recantation in *The Observer*.

It was very nice to see Mrs. Ervine and yourself the other day.

*Au revoir*.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To R. H. Sauter]

August 14, 1920.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAREST RUDEY,—Book on dogs.—Simply topping. Vi's book on Goya—simply tipping. Flowers, too corking for words. Letters ripping. Altogether a feast—a birthday flowing with milk, puppies, and honey. Your Auntie has given me a sneezing pair of race glasses, and a snorting blotter from Morocco.

We went on the river yesterday and caught it at its very very best.

The little businesses<sup>1</sup> all flourish and big business<sup>2</sup> is prime. The little ones are three boys and three girls. One of the girls having become a boy this afternoon. A quarter of one of June's eyes is open. Their names are Mark: Gyp: Joy (boys). Joy will have to be changed. June, Clare and Fleur (girls).

Our dear love to you both.—Always your loving,

J. G.

SAN YSIDRO RANCH,

Jan. 15, 1921.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I had a letter from Ned yesterday giving me the sad news of your father's death. Please accept all our sympathy.

This morning we learn of the great success of your exhibition in New York. We're so very glad, and particularly sorry that we had not the chance either of seeing you again, or of seeing your pictures. I see that you are to paint various gardens over here, so I suppose you will be here for some time still. We shall be back in New York at the beginning of April and may catch a glimpse of you then. If not, do look us up in our Hampstead house when you are back.

Grove Lodge: The Grove: Hampstead.

Ada joins me in best greetings.—Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

<sup>1</sup> Biz's puppies.

<sup>2</sup> Biz herself (the first bob-tailed sheep-dog).

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By the way—my little branch of the family—at my initiation—have long pronounced our name as if written Gallsworthy. On research I found that was the old Devonshire way, and I so much prefer it. I mention this in case you experience the questionings of people concerning the different ways we pronounce our name. J. G.

We leave here for the San Marcos Hotel,  
Chandler,  
nr. Phoenix,  
Arizona,  
on Jan. 31 and shall be there some weeks.—J. G.

[*To Professor Murray*]

Aug. 18, 1921.

WINGSTONE.

*Private.*

MY DEAR G. M.,—It is long since we saw or heard from you. I hope you are all well. I'm writing now because I'm clean out of the political world, and you are not. It's this Irish business. I feel in my bones that, whether there's a plebiscite or not, Ireland is not going to accept the Government's offer. The interesting and agonizing point is: What will our Government do then? They could take Dail Eireann terms, which they obviously won't. They can go back to what they were doing before, intensified—which is horrible to think of. They could treat South Ireland as if it would ultimately accept their offer, and take strategic action necessary to secure the naval and air control which is the real essence of their terms; treating Ireland otherwise exactly as if she had already accepted Dominion status, waiving points (2) (4) and (6) for the time being, and dealing with point (5) by retaliation if necessary. In other words England would seize certain naval and air bases, fortify, defend, and use them. *But in all other respects* withdraw control.

Do you not agree that—supposing the offer is refused, and equally supposing that they do not accept Dail Eireann terms—this is the action which should be urged on our Government? If there is to be further war our position in the eyes of the world will be so very much better, and the war itself so very much less horrible if that war is confined to the defence by us of certain definite strategic naval and air bases. It will mean honest fighting between troops, instead of all the horrible brutalisation of civilians, etc., which attends an unlimited struggle.



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I am so out of it that I do not know in the least what political people are proposing or forecasting as the Government's action in the event of a failure of these negotiations (which to my mind is pretty certain). But I do know that as a rule nothing is prepared beforehand to deal with a situation which people still hope will not arise, so that at the last minute when it does arise, an unconsidered headlong line is taken or *drifted into*. That is why I feel it is so important that the line of action I suggest above should be privately urged on the Cabinet—unless someone has already suggested a better, *and always supposing that it is not in their minds already*. It is a line that will take some considerable quiet preparing for.

I daresay *you* wish the Government would take Dail Eireann terms. But whatever you or I think about that—we shall both be horrified if clubbing the life out of Ireland begins again. And if anything is to be done to prevent that, somebody ought to begin to do it now.

I hope I haven't wearied you with this. Do let me know what you feel about it.—Yours always,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Aug. 23, 1921.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR G. M.—Thank you. I am greatly relieved to hear that Grey has that policy. I hope he will not neglect the necessity of impressing it on *The Times* and other papers, well before the Government has to make its decision. I feel sure the country at large would support that policy, and it would be intolerable to have the alternative foisted on it in some gust of angry decision.

There will be no more worthy representative on the Council of the League than you. Only I resent more work put on your overburdened shoulders.

Our warm greetings to Lady Mary, and sympathy.—Always  
yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To A. P. Herbert]

Oct. 9, 1921.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I am sending you and Squire herewith your letters of introduction and I do hope they'll be of some use.

I've read your novel with very great interest. There is much in it of great merit, and there are, to my thinking, some defects. I suppose you would not have sent it to me unless you wanted serious criticism. Let me touch on your other two books first, because that will help what I have to say on this. Each of those two had a very

seizing, self-contained theme—extraordinarily wide apart though they were. The very strength of the theme kept their texture and handling close and firm, and did in a sense make the character drawing of almost secondary importance. In this last novel the theme—Hate—though deeper, wider and more significant than those of your first two books, can only be *approfondi* and adequately worked out through highly individualized human beings. And I feel that so far your powers (which are admirable) are best displayed by such descriptive painting as you lavish on battlegrounds, voyage of ship, election, first night, Club, etc., etc.; and that your grip on character is not yet what I hope it will become. The characters in this new novel are not highly vitalized enough for your theme, and though you have managed very skilfully to weave the thread and doom of Hate throughout the story, you have by no means done full justice to the really—factually—terrific situation prepared in the last chapter. The book, in fact, is not very well proportioned—those great slabs of most excellent writing (battlefields, ship, theatre, election) seem to use up your space, so that you reach in the last chapter an end which should by rights come half-way in the book, and be dealt with in the second half. The trouble really is that you have tackled a bigger and more difficult subject than you realized, and though you're right in saying it's your most important book so far, it is also your least complete. The difficulty of this particular theme for you lies in the fact that you are bound to import the emotional conclusion left in yourself by the war into your treatment of those most sweeping and deep and general human emotions: hate and jealousy; and that in a way narrows the beat of your wings. In any case, I think you have still to fight with and develop that situation at the end. In a word you have still to write the "finish" of your book.

All this notwithstanding, you have done some jolly good work in this book—and the voyage of *The Stout Heart* is the best thing you have written so far.

Of the characters—Irene is too much a statement; little Miss Moon is more actual. Kenneth good. Geoffrey suffers from the anaemia which always besets a character so subjectively treated. Sir Roger is a good figurehead. His mother is a success. Mrs. Manton is certainly the best bit of character work in the book. A certain symbolism (Medusa-like) is very cleverly worked into her; but the intertwining of the two women in her is not quite successfully done. I hope all this will not leave a smudge on your spirit. It is not intended to—all good hope and promise is in your work.

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By the way, I shouldn't read any more Conrad. Not that there's any sense of imitation, but I feel as if he would lure you along an unnatural path, and blur your line.

Let me know of your impatience with this letter. I suppose you'll be gone before we come up, probably on the 19th.

Very good luck to you and Squire in America, and hearty wishes for the success and development of your art.—Yours very sincerely,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The book interested me all through, and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, and after all, that's the main thing.—J. G.

Oct. 12, 1921.

WINGSTONE.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I will answer your question net. I think the book *can* be put right by going in and expanding from the last chapter; but it would need real steam and creative energy applied. What I should do is: Put the book aside except in your mind till you come back from America. If you have not by then got an *urge* towards the task I should let it go as it is. If you have the urge—go at it. I don't know how far this is possible to you "economically" speaking, of course. A hundred pages given to the trio and their crisis might yet bring Irene startlingly to life and adjust the book's proportions. The position and characters as you leave them ought really to inspire you; but I too well understand the utter lassitude which comes on one when one thinks one has brought a long job to a fitting end, and finds one hasn't. America will be a fine tonic, and you may come back full of gusto. There is just one thing worth bearing in mind. If you bring this book "off"—do it real justice—you will advance your reputation (and incidentally earning power) greatly—much more than if you wrote another slight novel or two. Men make their names with *one* book, not with a series of fairly goods. You have got here probably the best theme you will ever have. There's any amount of good writing in the body of the book behind you, and a fine situation in front of you. This might yet be your "book"; but, as I say, it wants a real urge to grow up in you again.

Anyway—good luck!—Yours sincerely, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Captain Bellairs]

July 6, 1922.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR CAPTAIN BELLAIRS,—Thank you very much for writing. Of course I quite understand that the Navy is still essential for the

protection of our shipping in far seas; and for the protection of the far Dominions, and of course I am not (or was not in my *Times* letter) talking so much of the present moment as of five, ten, fifteen years hence. But the point is surely this—given the apparently certain great extension of aircraft power, given the almost certain suddenness of any war launched from the air, the Navy would be helpless to defend our docks, harbours, and the ships lying in them or adjacent to our shores. The damage done in a few days could practically knock us out. The Navy may defend ships in the far seas, or even to within a hundred miles or so, but if those ships can't discharge their cargoes, all that defence goes for nothing from the point of view of feeding the population of this island.

I apologize to all naval men for using the expression "the outworn sea"; but in this country we have been accustomed (and justly) for so long to thinking we are all right if we are all right at sea, that some startling expression has to be used to bring the majority of minds to grasp the new position at all.

My whole point is that the Navy can no longer assure our food supplies. Ships must have docks to berth in. The Navy and the Air Force are not, of course, antagonistic, except in so far as the old power doctrines hypnotize the English into thinking that it can *by itself save and feed them*.

I agree that there should not be any question of playing one off against the other, and I'm sorry if my letter gave that impression. Apropos of Land Policy, I don't think we can be entirely self-supporting; but we might well be three-quarters instead of not quite half; which would make all the difference in the world to our national position, and to our safety in case of another Great War. Again many thanks.—Very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*In reply to an American enquiry as to "the very first incident he could recall."*]

August 21, 1922.

MY DEAR MADAM,—The first incident I can recall is cutting my head open with the nursery fender, and I think I was under four. The fender was very hard, and my head very soft, as it is to this day, it seems. I can see the fender still; and the blood; it was most interesting.—Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Mr. R. L. Pearson, of the League of National Awakening]

Oct. 15, 1922.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your new folder, and have read it carefully, and I confess that I have certain criticisms to make which I hope will enable you to understand some of the difficulties in the way of the layman who receives your propaganda.

First, I find in the folder much assertion that things at present are in a hopeless way, but no information as to how the present credit system is to be changed to the one you recommend; *nor* any indication of what your system is.

I understand that you would say to that: Read *Credit, Power and Democracy*; but I hesitate to get the book because I could not understand Major Douglas's article (which you sent me on a previous occasion). I know that I am quite unskilled in economics, and rather exceptionally stupid about such matters, but I came to the conclusion, in reading that article, that Major Douglas was one of those writers so at home in his subject, and so possessed by his idea, that he could not make it plain to minds unversed in economic thinking and economic terminology.

Let me give you an instance from your folder.

"If the money in the hands of individuals is only a *calculation into cost*, goods can never be effectively distributed, since by our system of *costing*, they are obliged to be sold at a price which includes, along with other items, the money which is supposed to buy them." This is Greek to me, and the underlined words are double Greek. I know I speak as a fool in these matters, but so do most other people. In few words, you will never get ahead unless you can make yourselves plain to mean intelligences. This is supposing, of course, that your theory, whatever it is, is sound.

Secondly: As to the present economic system being the real cause of war. I note that you use two arguments, which seem to me curious. You base the impetus towards war, *au fond*, on the fact that the great bulk of consumers haven't enough purchasing power; but you also practically accuse governments and financiers of making wars. Governments and finance, however, are always manned by the *minority* of consumers, by those who *have* more than enough purchasing power; and I have never been accustomed to think of them (nor, I fancy, have you) as being so frightfully concerned with the interest of the bulk of the consumers whose purchasing power is a minus quantity.

Your second curious argument is contained in the words "there

is no market like war." This was, however, a discovery made by our generation, at least, long after the war had started. It had no effect whatever in causing the war—*vide* Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*, and the trend of thought which that disclosed. We all expected quick economic ruin instead of a spurt of economic prosperity. But the war came.

In sum: There may be, there probably is, great danger in the secret influence and the secret selfishness of finance, as now run; its great power and the type of men who run it. And your propaganda, in so far as it draws attention to this danger, may be all to the good. But the real root trouble is deeper and lies in the fact that we are discovering and inventing (living scientifically) too fast for the assimilative powers of our brains and our hearts. The competitiveness and the restlessness inherent in the human animal are being stimulated and swollen too rapidly by chemical and mechanical discovery; and I much doubt if any economic change—even if such were possible to human nature—would remove that evil, or the danger of wholesale destruction which it involves.

Referring to the earlier part of my letter, I would get somebody to write (if it's humanly possible) a pamphlet of twenty pages which should make it really plain, to fools like me, what the precise nature of the economic change you are driving at is, and how it could be effected. I shrewdly suspect that it would work out as simply an exposition of drastic State Socialism.—Yours very truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Mr. Kenneth Andrews]

December 30, 1922.

DEAR MR. KENNETH ANDREWS,—Early in the war I gave up taking Press cuttings, and have never resumed the habit, so that I rarely see printed criticism; but someone sent me your critique in a recent number of the *American Bookman*, thinking it would interest me. Well, it did. I found some pleasant reading about my work, some that was valuably humbling, and much that was suggestive. But there were certain impressions of me personally which I can't feel to be true; and there was one statement of fact which I know to be false. You say: "He is not above writing *to order* (italics mine) serials which will appeal to the many thousands who build up the circulation of popular American Magazines." Whether or not I am above it, I never in my life *have* written anything "to order." This is in no sense a proof of virtue; it is due to my not being

dependent on my pen for bread and butter. I never consider the destination of anything I write (whether novel, play or story) until after it is written. Then, as a rule, I give it to my agent, who markets it. If my agent concludes any negotiation for a story before he receives it he makes it clear, first, that there may be no story to deliver, and, secondly, that it must be taken (or left) just as it is—absolutely without alteration; and no consideration of suiting any particular public ever comes into play, nor has any suggestion of that sort ever been made to me. I do not know where you get your impression from—probably from the inexcusable habit certain magazines have of advertising that “so and so” is writing especially for them. In my case that would always be a false statement. I do not write especially for anybody, or for any public. Please forgive my being anxious to correct you on this point, but it is one on which I feel strongly; because I should be really ashamed of myself if, in my fortunate circumstances, I had not preserved a complete independence in regard to the quality of my work. All my work, however indifferent, has been the best, according to my own taste and judgment, that I could do at the time. So much for that.

The other matters are trifles, comparatively. You talk of my being “never quite comfortable in the theatre.” I am not conscious of this; at least not for the reasons you suggest. Not being persuaded of the “distinction of my appearance,” I am not worried by that; “grey hairs” are not sufficiently uncommon in my country to be a source of *gêne* either in the theatre or out of it; and I certainly don’t speak in a more “West-end” manner than most of our dramatists and actors. If there is the awkwardness you feel about me in stageland, it must be caused by the fact that I was first (for many years) a novelist, and came to the theatre conscious that there is a limitation set to creative freedom by the forms and physical conditions of drama. I have never quite lost that consciousness. I am probably more hampered creatively by stage conditions than I should have been if I had been first a dramatist. I cannot quite shake off a sense of cramp in writing for the theatre.

There is one other remark in your article that I don’t understand. “And he did not spend his apprentice years at the feet of Pinero, he spent them in the commercial theatre where plays are drawn up according to box-office specifications.” I never had any apprentice years, I never had anything at all to do with the theatre till—in February and March, 1906—I wrote *The Silver Box*, being at the time in a mood of revolt at the artificiality of such plays as I had seen. You imply very kindly that I am a master of stage-craft. I’m sure I don’t

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know whether that's true, but, if it is so, I have gradually muddled out a mastery for myself. I am in no sense a student of drama, nor a great playgoer, nor a believer in learning the job of playwriting except by practice. As to "box-office specifications"—if I knew anything about them or paid any attention to them, I suppose I should not have had in London only two commercial successes out of my fifteen long plays produced there. With cordial apologies for not having been able to avoid the pronoun "I,"—Believe me, very truly yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Mr. Dennis Bradley]

August 18, 1923.

WINGSTONE.

DEAR MR. DENNIS BRADLEY,—It is awfully nice of you to send me a birthday message, and a book of your essays, which will surely be a great pleasure.

I have been frightfully interested in that *Daily News* clipping. I always feel that those of us who are sceptical have to suppose a possible explanation almost if not fully as remarkable as the phenomenon of survival. In your case, it seems very far-fetched to advance as a possible explanation the idea that the medium was himself unconsciously mopping up from you (and perhaps other people not present) subconscious knowledge of your sister, including physical characteristics, and reproducing it, while just adding perhaps consciously, such remarks as: "Quite happy," "Always with you," "Waiting to speak with you," which one seems to have heard often before. This power of mopping up all subconscious knowledge and having a sort of free access to the subconscious store of the world, and the power of reproducing it more or less coherently may be—as it seems to me—the mediumistic gift; that, and that only.

On the other hand, as I say, this seems almost as supernatural as the survival of spirits.

You see, we have to admit that, without the medium, nothing happens, and it does seem to me that this is in itself evidence of the mediumistic gift being responsible for the phenomena. The moment we get direct communication between spirit and living person who clearly has not himself the mediumistic gift, we should have a much more convincing testimony to the possibility of survival.

Knowing you, I should say that yours was one of the most striking instances I ever read, but I don't think it disposes of that possible explanation. . . .



August 1923.

TO MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

In reply to your letter in to-day's *Times* I advise you to go to Germany and see them what you think of *their* confiscation of British Property. In fact I advise you to go to Germany and stay there as you are evidently a mere gas bag and no use to their own country.

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

[To Captain Fairholme]

Oct. 19, 1924.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR CAPTAIN FAIRHOLME,—While the general request you are sending to Members of the R.S.P.C.A. to support only candidates pledged to certain reforms is no doubt of use, it has occurred to me that certain measures could be taken for—say—the General Election after this to make the humanitarian vote really formidable. Roughly they are these:

1. Attach to the Society a very experienced Parliamentarian whose business it would be to watch and inform the Society (or united Societies—see later) of all the constituencies where there is likely to be a close fight. Organize the vote in those constituencies.

2. Have ready a list of the humanitarian measures which are on their way to passage, and when a General Election is at hand submit them to the outgoing *Cabinet* and the recognized *leaders* of the other Parties.

3. According to the answers received from the Party leaders swing the organized humanitarian vote in all the doubtful constituencies on the list.

4. Get if possible the other animal Societies to come into this scheme; so that the organized vote might really be of scale-turning dimensions.

It might be possible to organize a comprehensive humanitarian vote (including in the scheme societies interested in humane measures for human beings as well).

If this could be done the effect would be so considerable that no party could stand against the swing of this vote—except in those rare cases—as in 1906—where a Party sweeps the board.

I feel that all the animal-loving gunpowder should be concentrated on the constituencies where the issue is on the wobble.

Will you put these suggestions before Lord Lambourne? In fact I'd like him to see this letter.—Kind regards, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Dr. Sadasiva Aiyar]

Aug. 23, 1925.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR DR. SADASIVA AIYAR,—I thank you very warmly for your very kind letter, and that most interesting and sympathetic introduction to my plays. It is extraordinarily well written and understanding; and I was much cheered by reading it.

Though you believe, I think, that all modern English dramatists were influenced consciously or unconsciously by Ibsen—this, I assure you, was not my case. My dramatic invasion, and the form of it, was dictated rather by revolt at the artificial nature of the English play of the period, and by a resolute intention to present real life on the stage. I had never seen an Ibsen play, nor a ——— play; and had been irritated by the two or three plays of these masters that I had read.

I think I can claim that *The Silver Box* was something really new on the English Stage. It was certainly taken as such.

Once more let me repeat my great appreciation of your work.

With every good wish,—I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To a Correspondent]

March 15, 1926.

DEAR MR. ———,—Your letter isn't dated; but seeing the 6000 odd miles it's had to come and the 6000 odd miles this answer has to go, you will have despaired of me before you get this halting screed.

You pay me a great compliment, I'm afraid quite undeserved, by asking me to try to solve your perplexities. First let me say I sympathize with them very much. "What's the good of anyfink—why, nuffink!" is always with any thinking person. But did you ever read a little story of mine called *Quality*? In a sort of way it expresses at all events about half the answer I want to try and make to you. Philosophically, all I can perceive about life is this: There are two Principles—the Principle of Unity and the Principle of Variety—at work in an universe that never had a beginning and will never have an end.

All living things (ourselves included) are expressions of the Principle of Variety working themselves out in the shadow, as it were, of the Principle of Unity, and imbued with a sort of mysterious longing for that opposite of our beings. (I have sometimes thought that the religious symbol of the Trinity may really be, or may be considered

as having grown into being, an expression of this philosophy. Unity—the Father; Variety or Individuality—the Son; the mysterious reconciliation or meeting-point between the two—the Holy Ghost. This is by the way.) These two Principles work in and out of each other in a sort of perfect and mysterious balance.

To leave philosophy, and come to practice or ethics—such practice or ethics as can embody such a philosophy. I seem to see that, just as one of those cardinals, Sonora doves, or chipmunks round me (as I write) as *unconsciously* expressing out the Principle of Variety (Individuality) to the best of his ability, and making a beautiful job of it, and yet when its time comes will drop off its perch into the Principle of Unity without fret or fuss; so all of us, highly self-conscious creatures that we are, have got to express ourselves out as best we may, according to our gifts and natures, honestly and loyally, doing our bit, and, since we are self-conscious, always with an eye on the fact that we are all doing it, and must help each other, not only for the sake of our own chance, but because there is the Principle of Unity with which we shall become reconciled when we have served our time as Shapes. The whole endless scheme of life is making an attempt at perfection, and each little bit of it (such as you or I) has to accord as best it may, or suffer the pangs of confusion and despair.

The whole ethical question for us seems to be one of balancing rightly between the one Principle and the other, and human-made evils come from the fact that we don't balance rightly. We express ourselves too much and forget others, or we express ourselves too little, and let the whole roll over us. I believe in the old-fashioned word "gentleman," for I believe he's the man who succeeds in getting the balance right.

I think most modern unrest and despair come from the gradual discovery (speeded up of late) that there are no definite rewards or hopes to be had out of the future. All teaching and philosophy have dwelt on the future—and the future has gone phut. According to me, as, so far as I can see, according to all Nature outside of man, the essence of living, the art of living, really lies in our being absorbed in life as it flies, absorbed in our jobs, absorbed—not self-consciously—in doing and living, because doing and living are good in themselves; and as to dying, well, it's part of the scheme (the only possible scheme) and not a thing to dwell on or make a fuss about. While we're full of life we naturally dislike the idea; when we're worn out we rather like it.

The artist's endlessly attempting perfection—succeeding and fail-

ing, succeeding and failing (for there is obviously no success without failure), endlessly attempting to achieve the mysterious point of Balance between the two opposed Principles (endlessly inspired, that is, by the Holy Ghost)—is the best symbol I can find of existence. And like my shoemaker in *Quality* we're all parts of that endless artist, only the poor fellow can't be said to have achieved Balance! I think too much of town life has done us in; when we don't live (to some extent at all events) with Nature, we forget how to live at all. Everything that outruns Balance carries its nemesis within it.

This is all very old, very crudely expressed, and rather confused, but it's the best my brain can give you at the moment. I fear you will make but little of it. I believe "Forget yourself" in your work and your play, rather than "Know yourself," is the motto for us moderns.

We shall be home at the end of April. Come and see us again, if this screed doesn't disgust you too much.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Siegfried Sassoon*]

Dec. 15, 1928.

S.S. "ALCANTARA."

MY DEAR SIEGFRIED SASSOON,—If, as I am credibly informed, the *Memories of a Foxhunting Man* is your creation I hope you will forgive me for writing to say how very much I liked it. The atmosphere and the sensations are to the life. They remind me terribly of my own early feelings. Sensitive and diffident youth in contact with the hard-boiled life of the hunting field. I never reached the pink and mahogany stage, so the triple-distilled experience of the later hunting pages are not so poignant (to me); nor, in fact, are they really so. But all that early part is priceless, up to the end of the point to point. Do you still hunt, or at any rate ride? I do hope when we come back about mid-March that I could get you to come down to us at Bury (midway between Pulborough and Arundel) and ride with me along the Downs—lovely riding and country. I wish we saw you oftener.

The war part is excellent, and I expect you will follow that up. I'm so glad you've broken into prose.

We are on our way to Rio for some weeks, and shall come back by way of Portugal and Biarritz. My wife joins me in warm greetings and best wishes for Xmas and the New Year.—Always yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

April 1, 1929.

BURY HOUSE, BURY, SUSSEX.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for sending me the Frank Harris (so-called) Portrait. It is about what I should have expected him to produce from a single meeting between a revolutionary like himself and an evolutionary like myself. You may judge for yourself of the accuracy of that part of it which deals with the address to which he listened. It was "Talking at Large," and is contained in my volume *Addresses in America*. How far his personal impression of me is true you may perhaps judge from photographs (of which I enclose one). As to his dicta on my work: he likes only the most revolutionary of my plays, *Justice*; and of my stories those connected with Eros: *The Apple Tree*, *The Dark Flower*, and *Beyond*. This, of course, is exactly what he would like best. In other words, the study is rather a portrait of Frank Harris than a portrait of John Galsworthy. If you are contemplating a serious and considered picture of me I would recommend your getting *John Galsworthy, A Survey*: by Leon Schalit, just published or about to be published by Charles Scribners; and a very close study of my work by André Chevrillon (the French Academician) contained in his book *Three Studies: Kipling, Galsworthy, Shakespeare*, published by William Heinemann, 99 Great Russell St., London, W.C. 1.

Since he met me for the first and only time in New York, I think that Frank Harris has probably read a good deal more of my work (especially lately); but the "portrait" is clearly written just after listening to the lecture and seeing me the day after it. I am, of course, a very dumb person, and liable to give people who only meet me like that a peculiarly dry and sketchy impression. Besides, to be quite honest, I greatly dislike being interviewed, and it rouses my perversity.

With good wishes,—Believe me, very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

On the whole, if I may say so, I would suggest that it would [be] safer to rely on your own impressions from the body of one's work than on the *obiter dicta* of a forceful personality not wholly uninterested in himself.

J. G.

[*To André Chevrillon*]

August 4, 1929.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR CHEVRILLON,—I was immensely glad to get your good and interesting letter. I had heard about your American visit, and

was anxious to know how you survived it. It was nice to see Claire for a moment at Oxford, while I was putting my head for a few minutes into that lion's den. Youth is amusing and, so far as permanent judgments go—quite naturally—negligible. The great distinction between the youth of the present and the youth of my day is that present youth has talked everything inside out, before it has experienced any life at all. They are infinitely more articulate and expressive than youth was in my day, but, of course, it has no more real knowledge of values. A young Balliol man came to see me not long ago. He had written a treatise called “Alma Mater” on the mentality of the modern undergraduate. The average undergraduate—he said—was nowadays practically always a sceptic, and there was a small percentage, whom he called “conspirators,” who were concerned with restoring some kind of ideal to existence. I had to point out to him that perhaps the real distinction between the “sceptics” of to-day and the normal undergraduate of my time was not one of belief (because the normal undergraduate of my day, though he accepted convention, didn't think or talk enough to have what could be called belief in anything) *but of expression*. In other words, to-day they talk freely of what they know nothing of. In my day, they knew nothing, but didn't talk of it. *Voilà tout!* The change began in England about the time of the Boer War, when the tide set definitely towards giving children a thoroughly “good time,” and letting them develop themselves, as it were, and encouraging them to say whatever they felt like saying. The tide reached its full about 1909 or '10, when even painting was considered at its highest—if it endorsed the child's notion of an object. The present undergraduate generation about coincides with this apotheosis of the child. To my thinking the whole thing is in the main readjusted by life, when it comes to be really lived. But I do think the spoiled child movement has had a definitely bad effect on Literature and Art, because it has encouraged so many to attempt to express before they have anything worth expressing to express. The standard of writing is, I think, definitely higher than it was forty years ago, but the contents of books are lamentably negligible (on the whole).

As to sex—well—perhaps it will not be altogether unsound to trust this very considerable instinct to take care of itself in the long run. The human race, I believe, still means to go on in spite of spoiled children, Freud, and other drawbacks. It's an age of revaluation, but human nature is a very constant thing.

I wish we were going to see you. Do let us know when you

are coming over and pay us a little visit at Bury or at Hampstead. Ada joins me in best greetings to Madame and all your young folk.  
—Your affectionate friend,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Dr. Eric Holmes, who had written with regard to an article by Galsworthy in The Spectator of Nov. 23rd, 1929, entitled Animals and Birds: a Stocktaking, and raised the point that the desire to add to knowledge justifies experiments on animals, provided that these are not unnecessary and do not involve needless or severe suffering.*]

Dec. 3, 1929.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter, which was a model of courtesy and moderation. I am accustomed to vituperation when I venture to express an opinion. Your point was, of course, far from new to me. I did not raise it partly because I was examining my own feelings, and partly because it would have needed more (a great deal more) than the space at my disposal.

I hope you will forgive me for claiming that the pursuit of knowledge is not confined to scientists; it is even practised by such as novelists who seek knowledge of the human mind. Some novelists believe, I fancy, that they may do anything, however below the belt, which will give them knowledge. I do not agree with them. Some journalists believe that they may violate every decency for the sake of knowledge. Again I do not agree with them. Coming to science itself: Chemists, under the plea "at all costs we must find out everything," are developing poison gas to such an extent that if—which God forbid but man will probably not—there come another war, the human race, or that part of it involved, will cease to (dis)grace the earth. My point is that this "Pursuit of knowledge" has been advanced by certain interested sections of mankind till it has become for them an inviolable fetish, instead of what it really is—a rule of conduct serviceable to life as a whole. Believe me, there is no absolute principle involved, it is all relative and a matter of degree and expediency. You yourself are admitting that when you say that "no experiments ought to be done at all that involve needless or severe suffering." I feel that there is no more dangerous fetish now being worshipped than this "knowledge at all costs" doctrine. In every branch of life there must be rules suitable to human nature at its then state of development, to keep conduct within bounds. The organic growth of the whole of life demands give and take. It can never in any department be all "take."

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But for this, I see no reason whatever why a novelist should not seduce a girl of fifteen or torture his mother-in-law that he may have increased knowledge of the human soul to give the world (except that, fortunately, he would be quodded for it). Some vivisectors would not hesitate to inflict the most horrible tortures in the name of their Fetish, if the Law did not forbid it; and even under such prohibition as there is, one cannot but feel that a good deal of lingering suffering is inflicted; and I am quite certain that the number of experiments is indefensibly great.

I won't bore you further, and with again many thanks, I am,  
sincerely yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Mr. Huntley Carter*]

Jan. 25, 1930.

MALLORCA.

DEAR MR. HUNTLEY CARTER,—I'm afraid my opinion on Cinema questions is not worth having. I have given very little thought or study to them. I certainly don't know how to answer any of your three questions. When the film was silent I came to look on it with tolerance, and once in a way with gratitude as a form of entertainment, and certainly with admiration as a means of education, and with alarm as a means of propaganda. It had a certain power, when very ably and restrainedly handled, of exciting aesthetic emotion. It had a very real and rather dangerous power of holding the eye even at its worst. It could sway you while you looked on, but when you came away (with the rarest exceptions) you were wholly unmoved. And this, I think, was partly because you were conscious of its enormous faking powers; and partly because the eye was held at such a pace that the mind did not stir in concord. As to whether it was an "art form"—as the "black crow" would say: "I couldn't be bothered with that!" Its best point, taken by and large, was its power to make you laugh. Finally, as records of real life, silent films can, it seems to me, be most interesting and valuable. So far as I have seen "talkie" films at present, they have seemed to me silent films spoiled. But I've only seen three or four.

I'm sorry to be so disappointing, but I'm afraid that's about all I can say.—Believe me, very truly yours, JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To an unrecorded Correspondent*]

March 27, 1930.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for so kindly sending me the *Cornhill* with your excellent scrutiny in it. I never know whether to be



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gratified or not that the relative virtues and vices of my characters seem to form the staple of the articles written on them. No one, I think, ever enjoys both Soames and Irene. If they like Soames they abuse Irene, and *vice versa*. This to me seems queer. But I suppose an author is incapable of liking or disliking his characters, and so can't understand how they affect other people. To me they are only badly or well made.

With renewed thanks,—I am sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[To Miss E. O'Dell of New York]

Nov. 2, 1930.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR MISS O'DELL,—Thank you very much for your letter. Concerning *Escape*: If you examine the play closely you will find, I think, that any large generalization such as you mention will hardly hold water. You will find that each character reacts to Matt Denant according to the individual circumstances of his or her life. The retired Judge, for instance, has had too much criminal's blood to be bloodthirsty. The shingled lady's brother knew Matt at school. The Plus Four man and his wife take diametrically opposite lines (though of the same class) because of divergent temperaments. The same applies to the two ladies in the Cottage of Tranquillity.

Among the trippers, too, two take a much less hard view than the other two. The farmer and labourers just have the attitude of men who live, so to speak, with the escaped convict dangers hanging over them all the time. Finally, the parson is just a good fellow, and has been at the war like Matt. You see no generalizations will hold. If I had wanted to draw such a moral I should have chosen a simple, not a gentle convict.

My wife joins in very kind regards.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[Answer to Query: *By what facts will one judge on one's deathbed whether one has been successful or a failure?*]

Dec. 4, 1930.

GROVE LODGE.

MY DEAR SIR,—With every wish to be helpful, I find myself wholly unable to answer that question, for it leaves its own premises quite undefined. For instance: What do you mean by success or failure? The mood in which the dying will look back—mood of satisfaction or of discontent? Or is the meaning a material one—the

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state of bank balance, worldly position, and so forth? One would have imagined the former was meant, but for the use of the words "by what *facts*," which would suggest the latter. If the enquiry be as to the mood in which one will die, the constituents of that mood would be far too complex for me to give expression to. If the enquiry be as to material success, *Who's Who* and the Death duties will convey the best answer. Though this is quibbling, I would add that from a deathbed one will be indifferent or at least warped in one's view. . . .

[*To Edward Garnett*]

Sept. 9, 1931.

MERANO.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—I had your letter forwarded here two days ago. Thank you—dear boy, I'm quite all right—no ill effects. We have been at Ischl in Austria—bad weather, but pretty place; and came on here for Sun, which on the whole we have got. It's a delightful place, well known to us both.

I'm trying to finish my novel, and hope to before I get back next Tuesday.

Yes, the Downs are strangely deserted—all the better.

I'm not enough in touch with politics to judge the tactics in this "crisis." But it seems to me that behind the "economy" in the dole lies the desire to say: "The limit of the dole has been reached and passed, there will be no further expansion of it." I incline to think that the country as a whole will endorse that dictum. Even the working man in work does not relish the working man out of work getting nearly as much as himself, without working for it. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that it was necessary to make that particular economy in order to realize the amount now needed; and this especially makes me think that it's been adopted as a way of saying: "Thus far and no farther." I fancy a General Election would endorse that.

So far as I can see, England has been placed by the Free Trade policy, and the mad industrialism of the last hundred and fifty years, in such a condition that it can only live by Capitalism supported by at least considerable safeguarding. I can't see how a country which has to pay so hugely for food and raw materials could hope to survive on State enterprise. Before England can resort to any drastic change in its system it would have to re-develop agriculture enormously, and get the population down by several millions. Most people, I think, forget that our situation is absolutely unique. As to Free Trade—I suppose there's no article that we consume or use that is

not at the present moment produced somewhere or other cheaper than we can produce it here. Logically, therefore, according to the Principle of Free Trade—"Buy in the cheapest, sell in the dearest market"—we ought to import *everything* into this country and produce nothing. If we did that, with what should we pay for what we import? So much for Free Trade as a Principle. The Liberals continue to remind me of John Barthwick, M.P.

Well, bless you, see you soon.—Yours,

J. G.

[*To unrecorded Correspondents*]

Nov. 24, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter excites my respect and admiration. I doubt, however, whether I can be of any service to you. I am not a Churchman, nor even, I suppose, properly speaking, a Christian. That is to say, not a believer in your premise: "the reassurance and strength which only Christianity at its best can confer." Confucianism, Buddhism, Stoicism, Mohammedanism, sincerely believed in, can all confer reassurance and strength.

The unrest at present, in so far as it is not due to the dislocations caused by the too rapid development of machinery, the memory of the war, and the threat of wholesale destruction implicit in the thought of future war, is due to the fact that most people are by now quite uncertain whether or not there is a future life; and have not adjusted themselves to that uncertainty. No amount of dogmatisation by any religious body will cure that uncertainty, and I think we must take it as granted that the tendency to disbelieve in a future life will grow steadily with every year. A great many people who would not confess to this belief secretly have it.

You probably know the saying: God is the helping of man by man. That, I think, is the only religion which has any chance now of making real headway; and, being essentially practical, the only faith which will steady, comfort and uplift us all again.—I am, my dear Sir, with high regard, sincerely yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Dec. 10, 1931.

BURY HOUSE.

DEAR SIR,—I have never studied psycho-analysis. I know, of course, roughly what it's all about, and confess that, from the little I read of Freud, I think it's all very much the usual case of half-truths magnified into whole ones, especially in the matter of complexes, where I think that the supposed original incidental cause is

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really itself only a symptom of the general trend of a disposition. I will give you an instance of what I mean, from my own experience. I have a distinct and abiding aversion to being shut up or in any way controlled. If I were catechized by a psycho-analyst he would elicit the fact that at the age of five I was held down on the floor on my back by my nurse, which caused me acute terror. He would say: "Here you are! This began that abiding aversion of yours." I would say: "Not so. Nine out of ten little boys might have been so held down without causing them anything but irritation. The tenth little boy, myself, is so constituted that from birth on he has this characteristic, but no occasion occurred, before that, to demonstrate that he has. Except, I think, to throw doubt upon the process, I have never made use of what little I know about psycho-analysis.

—Very truly yours,  
JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Professor Murray*]

March 6, 1932.

GRAND HOTEL,  
BIARRITZ.

MY DEAR G. M.,—It seems a good idea, but my difficulty is to find stuff to fill my novels with, and I don't believe I shall be moved to cudgel my brains to write a letter and send it into the blue. Another and increasing trouble with me is to feel that I have anything worth saying, or anything to say—anyway—which is in touch with the real practical wants of human nature. The war killed a terrible lot of—I don't know what to call it—self-importance, faith, idealism, in me; and I am not helped to the recovery thereof by seeing how far the "leaders" (or some leaders) of thought are in the air. They play the game, but I doubt if they touch the real life of the world.

We are out here till the end of March.

Our affectionate wishes to you both.—Always yours, J. G.

[*To Mr. Sukenikoff of New York*]

July 13, 1932.

I still do read Tolstoi, and wish I had more time to do so. But I read him as a master novelist, not as a preacher.

I do not think his art or his ethics have ever influenced me.

I could not say that I notice any influence by Tolstoi on people in England now; and I could not venture to answer the question in regard to young people in other countries.

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What influence he does exercise must, I think, be in the direction of individual freedom, and will continue to be in that direction. He is, to my thinking, very much an apostle of the individual conscience, at all events for those who understand the inwardness of his teaching.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[*To Mr. W. Kozlenko of New York*]

Aug. 26, 1932.

GROVE LODGE.

DEAR SIR,—I will answer your questions in order and as best I may:

1. If I were still reading Dostoievsky I have no doubt that I should find him an interesting (and in some sort irritating) writer.

2. I doubt whether he is still a universal influence for the novelist. In morals and philosophy he was a dissolvent. Against dissolution there is always reaction.

3. On the whole he is not so great a man as Tolstoy, either as an artist or as a thinker.

4. He was very unbalanced, but his insight was deep and his fecundity remarkable. I think he will live.—Very truly yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

THE END

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